

A SELECT  
COLLECTION

OF NEW ORIGINAL  
SPIRITUAL SONGS,  
PARAPHRASES,  
AND  
TRANSLATIONS;

TOGETHER WITH  
The most USEFUL and AGREEABLE of those  
formerly published under the Title of RE-  
JOICE EVERMORE, OF CHRIST ALL IN  
ALL.

---

By JOHN BARCLAY, A. M.  
Minister of the Berean Assembly in Edinburgh.

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*Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King,  
sing praises. For God is the King of all the earth, sing ye  
praises with understanding. Psal. xlvii. 6, 7.*

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VOLUME II.

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COLLECTION

CONSTITUTION

1789-1791

1. The first of these is the  
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PREFACE.

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# P R E F A C E.

**L**AMENTABLE and alarming, but, alas! in a great measure, unlamented, unperceived, unsuspected, is the guilt of almost all persons of all ranks in the nation, either by actually practising themselves, earnestly encouraging and patronizing, or, at least, silently countenancing in others about them, the use of profane songs: and such are all songs whatsoever, but those only which are spiritual; for what middle point is there between spiritual and profane?

That I may not be misunderstood, by profane songs I mean, the whole mass of those describing, recommending, and setting off in an advantageous and alluring point of view, that which is commonly called love, war, wantonness, drunkenness, revellings, merry scenes, drolleries, jestings, and such like things, which are not convenient, or agreeable to the grace of the gospel; in a word, all such songs and sonnets, under whatever name they spread their pollutions abroad in the world, as cannot be composed and used to the glory of God, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, by those wise virgins who are waiting for his appearing, being filled with thankfulness and praise for his grace, whereby it is given them always to triumph and glory in his name.

All other songs besides those alone, which may be thus composed and sung in the power and love of the Holy Ghost upon the spirit, what, in the name of God, I beseech you, are they, but evident works of the flesh, whose wages is death? flagrant rebellions against the Most High! to be ranked among the very grossest of abominations!



with this excessive aggravation in the nature and spirit of them, that they cannot be used without being exulted and gloried in.

Thus, many of you who are enemies of the cross of Christ, and whose end, if God be true, whom you hold a liar, is destruction, whose god is your belly, who mind earthly things, do glory in your shame, proclaiming your sin as Sodom.

It is not meant by any thing here said, but that any of all the works of God, either in creation or providence, may be declared in a song or hymn; if it be in such a wise and devout manner as may fill the heart with reverential awe and love to his holy name. In this manner, all those essential passions or affections of the human heart, and all the revolutions of states and kingdoms, both in war and peace, with all the scenes of domestic life, may, after the example of the holy men of old, be celebrated or recorded in a song; which, in this manner, would be only a pleasant and useful remembrancer of the ways of God to men.

And likewise, on the other hand, any of those works of darkness which will bear to be named among saints, (for the very naming of some of them defiles, and is expressly forbidden), may also be described, no doubt, in a song, as well as in plain prose; provided it be done, as it ought in any case, after a sanctified fashion, with such a just abhorrence and detestation of the crimes mentioned, as may fill the heart with horror at the commission of them, and inspire it with gratitude to Him who, in mercy, gives us to escape such gulfs of perdition: though here, as in all other things, only that wisdom and prudence which are from above can direct and preserve us so that we sin not against God.

Under this limitation, that we sin not against, but glorify God in our songs, composing and singing them in the communion of the Holy Ghost; they ought not to be called, more than intended, merely

merely moral and entertaining, (so they speak), but spiritual and holy; the greater part whereof, without all controversy, ought to be employed in shewing forth the praises and ways of the Eternal Three who bear record in heaven, who are One, in that grand amazing work of bringing many sons and daughters to glory, according to the manner laid down in the New Testament, displaying, as in a clear glass, that they who behold may admire and adore—that infinite, eternal, incomprehensible, electing, redeeming, calling, justifying, sanctifying, glorifying Love, till they are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord.

The warrant for making such spiritual songs, the manner of using them, and the temper of spirit therein required, being founded in the express commandment and power of the Holy Ghost, the world has no right to demand any further account of the matter.

That the Holy Ghost never fails to accompany and impress, in his own time and manner, his commandments with his power upon the spirits of the saints, whereby they are enabled willingly to yield that truth of obedience required, according to the proportion of his grace within them, will appear from such passages as these, where we see the commandment, ‘Rejoice in the Lord—Rejoice evermore—And again, I say, Rejoice.’ And these, where we see the power; ‘They were filled with the Holy Ghost—with peace and joy—in believing—with joy unspeakable and full of glory.—The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace.’ So that, according to his word so is his power in all the children of adoption; in whom he dwells ‘A well of living water springing up to everlasting life.’ ‘Is any merry?’ that is, disposed to gladness in the Holy Ghost, ‘Let him sing Psalms,’ even songs of praise. Thus the Spirit of adoption, wherever he resides,

makes the temples of God the habitations of his praise, the habitations of his joy.

‘ Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.—And whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him.’ By ‘ the word of Christ,’ in this passage, we are plainly to understand that word of Christ whereby we shall be judged, according as he hath spoken it by his Spirit in the mouth of his apostles; even as it is written by the apostles, saying, ‘ We are of God: he that knoweth God, heareth us; he that is not of God heareth not us, hereby know we the Spirit of truth and the spirit of error.’ And hereby know we, if we hearken to the apostles, the manifest error of those who would palm upon us their private interpretations of the Old Testament; that is, any interpretation whatsoever of any one promise, prophecy, sign, type, or figure therein, besides that alone public, authentic, infallible, divine interpretation which the Holy Ghost hath blessed us with, by the ministration of the apostles in the New Testament; according to which alone, exclusive of any other interpretation of Moses and the prophets, let it be submitted to inquiry, if we are not, as just now hinted, to be judged; even as those who had only Moses and the prophets shall be judged by their writings, exclusive altogether of our present dispensation; and even as those who had neither the Old nor the New Testament, shall be judged without the one or the other.

And hereby, to stick by the apostle’s rule, we will be directed, if the Spirit of Christ be in us, in the nature and manner of those same psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs; concerning which the commandment is precisely as strict and binding,

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# P R E F A C E.

ing, that we sing, and admonish one another in them, as, 'that the word of Christ dwell in us 'richly in all wisdom.' Col. iii. 16.

It will be easy and just from all this to observe, that we have no liberty, after the manner of some, from the word of Christ, to put any song of consolation and praise in the mouth of any person but a believer of the truth unto righteousness, who makes confession with the mouth unto salvation: for, is there any consolation, peace, or joy in God, but through the blood of Jesus the atonement, through faith in his blood? Therefore, in the following collection, you will meet with no example of a person praying, praising, professing, pleading, as one acknowledging, and rejoicing in the character of God according to his own testimony well-pleased in his beloved Son, and yet supposing himself still without any personal interest in the love and righteousness of God, which he confesseth he hath not yet attained, but is above all things desirous of.—Such characters are far from being unfrequent; nay, in many places to which you might be directed, you will meet with nothing else; but whether the Holy Ghost, who alone maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God, had any hand in the drawing of them, let the apostles of God bear witness: for, whatever shift may be fallen upon for an excuse, certain it is, that the most solemn act and profession of such people is but an indirect way of calling God a liar, whether in what they call praise or prayer: however, it would be unjust to include in this censure any who have not included themselves. Let Isaac Watt, for example, be upheld as an instance of one who is not altogether to be blamed in this respect, seeing, in his well-known method of prayer, he most discreetly adviseth believers, now and then upon occasions, even when praying in public where known unbelievers are supposed to be present, not wholly



to conceal, but with due caution to mention and dwell upon their own peculiar privileges as saints in Christ Jesus accepted and beloved, that the unbelievers may be ashamed.

From hence you may see to what a pass we are now arrived, when our most venerable leaders are come such a length. But that we may not follow any atom under the sun one step farther, without present proof of our safety, let them produce upon the spot one instance, from the whole records of God, of persons already regenerated, justified, and accepted of God, praying that they may be regenerated, justified, and accepted of God, or any thing to the same purpose, implying a sense of their absolute want of those things, which the Spirit teaches them are freely given to them of God; without which knowledge they cannot come to God, calling him Father, our Father: and without calling him Father, our Father, namely, with boldness and assurance by the blood, and in the name of Christ, they cannot pray; for, says the Spirit, 'How can they call on him in whom they have not believed? No man cometh to the Father but by the Son. Ask in faith, nothing wavering. Let not that man that wavereth think he shall receive any thing of God. Without faith it is impossible to please God. For whatsoever is not of faith is sin.' If it be replied, It is written, 'Ask, and ye shall receive,' &c. *Ans.* It is written again in connection, 'After this manner pray ye, saying, Our Father.'

Further, with regard to spiritual songs, it is certain, if they are to be at all, they must be composed by some one, according to that proportion which it hath pleased God to bestow of ability, and spiritual discernment in things pertaining to godliness: for those songs and psalms which are of divine inspiration, composed according to the form and idiom, as it is called, of the Hebrew and Greek tongues, wherein they were originally written,

ten,

ten, can be nothing to persons ignorant of those tongues, till rendered into their own; and even then, however joyful the subjects be, they cannot be sung according to the commandment, till prepared and fashioned into the form of songs and hymns, as the nature of every particular language will admit.

Moreover, as God hath not confined the subject-matter of our joy and praise to any one, or even to all those passages of his holy word called songs and psalms, but diffused it throughout all his words and works, all these, as said before, may be the subject-matter of our spiritual songs.

As the humble mite of gratitude to God, which at present I could attain to, the following Collection of Spiritual Songs, and Scripture-paraphrases, all of them originally designed for that very purpose, is sent abroad into the world; that those, who rejoice in the same things with me, may candidly use them, and give God the glory; or if it be a talent in the power of their hand, as I wish it may, to put better ones in their place, I will as candidly, I hope, use theirs with them, and rejoice before God who hath given better gifts to men.

Many collections of the same nature, more splendid, more finished, more esteemed, than I can expect the present will be, have lately made their way into the public consideration: but whatever they be, or are esteemed to be, they are nothing to one who feels himself obliged in his conscience, according to all the views given him of the truth by the word of Christ, to think, speak, write, preach, and pray, as God shall be pleased to help him, against many things in all, or almost all, which he hath seen of those same books, which might otherways perhaps have quite superseded and rendered superfluous, even in his own opinion, this present feeble attempt.

Wherefore, in spite of all the possible contempt that

that can be poured by any man, or number of men, full of their own systems, upon the author (who is also fully persuaded in his own mind) and his performance, if they bring no other authority against him, as he apprehends they cannot, but their own opinions, or the opinions of other creatures, equally jaded and hackneyed in the same ways of prejudice with themselves, he reckons it equally his duty to disregard their censure and their praise, resting satisfied, that he hath professed nothing but what he hath believed to be the truth, according to the doctrine of the apostles, and that he hath essayed in this manner what he ought to have done in perfection, if perfection were within the reach of a sojourner upon earth.

For the poetry, he makes no apology, having designed it, as in his apprehension it ought to be, only for a commodious vehicle or method of conveyance to those truths which he judges himself bound to propagate and defend to the utmost of his power.

And he is sensible, it is more for his honour to have aimed one arrow, however low it may have gone on its path, in such a manner as was in his view most likely to hit the mark, than to have made ten thousand fly into the air above it.

Therefore, scorning it, as a point of ambition, utterly criminal in itself, and in all respects inconceivably below the man who would glory in the cross of Christ, so much as to aim at pleasing those standing monuments of Satan's pride and power, the wisdom and taste of this world, whose friendship is death, and enmity against God, he hath written principally for those in the lower walks of life, to whom the Lord gives it out as one peculiar glory of his reign, that the gospel is preached, and of whom the greater part of those who are called into the fellowship of his love consist: and, for their sakes, it is needful for one, who would do them service, to use great plainness  
and

and simplicity of language, as knowing their joy ought to arise, as indeed all the joy which the Holy Ghost gives, whatever way communicated, will arise from the subject-matter, and not from the manufactured form of the things which are spoken of, whether in prose or verse.

However, though the metre, or measure of verse, which is used, be the least thing to be considered in a spiritual song, yet it may be needful to give some account, why such a variety of metre is called into the service of this publication; and the rather, because some people of weaker understandings, especially among those who are more piously disposed, may peradventure be offended when they see holy things recorded in verses of certain kinds of metre, which they have been accustomed to consider as unlawful and profane. Therefore, for the satisfaction of such persons, let it be considered,

*First,* That one main design of spiritual songs, is to supply the place of all unlawful and profane songs, and shut them out of doors for ever. A laudable design, surely! Profane songs! God extirpate them! utterly! utterly! Let their voice be heard no more! How their voice ascendeth like the cry of Sodom to heaven, crying for vengeance upon an evil and adulterous generation! How abominable is it to see the disciples of Jesus—Disciples of Jesus!—No; they are the disciples of the devil, who roar, or whine out in their lewd sonnets; ‘Ye gods and goddesses, ye powers above, Venus, queen of soft desires, Jove, Apollo, Cupid, Hymen, Diana,’ and such like abominations of the infernal pit!—For were they not devils whom those heathens worshipped, while thick darkness covered the people, and gross darkness covered the nations? But worship them thou! worship them now, when the true light shineth? and thou dost it in presumptuous defiance, and avowed despite of the Holy Ghost!—Thou dost it  
and



and indeed thou dost it, when thou invokest their filthy names into thy own as filthy lips, in opposition to the blood of the Lamb, which thou throwest beneath thy foot, while thou suckest their infernal venom with thy mouth! Thou dost it in the face of the beaming love, and flaming wrath of God, to thy own irretrievable condemnation, and casting into the midst of eternal darkness and fire with the devil and his angels! yea verily! — Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.

But hail, O ye children of Zion, who are joyful in your King! lift up your voice with strength, and sing aloud the glories of his name! Strike in with all your fire and skill amidst the universal chorus who dwell upon his praise. But away! away with all their trumperies from hell! Thither may they soon descend; while those who loved their gaudy glitter, as a bride loveth her ornaments, and a maid her attire, are plucked as brands from the burning!

In order to supplant, at least that they might bid the fairer for supplanting, all such ridiculous and profane toys, as far as this performance may prevail, (and one candle can only enlighten its own sphere), the following Spiritual Songs were of set purpose, indeed, composed, and adapted to a considerable variety of measures or tunes: For whose farther vindication,

*2dly*, Let it be observed, that God, having both formed the voice, and planted the ear, hath made us sensible and capable of using all kinds of sounds, grave, cheerful, mournful, eager, plaintive, animating, and so forth, according to all their possible variations and combinations: should these, all these, or any of these (let prejudice herself, with all her associations of ideas, foolish connections, and concatenations, declare) be employed, and continue to be employed in the service of the devil, because, forsooth, they are so by others, or have been so by ourselves in former times, even in the

the days of our vanity! Or rather should not we glorify God with all and every one of these same powers, and sounds, or modulations of voice? for they are not our own, but his; and therefore good, and good to be used in his praise.

3dly, For the farther establishing of this point, let it be remarked, that there neither is, nor can be any such thing in the world as a profane tune or air, to which a song may be sung, give your voice whatever modulations, accents, transitions, fallings or risings you please; so that it is absolutely impossible that a spiritual song can be polluted or profaned, or even the person who sings or hears it, by any tune or air whatsoever, more than a violet-bed can be polluted by the sun-beams, because they shine with the same light on a neighbouring dunghill: for as the light is to the objects shined upon, so is the air to a song that is sung: which air does not make the song good or bad, but only shews, like the sun, what the object is; or, as the fire and flame in combustible matters do not make the fuel, when it burns, of better or worse quality or scent; but only discover what the quality and scent of the respective kinds of materials are: so that, when you sing or hear a spiritual song, provided the matter be good, be the air or tune what it will, if there be any pollution, bad quality, or evil-favouring thing in the case, they can by no means arise from the light and flame of the song; but altogether from a different source do they spring, even from the desperate wickedness, O man, of thy own heart! For what is a tune or air, but only the combination of certain sounds or tones, quicker or slower, higher or lower, in that scale and order of proportion which God himself, and not man, hath created, without any meaning, (as the apostle hath said of a tinkling brags and sounding cymbal), separate from the use to which they are applied? And to those same sounds men find themselves

themselves possessed of a power of adapting what words and measures they please; and so the song is finished with its air or tune; even as the natural sounds of the alphabet are capable of being combined into words expressive of the most horrible blasphemy, which is really the case in all profane songs; or they may be combined into words beautifully expressive of the most holy and rapturous devotion; which may be the case in all spiritual songs.

This maxim can never cease to hold good, namely, That the former abuse of a thing can never profane the right use thereof: else the whole language of the New Testament must have been profaned, and rendered unlawful to be used by us, but especially by the first Christians, because they could not but remember, how, before they believed, they themselves had abused that tongue, even the Greek, wherein the New Testament was written, by employing it in all their abominable idolatrous songs to devils, and inutterable blasphemies. But thanks be to him who hath washed his church from her sins in his own blood, and sanctified and perfected in himself for ever both her and all her ways of peace and praise! The former things are past and gone! Behold, all things are become new! If any man be in Christ he is a new creature: old things are done away. Thus the Egyptian gold, which God, who created all, created good, had indeed been molten into graven images by idolaters, who profaned themselves, but not the gold; which was taken again at God's command, and not a new gold created, to be wrought into the appointed forms of the holy vessels of his own Tabernacle. Triumph, ye vessels of mercy, be filled with love, and pour forth all within you, your soul and voice, in songs of everlasting praise, to Him who chose and called you to joy, and not to wrath.

The things which have been above suggested, being well considered, it is to be hoped, that, whatever the Gallios do, no person who retains in his heart any regard to God, and care for his things, will go on to plead, because carols to Satan have been sung to certain tunes, airs, or variations of sound, which same sound is indeed the workmanship of God, that therefore those same tunes, airs, or variations of sound, which people are from their infancy acquainted with, the only ones indeed which many of them know, ought still to be kept devoted and dedicated to the same idolatry; and not rather returned from whence they were taken, and consecrated to the service of him whose we are, and they, and all our ways, God blessed over all, for ever. Amen!

Serve, therefore, Christian, and worship thy God, thy Glory, thy only, thy eternal Joy, with all the heart, and voice, and ear, and tune thou hast! his gifts to thee are altogether clean! they both chew the cud, and cleave the hoof. The inside of thy cup is clean, being purified by faith, and so is the outside also. Let Baal contend for Baal: but let those whose hearts are clean, whose hands are pure, whose garments are undefiled, being washed in the blood of the Lamb, and sanctified by the Holy Ghost, allow what is written, and give all to their Lord, knowing that, 'To the pure all things are pure; but to them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled.' They profess that they know God, but in works they deny him; being abominable and disobedient, and unto every good work reprobate. But God hath created all things to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth: for every creature of God is good; and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving: for it is sanctified by the word (or appointment) of God, and prayer. Tit. i. 15. 1 Tim. iv. 3.



Let every voice and sound, therefore, and every variation and possible combination of voice and sound utterable by the mouth of man, in earth, as in heaven, praise the Lord! Old men and babes, young men and maidens, praise ye the Lord! my soul, and all that is within me, be roused up to bless his holy name! Hallelujah! and again, Hallelujah! evermore Hallelujah!

But, hold! what blasphemous objector is that who replies?—Would you have old men and babes, young men and maidens, going about continually, or lolling at their ease, doing nothing but bawling out Hallelujahs? or, do you mean they should work with their hands, and sing the while a spiritual song, by all means to deceive their toil, and lift their hearts to heaven?—No doubt!—How charming it would look to see at loom, or plow!—Stop, thou fool! and let silence take possession of thy lips, or be ashamed for ever! it is already seen whither thou wast rushing, in the madness of thy impiety, into a flood of blasphemy, setting thy mouth against the heavens, and offering to burlesque thy Creator and Judge, in those very offices of various kinds which he hath required of his servants in this present state, that by them they may minister, or rather may hold a correspondence and fellowship with himself, in ministering to their own and others necessities, while it is his good pleasure to feed them from the field, with the sweat of their brow: in which offices and exercises of their respective callings which they profess, and employ themselves in, to his glory, they are as holy in his eye, and ought to be as respectable in thine, as Moses striking the rock, that the waters might flow for the refreshment of all the families of Israel, with their cattle also; or as the princes of the congregation digging at another time the miraculous well with their slaves, singing in chorus all the while around

its border, as they wrought, 'Spring up, O well!  
'sing ye unto it!' Numb. xxi. 17.

But some of those works and relations, which it hath pleased Jehovah in his wisdom and mercy to ordain for pledges of fellowship and love betwixt his children and himself, thou, pitiful insect! in thy sufficiency of wisdom, and grave regards, to be sure! for the *decent* and *solemn* of things, wouldst single out, and set off with a fool's cap, in a ridiculous point of view; endeavouring to expose the eternal Father and his methods of management in his own family to shame, from the imagined circumstances of meanness and contempt, wherein thy reprobate heart, (not considering, that, if there be any shame arising from the circumstances wherein Providence has placed a man, it must redound upon the Creator, and not the creature), in the height of its malice and drollery, misrepresents certain persons and things, because of their situation, not their sin.—And therefore you would represent them as profane and vile, wholly unfit upon such occasions, and in such circumstances, to praise their God with a holy song; and yet they must praise and serve him with their work, unless they would become such mockers as thou.

But, avant, thou adversary! such persons as thou have no part or lot in this matter of praise and joy. The veriest child in the kingdom of heaven may perceive, that thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity. God have mercy upon thy soul, if so be the thoughts of thine heart may be forgiven thee! With thee I have done?—But oh! let not the saint forget to consider the expediency, nay, indeed, absolute necessity of the same devout holy temper of mind towards God, in all manner of work, amusement, and conversation, without exception of one moment, throughout the whole number of hours, days, weeks, months, years of one's life, upon any occasion or pretence whatsoever, precisely, as

in those which are commonly called the immediate acts of worship, or sometimes, with a very bad effect, as it were by way of eminence and particular determination, the duties of religion, as prayer, Sabbath-day exercises, and the like; particularly the Lord's supper, which is very frequently styled the most solemn and holy duty, act, and profession of all Christianity, and that upon a comparison of it with all other duties, acts, professions; and then, in preference to all other approaches to God, which are equally by the blood and Spirit of the same Lord, it is called the nearest approach to God on this side of eternity; and if you die, say they before another occasion of this kind upon earth, you must not expect such another banquet till you go to heaven; as if the communion were fixed to the bodily acts of eating bread, and drinking wine, or even to the spiritual graces exercised at that instant of time, or near it; as if the believer, who is the only communicant, may not all along, without intermission, feed equally upon his Lord, and have the very same communion in the Holy Ghost, when not eating, as when eating; even as the strength and refreshment we receive from our natural food, are not more confined to the act of eating our meals, than to the intervals between: and is it not mainly for the intervals between that we eat at all, that we may glorify our heavenly Father, not only in eating and drinking, but in whatsoever we do?

And is it for men, O fools and slow of heart to believe, to weigh the laws and Spirit of God in their balances? to parcel out, with a bold hand, what degree of holiness, solemnity, devotion, is due to particular times and things? Absolute Popery! Go to Rome, thou papist; there thou wilt find hours, days, and years, canonical and holy, all according to thy own heart; holy places! holy bones! holy oil! holy water! holy garments! holy charms! (and holy nothing!) nay, his holiness

ness himself, 'that man of sin, that son of perdition, opposing and exalting himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped: so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God!' Go into thy own heart, and there, even there, thou wilt find all such ridiculous dreams as those at Rome, O vain man! who art still of opinion, that there are seasons and occasions wherein it would be profane to rejoice in a spiritual song, and therewith to praise God; as for example, at one's work in the field, or by the way.

But lest any person think he hath here found an occasion to go away prating against the truth, as if it had been insinuated, that the Lord's day, and the Lord's supper, were not holy, and to be kept holy; God forbid all such insinuations! Holy let them be allowed; and holy let them be kept, according to all the appointment of the Lord of both: but let every thing else of his appointment be holy also, and kept holy, according to the manner; for he is one, and his way one. The Lord said, 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy'—After what manner? The manner of the Lord himself, who rested on the seventh day, and hallowed it. 'Six days shalt thou labour'—After what manner? After the manner of the Lord himself, who in six days made heaven and earth, with all the works in them. Was not the Lord as holy in the six days work as in the seventh day's rest? Was not the Lord Christ, by whom all things were made, as holy all the time he was suffering for his people, bearing their sins, and finishing the work which the Father gave him to do, from his conception to his death; as holy, I say, as when he rose again from the dead on the first day of the week, and hallowed for us the New-Testament Sabbath? Did not he leave for us a pattern, that we might follow his steps, as well



when subject to his parent, the carpenter, reputed the son of the carpenter, ministering with his own hands to his own necessities, and those of the family wherein he dwelt as at any other time? Was not he all along equally and universally holy? And what is perfect can admit of no degrees, no more, no less. Now, ought not we to be equally and universally, even perfectly holy, in all things, in all seasons, to eternity, as our Lord?

If it be said, we are not able to be so holy and devout as our Lord, especially throughout the week, at our work, as on the Sabbath-day, and particularly when eating the Lord's supper. It is answered, Neither is it in our power to be as holy and devout as the Lord on the Sabbath-day, or at the Lord's supper; and who are we to limit the Holy Ghost! Is it not in his power to make us as holy and devout at one time as another? though indeed nothing dwelling in flesh and blood can attain to the holiness and devoutness of the Lord Christ. But is it really our ability, or even the power of the Holy Ghost enabling us, that is the measure of our duty? Is it not rather the law of God confirmed in the blood and example of our Lord, saying, 'Be perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect; thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart?' Now, does not this law, and this example, which was no more than the law required, bind always, and equally, to absolute and universal obedience? But no man is able to keep this law, and to fulfil this example of the Lord, according to the perfection thereof: therefore no man lives but is reproved by this law of sin and wrath: neither is there any help but in Christ alone, the end of this law for righteousness to every one that believeth. Has Christ then made void the law to believers? God forbid! Nay, he hath fulfilled it for them in his own blood, and given it to them, thus fulfilled, the royal law of their liberty, that they may love it, acknowledge  
it

it holy, just, and good, and yield to him, their Lord, that obedience, the testimony of their thankfulness, which his Spirit within them enables them to yield. So that, if they are daily convinced of sin and wrath, according to that law, by the Spirit of their Lord, they are also equally convinced of righteousness, even the righteousness of their Lord fulfilled for them, according to that same law, and by that same Spirit. Thus they have their acquittal and final discharge written at the foot of their bill, so to speak; written in the blood of the Lamb, and ministered from day to day by the Spirit, in the court of their conscience, as an extract, faithful and true, of what is registered from everlasting to everlasting in the court of heaven, even in the heart of God, according to his own unchangeable purpose, which he hath purposed in himself.

Hence it comes to pass, that, though they be continually sinning, they are also continually believing, continually repenting, continually praying, continually forgiven, continually loving, continually obeying, and continually aspiring at perfection; yet continually coming short of the mark, being only perfect in their Lord, from whom also all their fruit is found, not for their acceptance, but to the praise of his grace, who hath made them accepted, not in themselves, but in his own Beloved.—What is perfection of obedience, but to do the very thing, in the very season, manner, and spirit, commanded? Thus the Lord obeyed to the death for his church. Thus they are called to follow him in love with their whole heart: it is the heart he requires: it is equal what the service be, whether plowing, or praising, (both are duties, and they do not interfere, more than breathing interferes with living); if you do whatsoever you do in faith, you are holding fellowship therein with him, in his love, through the Holy Spirit: as, on the other hand, ‘without faith it is  
‘ impossible

‘impossible to please God.’ Thus ‘the carnal mind is enmity against God;’ so is every thought, word, and deed: thus the plowing and praying of the wicked are both equally sin; as the fountain, so the streams; as the tree, so the fruits: as the mind is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be, so neither can any thing proceeding from such a mind be; as water can arise no higher than its own source.

Now, if any person still say, we are not obliged equally and universally at all times to be holy and devout; then, weakening the obligation of the law, you weaken also the righteousness of Christ, and take away the use thereof, at least in part; and, if in part, then in whole; for it cannot be halved: you restrain the working of the Spirit of God in those peculiar energies and operations of his upon the spirits of the saints, namely, faith, repentance, prayer, praise, joy before God through the atonement, meekness, humility, and every other connected grace: for, if I be less bound to be holy at one time than another, then, though I fail, I am less bound to believe, repent, pray, &c. as being less guilty.

*Lastly*, If people will never have done pleading against Scripture their own dreams and imaginations, for some extraordinary kind of holiness and devotion required in particular occasions and things, as the Lord’s supper; let them consider, that under a pretence of exalting one or two of the ways of God, in the pride of their zeal for superstition and will-worship, they cast down all the rest of his precepts and appointments to the level of what they call more ordinary, and less solemn. What a flood-gate opened to a full tide of licentiousness have we here! for, if a man be but most extraordinarily holy, devout, and solemn, once or twice a year, on a communion Sabbath, or were it even once a week, a more ordinary portion, even a very moderate pittance or pretence of holiness,

holiness, devotion, solemnity, may serve him between hands! I say, pretence to holiness, &c. for he is out of the sphere of reality and truth altogether.

Has this their doctrine had no effect? Let the practice of the multitude about their sacramental occasions, compared with their practice upon all other occasions, tell. Is it possible they can be Christians who hold such principles? principles which hold such conclusions, like so many deadly serpents in their bosoms? Will they go to the law of Moses, and lecture us from thence about the holy ground at the burning bush? about the holiness of the tabernacle, priests garments, meats, days, the temple, and all the temple-service and ceremonies? that would be to deny that Jesus is come in the flesh, and that he hath abolished the shadows by bringing in the true light; that would be to take part with the Jews who crucified him; that would be to reject the Holy Ghost, who hath given us the substance and truth of all those figures, which have no glory now by reason of that glory which excelleth; the holiness of those things having been only relative, the reality and truth whereof was Christ and his things. Oh friends, do not any more strike at the perfection of the law of God, now fulfilled in the blood of his Son, by an implicit denial of its perfection, by your making distinctions in holiness, solemnity, and devotion, where God has made no difference: or, if you will still plead your own way, in God's name we adjure you, shew God's authority, and the place where he hath said in all the New Testament, that we may be less solemn, holy, and devout, upon one occasion than another, or any thing to the same purpose, implying, that we are not required to be equally, universally, perfectly holy, solemn, devout, in all times, things, places, whatsoever, without exception or distinction; even holy as  
God



God himself is holy, with whom is no variable-ness, or shadow of turning.

As you insist most upon the Lord's supper, let that one instance serve for all; try how you will disentangle yourself from the natural perplexities that involve you and your opinions there; will you allow yourself calmly to consider, what answer you ought to give when you are asked, wherein does this same extraordinary holiness in the Lord's supper, which you plead for above all other holiness of Christ's institutions, consist? Is it in the words of the institution? They are simple and plain, as any of all the precepts of the Lord; 'Do this in remembrance of me.' And is it for you to eke them out, and add to his words?—Is it in the immediate presence of the signs, bread and wine? But what do the signs, bread and wine, profit? Are they really transubstantiated, and become God? That you will not say. What profits then? Is it not the spirit and the life, even the represented Lord, the altar which sanctifies the gift, who was dead, and is alive? Is not he always immediately present? and what can the presence of a creature add to the solemnity of the Lord's presence, whose presence dwells within thee, wheresoever thou art, O believer, for ever and ever?—'Know ye not, that Christ is in you, except you be reprobates?' If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.—Are not ye the temples of the living God; living stones, built by the Spirit upon the living Foundation; branches in the true Vine; sheep that hear the good Shepherd; kings and priests to God; his servants, redeemed by his blood; his children, begotten by his Spirit; espoused to him; one body with him; one spirit with him; joined to the Lord, every one of you members of his body, who is the Head of you, and of all principality and power? Behold, he cometh with clouds to take you to his joy! When is the time then; where the work; what the conversation,

tion, wherein you ought not to be looking out with earnest expectation for his appearing, sober and watchful, with your loins girt, and your lamps burning? Remember, he hath said, 'Be ye holy in all manner of conversation; for I am holy,' saith the Lord; and again, 'Glorify God in your bodies and spirits, which are God's:—whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever you do, do all to the glory of God;—heartily, as to the Lord;—not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord,' according to the season: 'for ye serve the Lord Christ. Therefore adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things, shewing all good fidelity:—let all your conversation be with grace, seasoned with salt, good for the use of edifying, that it may minister grace to the hearers.' You see this grace, this seasoning, this salt, are to be equally and universally spread over the whole Christian life.

Now, to conclude, as we began, against profane, and for spiritual songs; where is the edification; where the seasoning with salt; where the grace ministered in a profane song, a profane work, or any thing that is not a sacrifice of thanksgiving, a hymn of praise to God, ministered through the Spirit, in the name of Christ the Lord? O men, how have ye made of none effect the commandments of God by your traditions! This is for a lamentation; and shall be for a lamentation!

But let the children of joy be joyful in their God. Gather yourselves at the sound of his trumpet!—press around his standard!—behold it waving upon the walls!—throw yourselves in the breach!—stem the torrent!—stop up the ways of wickedness!—condemn the works of darkness by your chaste behaviour in the light!—stand fast!—play the hero!—glory in the cross!—bold, undaunted, avowed, live ye; die ye by the cross!—and live

live for ever, O kings and priests to God!—live with your Lord, and reign on thrones appointed you of your Father, wearing crowns of glory and immortal joy!—Sing praise! sing praise! sing praise! Amen.



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SPRITUAL SONGS

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SELECT COLLECTIONT  
OF NEW ORIGINAL  
SPIRITUAL SONGS, &c.

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I. WISDOM.

*Proverbs, chap. viii. paraphrased.*

**L**O, doth not Wisdom cry aloud,  
And Understanding lift her voice?

She stands, and calls the passing crowd,

‘ Behold, and taste eternal joys!’

She stands a-top of places high;

She occupies each patent path;

The gates re-echo to her cry—

‘ Believe, and live by what she saith!’

To you, O men, behold I call,

My voice is to the sons of men:

Let Wisdom’s voice allure you all,

And draw you off from Folly’s train.

Ye simple, understand my ways,

And O, ye fools, give me your heart;

Then Wisdom shall become your praise,

And Shame with Folly shall depart.

Hear! I will utter glorious things;

My mouth, abominating ill,

A well of life eternal springs;

And grace shall from my lips distil.

VOL. II.

A

Each



2 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Each word that from my mouth proceeds,  
Comes fraughted full with righteousness;  
To bless the man, in all his deeds,  
Who keeps the same with faithfulness:

There's nothing perverse nor oblique  
In all the speech that falls from me;  
The wise, intelligent and meek,  
Like sun-beams bright, the same shall see.  
Receive instruction from my mouth,  
And knowledge flowing from my heart;  
For gold is dross, compar'd to truth,  
And purest silver, mire and dirt.

Weigh thou the world in even scale,  
With all her pearls and precious stones;  
Eternal Wisdom shall prevail,  
And hear the praise of all her sons.  
With kindred Prudence, hand in hand,  
I Wisdom come to dwell with you;  
My counsel shall for ever stand,  
And my inventions wise and true.

Fear thou the Lord, and evil hate:  
Vain arrogance and pride I scorn:  
A froward mouth, and foul deceit,  
By Wisdom never shall be borne.  
Strength, counsel, wisdom, all are mine:  
Myself I UNDERSTANDING call.  
Through me kings reign, by right divine\*,  
And princes sway their sceptres all.

Behold, I love them who love me;  
For I am LOVE, and loved them  
Before the worlds began to be,  
With a divine eternal flame:

\* The author does not mean here to support that everlasting insult upon common sense, viz. the *divine, indefeasible, hereditary right* of any particular race of kings whatsoever; but only, that the powers that be are ordained of God, as saith the scripture.

And

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 3

And those who love to search for me,  
 Shall early find me, when they call;  
 For I, from all eternity,  
 Rejoic'd to seek and find them all.

With me unfading riches dwell,  
 And honours treasur'd up in store;  
 Yea, substance which is durable,  
 Like righteousness, for evermore.  
 No apples, were they finest gold,  
 Shall ever with my fruit compare;  
 No revenue that can be told,  
 A rivalry with mine shall share.

I walk the way of righteousness,  
 I keep the path of judgment pure;  
 That those who love me I may bless  
 With treasures which, like me, endure.

JEHOVAH's self possess'd me,  
 In the beginning of his way,  
 Before the land, before the sea,  
 Before there was a night or day.

From everlasting I was rais'd,  
 According to the sure decree,  
 To be to everlasting prais'd,  
 Or ere the earth began to be.  
 Before the deeps a father knew,  
 I was begot eternally,  
 Before the fountains, or the dew,  
 Before there was a cloud, or sky.

Before the balanc'd mountains stood,  
 Before the everlasting hills  
 I was brought forth, before the flood  
 Brought forth the rivers or the rills.  
 While yet he had not made the earth,  
 Nor spread abroad the open field;  
 Nor given vast high rocks their birth,  
 A grateful cool retreat to yield:

#### 4 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

When he prepar'd the heav'ns, then I  
Was there; when he a circle drew,  
And roll'd the deeps below the sky;  
When he began the rain and dew:

When he the clouds established,  
And bade them o'er the floods to fly;  
When he the fountains strengthened,  
And caus'd the deeps in ocean lie;

When to the sea his high decree  
He peremptorily gave, and said,  
'Thou shalt not a transgressor be  
'Beyond thine own appointed bed;'

When he decreed the founded earth,  
And wrote it in creation's roll,  
My heart exulted in its birth,  
My hands, with his, then plann'd the whole;

I was before him evermore,  
And evermore I was THE SAME,  
Rejoicing daily him before,  
And meditating deeds of fame:

I glory'd in the pleasant land  
Where future men were doom'd to dwell,  
And sprung for joy at his command,  
To save my sons I lov'd so well!

Now therefore hearken, O my sons!  
'Tis LOVE herself that calls on you;  
She courts you with her dying groans,  
And let her move you with them too!

How bless'd are they who hear my voice,  
And my instructions don't refuse!  
They feast on my eternal joys,  
And heav'n and earth as heirs they use:

Yea, bless'd is he, and only he,  
Who meekly yields his willing ears,  
And watches at my gates for me,  
And waits, and hears, and perseveres!

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## SPIRITUAL SONGS. 5

For whoso findeth me, shall find  
A well of living water flow  
With life eternal, in his mind;  
And never more shall sorrow know:

Such is the favour of the LORD  
Unto his own elected race,  
Begotten by my living word  
Of everlasting truth and grace.  
But whoso'er against me sins,  
Against his own immortal soul  
Commits the deed—from whence begins  
An endless length of grief and dole:

All they who hatred bear to ME,  
To death a cruel love they bear;  
Away from life they swiftly flee—  
In hell—to drop a fruitless tear!

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## II. THE SONG OF MOSES.

*Exod. xv. 1.—22.*

**T**HUS to JEHOVAH Moses sang,  
While Isra'l did with trumpets sound:  
The mountains all around them rang,  
And made Jehovah's praise rebound.  
I'll to Jehovah shout and sing:  
He hath triumphed gloriously;  
Both horse and rider he did bring  
Down head-long—in the sea to lie!  
The Lord's my strength, the Lord's my song,  
And my salvation he's become;  
He is my God, and I, ere long,  
Will build for him a royal dome.



## 6 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

My father's God, and God alone,  
I will exalt him evermore,  
Jehovah, who hath valour shown;  
And all his foes hath triumph'd o'er.

Jehovah shines by his own light,  
Jehovah is his name most high;  
All other names, however bright,  
With *this name* nam'd, like shadows fly.

See Pharaoh's chariots, and his host,  
With all his captains, breathing death,  
Into the Red-sea headlong tost,  
Drown'd by Jehovah in his wrath!

The deeps devour'd them, as they fled,  
(While Death on ev'ry billow rode),  
The 'whelming waves flew o'er their head:  
They sank like stones amid the flood.

Thy right hand, O Jehovah, high  
Exalted, wav'd with glorious pow'r,  
And fell upon thine enemy,  
And dash'd him down, to rise no more!

In thy pre-eminence of might,  
Thou hast o'erthrown them, by thy Word,  
Who rose against the Lord to fight,  
With poised spear, and brandish'd sword.

They rush'd along in battle-line,  
Their hearts were rioting in blood—  
Thou sentest forth thy wrath divine,  
And quench'd their glory in the flood.

Thy nostril's blast, tremendously,  
The heaving waters did divide:  
The deeps were rear'd up to the sky,  
Firm built, as rocks on ev'ry side.

Isra'l, between the wat'ry walls,  
Was posting from her foes away,  
She heard their instant bloody calls,  
Haste! haste! pursue, and Isra'l slay!

The

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 7

The bloody sound! (I hear it still);—  
 ‘ Pursue! pursue! I’ll overtake,  
 ‘ I’ll distribute the prey at will,  
 ‘ And all my rage upon them wreak;  
 ‘ I’ll draw my sword, I’ll drive it home,  
 ‘ I’ll make it lighten thro’ their bones,  
 ‘ I’ll make it drink their blood, and come  
 ‘ Triumphant from their dying groans.’

Thus, vaunting, they—But thou, O God,  
 Didst make thy mighty wind to blow—  
 The sea, recoiling, overflow’d,  
 And sunk them all, as lead, below.  
 Who, O Jehovah, like to thee  
 Among the mighty ones is there?  
 And who, among the gods, may we  
 To thee in holiness compare?

Thy glory shines above them all,  
 And they to nothing sink away;  
 Thy presence makes thy foes to fall,  
 And all thy works thy praise display.  
 Thou didst but stretch thy right-hand out,  
 Expressive of their doom decreed—  
 Th’ earth swallow’d up the rebel rout,  
 That death and hell might on them feed.

But thou in triumph hast led forth  
 Thy people whom thy love exclaim’d;  
 That they might shout, with joy and mirth,  
 In Zion, by their God redeem’d.  
 Barbarians, in remotest lands,  
 Shall hear, and be affrighted sore;  
 The nations round shall wring their hands;  
 Proud Palestine shall much deplore:

Much Edom’s dukes shall be amaz’d;  
 And Moab’s mighty princes quake;  
 The Canaanites shall be debas’d,  
 And all the states shall melt and shake.

For

## 8 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

For fear and dread on them shall seize,  
When they behold thy lifted arm,  
Which drove aside the rolling seas,  
To guard thine Israel from harm :

They shall be still, as trodden stones,  
Till all thy people pass them o'er,  
Whom thou hast owned for thy sons,  
Whom thou hast in thy bosom bore.  
Thou shalt them bring, and plant them round  
The mount of thine inheritance ;  
That they may root, and fill the ground,  
And to the heav'ns their heads advance.

There we shall flourish, in the place  
Which thou hast made for thee to dwell,  
The sanctuary of thy grace,  
Which thou, O Lord, hast stablish'd well.  
The Lord shall reign, the God of pow'r,  
The Lord Almighty, God of Hosts,  
For ever, and for evermore,  
The God alone in Isra'l's coasts.

Proud Pharaoh's horse went furiously,  
With horsemen, yea, and charioteer,  
Into the sea ; and there they ly,  
For so the Lord did there appear !  
The Lord appeared thro' the cloud,  
And brought the sea on them again ;  
But Isra'l marched on, with God,  
Along the rock, amidst the main.

Then Miriam, Aaron's sister too,  
With heav'nly fire, inspir'd of God,  
To God ascribing praises due,  
On timbrel play'd, and sung aloud ;  
While all the women in her train,  
Responsive sung before the Lord,  
With timbrels, and with dance amain,  
With one consent, and one accord :

The

## SPIRITUAL SONGS. 9

- The Lord hath triumph'd gloriously!
- Both horse and rider overthrown!
- In that deep Red-sea, lo, they ly;
- Their place shall never more be known!

### III. THE SONG OF MOSES.

*Deut. xxxii. 1—23.*

**H**EAR, O ye heav'ns, and I will speak;  
Give ear, O earth, to what I sing:  
My speech shall, like the morning, break,  
That scatters darkness with her wing:  
My doctrine, dropping as the rain,  
Or as the ev'ning dews distil  
Along the hill, along the plain,  
Each tender heart shall duly fill.

For as the tender herb and flow'r  
Imbibe the moisture of the sky;  
So shall my people, when I pour  
My Spirit on them from on high:  
For I no trivial theme pursue,  
Upon no common topic dwell;  
JEHOVAH's name I'll bring to view,  
And all his glorious greatness tell.

Ascribe ye greatness to our God:  
He is the Rock, the Rock alone:  
How perfect are the ways he trod!  
His works are all in judgment done:  
A God of truth, without a lie,  
Of righteousness, without a spot;  
He loveth faith and equity,  
Iniquity he loveth not.—

Them-



10 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Themselves they have corrupted sore,  
 Their spot is not the spot of those  
 As children, who his name implore;  
 They in their very hearts are foes:  
 They are a fruitless perverse race,  
 A generation most abhorr'd—  
 O foolish people, void of grace,  
 Why do ye thus requite the Lord?  
 For is not he thy Father, who  
 Hath bought thee with a ransom great?  
 Who made thee, and advanc'd thee to  
 Thy mighty, high, and royal state?  
 Remember thou the days of old,  
 And generations long ago;  
 Ask thou thy Father, he'll unfold,  
 And ask thine elders, they will show,  
 How the Most High the circuit drew,  
 And laid the separating line,  
 While yet the nations were but few,  
 And drew their bounds by lot divine;  
 He gave them gifts, and sent them out  
 To occupy the world abroad,  
 Mere Adam's sons, by sep'rate rout;  
 But Isra'l were the sons of God:  
 They dwelt in tabernacles, round  
 The dwelling of the Lord Most High,  
 Until the Heathens clear'd the ground,  
 And perish'd, name and memory:  
 Then Isra'l, planted in their stead,  
 A fair and polish'd people grew;  
 Jehovah's portion was their seed,  
 And Jacob was the line he drew.  
 He found him in a desert land,  
 A waste and howling wilderness;  
 He took and led him by the hand,  
 And cloth'd him round with truth and grace:

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# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 11

He was the apple of his eye,  
 His choice and most peculiar care;  
 He towr'd like cedars to the sky,  
 And flourish'd like the palm-tree fair.

As th' eagle buildeth up her nest,  
 And flutters o'er and o'er her young,  
 She spreads her wings, she makes them rest,  
 And bears them on her wings along;  
 So did the Lord himself alone

Conduct and bear his tender heir:  
 There was no god of wood or stone,  
 No strange god, with the Lord to share.

He made him spring aloft, and ride  
 Upon the high and lasting hills,  
 To reap the fields on ev'ry side,  
 And drink the streams of thousand rills;  
 Ten thousand thousand lowing kine,  
 And thrice as many thousands more  
 Of tended goats and sheep, were thine,  
 With kids and lambs to swell thy store:

Thy rams were of the Bashan breed,  
 Thy bullocks all from Bashan hill;  
 Thy kidney'd wheat of precious seed,  
 With substance did thy garners fill;  
 Thy food was honey, milk, and oil,  
 Thy drink, the pure blood of the vine;  
 For God had bless'd thee, and thy soul,  
 And said, The fat of earth be thine.

But then Jeshurun waxed fat,  
 And vainly lifted up his heel;  
 For God, his Saviour, he forgot,  
 And kick'd against the points of steel:  
 With strange abominations, they  
 Provok'd the fierceness of his wrath;  
 And, gone with foreign gods astray,  
 They fell amidst the snares of death.

They

They unto devils sacrific'd,  
 And not to God the Lord most high;  
 But strange gods, whom they strangely priz'd:  
 They chang'd their glory to a lie,—  
 Of thine eternal Refuge, ME,  
 Thy Rock, thy Father, and thy Guide,  
 Thy God, who form'd and fashion'd thee,  
 Thou wast unmindful in thy pride.

But when the Lord perceiv'd their way,  
 He much abhorr'd the chosen seed;  
 His sons and daughters gone astray,  
 He left in their own snares to bleed.  
 He said, I'll hide my face from them,  
 I'll see their hapless end anon:  
 Ah, faithless race! their Father's shame,  
 In whom of grace and truth is none!

To jealousy they've moved me,  
 With that which is not God at all;  
 Their evil deeds they've made me see;  
 And, by their evil deeds, they fall:  
 I, too, to jealousy will move  
 Those haughty sons of swelling pride,  
 By raising others in my love,  
 To fill my house on ev'ry side.

I'll bring my sons from all the winds,  
 My daughters from the utmost seas:  
 Behold, they come, with lowly minds,  
 To do whate'er my counsels please.  
 But as for Isra'l, whom I hate,  
 That base, dissembling, faithless race!  
 How most abandon'd is their state,  
 Expell'd and banish'd from my face!

A fire is kindled in my wrath,  
 To burn unto the lowest hell:  
 And those proud rebels, (sons of death!)  
 Amidst devouring flames shall dwell.

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## SPIRITUAL SONGS. 13

The earth shall burn, with all her store;  
The rocks and seas shall feed the flame;  
But my belov'd, for evermore,  
Shall sing, and praise, and bless my name.

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### IV. THE TONGUE BRIDLED BY PURE RELIGION.

*James i. 26, 27.*

**I**F any man religious seem,  
And bridled not his tongue,  
That man's religion's all a dream;  
His heart is wholly wrong.  
But true religion, undefil'd,  
And pure before the Lord,  
Is, like her heav'nly Father, mild;  
Her heart and tongue accord.

She searches out the widow's pain,  
And pours the balm of joy;—  
The orphan never cries in vain,  
When she can aid employ.  
Unspotted from the world, and free,  
She keeps herself entire;  
As children from the furnace flee,  
Because they dread the fire.

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### V. FAITH and its POWER EXEMPLI- FIED. *Heb. xi.*

**T**HE GIFT\*, the WORK†, the ACT‡ of  
GOD,

Who made the light from darkness shine,  
Enlight'ning all the world abroad,  
And shewing all his works divine,

\* Eph. ii. 8.

† Col. ii. 12.

‡ 2 Cor. iv. 6.

Vol. II.

B

FAITH

The



14 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

FAITH—is the *confidence* confest,  
The clear *conviction* in the heart,  
Which, by the Holy Ghost impress,  
Shall never from the same depart;

Discovering all the things unseen,  
And realizing all we hope;  
A witness of what'er has been;  
Of all to come a *telescope*:

FAITH—is the eldest of the three \*  
Which lead us to the heav'nly clime:  
From *doubts* and *fears* she makes us free,  
And marries us to LOVE sublime.

She comes commission'd from on high,  
And enters by the word of God,  
Diffusing light, and liberty,  
And life, into our hearts abroad:  
She lifts the standard of the Lord,  
And makes her banners o'er us play,  
While we, obedient to her word,  
To God and vict'ry fight our way.

It was by FAITH the *elders* all  
Obtain'd of God a good report:  
Those heroes triumph'd by their fall,  
And by the tempest gain'd their port:  
They won themselves immortal praise,  
And left us their example fair,  
That we might emulate their ways,  
And in their glorious conquests share.

Through FAITH we understand the world  
Was framed by the WORD of GOD,  
And wide creation's roll, unfurl'd,  
Display'd the universe abroad;  
The things, that then from darkness flew,  
Possess'd no being, more or less,

\* Faith, Hope, Love.

Until

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 15

Until TH' ETERNAL said, *Be thou,*  
*O world, to bear my fair impress.*

By FAITH the younger brother felt,  
 That all below was vanity,

And on the things eternal dwelt,  
 Till he by FAITH obtain'd the sky:

By FAITH he offered up to God  
 A better sacrifice than Cain;

His lamb express'd *th' atoning blood,*  
 And was by him in figure slain:

Pronounced *righteous* by the Lord,  
 He, therefore, stands on the record,

Enroll'd the *first*, for evermore,  
 Of those who walk'd before the Lord:

Thus Abel, dead, for ever cries,  
*There is a better blood than mine;*

*The blood by which I reach'd the skies,*  
 The BLOOD OF JESUS all divine.

By FAITH, the seventh in the line,  
 Of Adam's blood, did Enoch flee

To heav'n, enrapt by love divine,  
 O Death, without a taste of thee:

They sought him, but they found him not;  
 For God had caught his friend away;

And he this testimony got,  
*He pleased God through all his day:*

But, save by FAITH, no man can please,  
 Nor walk, like him, with God at all:

For they to God who guide their pace,  
 Believe HE IS, and hear his call;

Believe he will not leave them lorn,  
 Nor destitute of due reward:

By FAITH and HOPE, their souls, upborn,  
 Messiah and his gifts regard.

16 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

By FAITH the Patriarch Noah saw,  
Forewarn'd of God, the things unseen;  
And, mov'd with holy fear and awe,  
He trembled at th' approaching scene;  
The ark, prepared, sav'd his house;  
The deluge roll'd for him in vain;  
And he became a sign to us,  
And all the following faithful train:

The world was by his FAITH condemn'd,  
And he became the heir of God,  
Heir of the righteousness, proclaim'd  
To all the world before the flood:  
The righteousness of God by FAITH,  
In future days, and days of yore,  
Is still the same, as Scripture saith,  
The same to-day, and evermore.

By FAITH our father Abraham,  
When he was called to go forth,  
And leave the tribes of whom he came,  
By God, the Lord of all the earth,  
Obey'd the word—and forth he went,  
Not knowing whither he was gone,  
Being only conscious he was sent,  
And journey'd with the Lord alone.

By FAITH he sojourn'd in the land  
Of promise, as a country strange,  
And tabernacled, by command,  
In dwellings subject still to change:  
Thus Isaac too, and Jacob, heirs  
With him of that same promis'd place,  
Partook with him their portion'd shares,  
Allotted them by sov'reign grace.

He looked for a city fair,  
Which was not subject to decay,  
(As these his tabernacles were),  
Nor whose foundations were in clay;

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# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 17

A city that should ever shine,  
 When sun, and moon, and stars, were gone;  
 Whose architect should be divine,  
 Whose builder's God's ETERNAL SON.

Through FAITH our mother Sarah, too,  
 Herself, received strength and seed,  
 When she was past the æra due,  
 Because she saw it was decreed:  
 Delivered therefore of a son,  
 She prais'd the faithful, pledging God,  
 Who said the thing, and it was done;  
 Whose promis'd purpose firmly stood.

Therefore of ONE, as good as dead,  
 There sprang as many thousands more  
 As stars, that can't be numbered,  
 Or sea-sand lying on the shore:  
 Thus God the Lord, who fashion'd all,  
 Directing by his sov'reign will,  
 Led forth the faithful by his call,  
 And brought them to his holy hill.

These all in FAITH gave up the ghost,  
 Not having yet receiv'd the prize;  
 Nor did they judge the promise lost,  
 Because conceal'd from human eyes:  
 By FAITH they saw it from afar,  
 And thereof perfectly assur'd,  
 They hail'd *the bright and morning Star*;  
 And patiently their souls endur'd:

The promise of their God embrac'd;  
 That they were strangers on the earth,  
 And pilgrims, all their ways confess'd,  
 And that they were of heav'nly birth:  
 For they, who have such things declar'd,  
 Have plainly said in Reason's ear,  
 Their country is not here prepar'd,  
 But must be sought some other-where:



# 15 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

And truly, if they had inclin'd,  
 And mindful been from whence they came,  
 They needed not to have repin'd,  
 But might return'd unto the same;  
 But now a better they desire,  
 A heav'nly house, wherein to live:  
 God's not asham'd to be their SIRE;  
 For he'll to them a city give.

It was by FAITH that Abraham,  
 When he was tried by the Lord,  
 Instead of Isaac, slew the ram,  
 Prevented by the gracious word:  
 By FAITH, in figure, he was slain,  
 To whom the promises were made,  
 And from the dead receiv'd again,  
 In whom the nations should be glad.

By FAITH good Isaac bless'd the twins  
 Concerning things to be disclos'd:  
 By FAITH the blessing Jacob wins;  
 For want of FAITH Esau's depos'd.  
 By FAITH the dying Jacob bless'd  
 The sons of Joseph wittingly;  
 And, leaning on his staff, confess'd,  
*To live in FAITH's in peace to die.*

By FAITH, when dying, Joseph, too,  
 Remember'd Isra'l's grievous thrall,  
 And their releasement did foreshew;  
 And charg'd them 'bout his bones withal.

By FAITH, when Moses was new-born,  
 His parents hid him three full moons,  
 When Isra'l's hopes were most forlorn,  
 And Pharaoh's wrath destroy'd their sons.

By FAITH, when Moses was grown up,  
 He Pharaoh's daughter did refuse,  
 And scorn'd to taste of pleasure's cup,  
 Which all the sons of folly chuse:

For

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 19

For he affliction rather chose  
To suffer with the sons of FAITH,  
Than to endure th' eternal woes  
Which follow sin's deceitful path :

Esteeming Christ's reproach his praise,  
And better than th' Egyptian crown,  
He ran to win far nobler bays,  
And gain'd a prize of high renown.  
By FAITH he Egypt left behind,  
Not fearing Pharaoh's wrath so fell!  
For he endur'd with steady mind,  
As seeing still TH' INVISIBLE.

Through FAITH he kept the passover,  
And sprinkling of the mystic blood,  
Lest Egypt's fierce destroyer  
Should touch them with his deathful rod—  
By FAITH they pass'd the Red-sea through,  
And walk'd upon the dry-land way;  
Which Pharaoh's hosts assaying to do,  
Were drown'd and bury'd in the sea.

By FAITH the walls of Jericho,  
Encompas'd round the seventh day,  
As soon's they heard the trumpets blow,  
And all the people shout, gave way.  
By faith the harlot Rahab liv'd,  
And perish'd not among the slain;  
Because she had the Lord believ'd,  
And safe dismiss'd the spies again.

What shall I more say, to display  
The praises of the FAITH of God?  
What armies! armies! crowd the way,  
And press to gain the blest'd abode!  
How Gideon, with his hundreds three,  
And Barak, with his thousands ten,  
Made thousands thousands headlong flee,  
And strew'd the mountains with the slain!

For

O Sam-

20 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

O Samson, how thy strength prevail'd,  
While faith preserv'd thee in thy strength!  
What multitudes thy faith bewail'd,  
Till Delilah subdu'd at length.  
Should Jephthah, David, swell the song,  
With Samuel, and the prophets all,  
How great, how glorious, were the throng!  
How godlike all the martyrs fall!

What kingdoms they thro' FAITH subdu'd!  
What works of righteousness they wrought!  
What promises fulfill'd they view'd!  
What lions mouths they stopt, and smote!  
What floods of fire they safely stemm'd!  
What edged swords they safely shunn'd!  
How, out of weakness, new inflam'd  
With strength, their foes again they stunn'd!

Women receiv'd their dead again  
New rais'd to life, and sang for joy;  
While others, tortur'd, scorn'd their pain,  
And held their offer'd life a toy:  
For they to live by sin disdain'd,  
And would no base deliv'rance have;  
That so by them might be obtain'd  
A blest arising from the grave.

What cruel mockings have they bore,  
Drove home by many a scourging thong,  
While bonds and bolts their bodies tore,  
And kept them in vile durance long!  
Others were ston'd—afunder fawn,  
And rack'd in most infernal guise,  
Some cleft in twain, and some were drawn,  
To feast their fierce tormentors eyes.

Expelled from the haunts of men,  
In skins of sheep and goats array'd,  
They wander'd here and there with pain,  
With thirst and hunger sore dismay'd;

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## SPIRITUAL SONGS. 21

Afflicted, torn, tormented, chas'd,  
 Like beasts of prey, from hill to vale,  
 In mountains they, and deserts waste,  
 In dens and caves, were fain to dwell.

Those whom the world but ill deserv'd,  
 All died in good report thro' FAITH;  
 And never from the promise swerv'd,  
 But joyful held the heav'nly path:  
 They knew the promise unobtain'd,  
 When they obtain'd the end of FAITH,  
 Should ne'er be with a failure stain'd,  
 But should be sure as he who saith.

But God hath now unvail'd his face,  
 And said, Behold the glorious things,  
 The present truth, and present grace,  
 Which th' everlasting gospel brings:  
 And they who now enjoy the prize,  
 Made perfect in eternal rest,  
 See us, their younger brethren, rise,  
 All equally in Jesus blest.

### VI. The PREACHING of REPENTANCE by JOHN. *Matth. iii.*

THEN JOHN, baptizing in the floods  
 That gladden'd Judah's land;  
 Cry'd, in the deserts and the woods,  
 Repent—your King's at hand:  
 Prepare the way,—make straight the road,—  
 The mountains high debase;—  
 Quick, level each aspiring clod,—  
 The humble vallies raise.

This John was he Isaiah saw,  
 And call'd, THE CRYING VOICE;  
 That all the world might hear the law,  
 And hail Messiah's joys.

He



22 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

He had his raiment of the hair  
Arabian camels wore;  
Arrayed as the prophets were,  
Who preach'd in days of yore;

A leathern girdle girt his loins,  
As woodland peasants use;  
Mean was his dress, but high designs  
Inspir'd his god-like views.  
His food was of the simplest kind  
The wilderness could yield,  
The locusts brought him by the wind,  
And honey of the field.

Now flew abroad his sounding fame,  
Which fill'd Jerusalem;  
And all Judea to him came,  
With regions round the same.  
The banks of Jordan then were lin'd  
With many a thousand one,  
Who ran with one consent and mind  
To see this wondrous man.

But when they came, they were surpriz'd,  
And smitten sore *within*;  
And then in Jordan were baptiz'd,  
Confessing all their sin.  
No water-washing will avail  
To wash away the stain,  
For which the guilty heart must fail,  
And bear eternal pain;

Unless the sin-atoning flood  
Be pour'd upon the heart,  
(Emmanuel's pure prevailing blood),  
The guilt will not depart.  
When therefore John espied those  
Of Sador's looser sect,  
Along with their invet'rate foes,  
Proud Pharisees, more strait;

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# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 23

(For both in multitudes were there,  
 And both rejoic'd in lies);  
 He said to them, with voice severe,  
 And stern rebuking eyes,  
 O children of the vipers brood!  
 Who warn'd you to flee  
 From the impending wrath of God,  
 Denounced now by me?

If, therefore, ye repent indeed,  
 And mean no feigned thing,  
 Your fruits becoming must succeed,  
 Which from repentance spring:  
 Think not within yourselves to say,  
 That Abrah'm is our sire;  
 For God would sooner raise, to-day,  
 These stones amongst the mire,  
 And make them, by his pow'r divine,  
 To shine with him above,  
 Than save a son of Abrah'm's line  
 Without his faith and love.  
 And now the ax is laid unto  
 The root of ev'ry tree;  
 And ev'ry tree of barren bough  
 Hewn down and burnt shall be.

With water I indeed baptize,  
 Unto repentance new;  
 But he who after me shall rise,  
 With wonder, to your view,  
 Is great, and mightier by far  
 Than I, or all my kind;  
 For he's the bright and Morning Star,  
 A light unto the blind:  
 He, with the Holy Ghost and fire,  
 Shall all his sons baptize;  
 And they shall glorify their Sire,  
 Aspiring to the skies.

Behold,

Behold, his fan is in his hand;  
 He'll duly purge his floor;  
 When he shall winnow all the land,  
 He'll keep his wheat secure;

But he shall burn the chaff with fire—

Repent and tremble now,  
 Before ye feel his flaming ire  
 Burst forth and seize on you.—

Then Jesus came from Galilee,  
 To Jordan's pleasant stream,  
 Therein by John baptiz'd to be,  
 In God his Father's name.

But John forbade, and said, surpris'd,  
 When Jesus he did see,  
 I've need by thee to be baptiz'd,  
 And comest thou to me?

The Lord, replying soft and mild,  
 Inform'd the prophet thus,  
 All righteousness must be fulfill'd,  
 For so becometh us.

Then, John allowing as requir'd,  
 The Lord baptized was;  
 Straight from the wave as he retir'd—  
 Behold what came to pass—

The heav'n's to him were open'd wide,  
 And, lo, his eyes beheld,  
 On dove-like pinions downwards glide;  
 The Holy Ghost reveal'd:

And, lighting on the Lord, he shed  
 His influence divine  
 Upon his ever-blessed head,  
 The King of David's line.

And, lo, a voice from heav'n proclaims,  
 This is my Son belov'd,  
 Who satisfies my fullest claims;  
 My servant well-approv'd!

For he shall magnify my law;  
 To him my seal I give:  
 Let all the world be fill'd with awe;  
 Hear him, and ye shall live.

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## VII. THE NEW-BIRTH.

*John, iii. 1.—22.*

**T**HERE was a certain Pharisee,  
 A ruler of the Jews,  
 Who came by night the Lord to see,  
 And night-like were his views.  
 Rabbi, we know that thou art come,  
 A teacher sent from God,  
 Said he, to bring the wand'ers home,  
 And guide them in the road:

For no man does such miracles  
 As these now done by thee,  
 Except the Lord be with him, else  
 The prophets liars be.

Amen, amen, I say to thee,  
 Replied Jesus then;  
 O Nicodemus, taught by me,  
 Receive no doctrine vain:

Except a man be born again,  
 (I speak to thee by name),  
 God's kingdom he cannot obtain,  
 Nor ever see the same.

Then Nicodemus was amaz'd,  
 And, wond'ring, thus he spoke,  
 Rabbi, my admiration's rais'd,  
 You surely mean to joke.



26 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

How can a man, grown up, be born  
 A span-long child again?  
 Alas, his hope may be forlorn,  
 God's kingdom to attain.  
 Into his mother's womb can he  
 Go back a second time,  
 'That so he, born again, may be,  
 An heir of heav'nly clime?  
 Then Jesus, answer'ing him again,  
 In solemn manner spoke,  
 By due degrees that he might train,  
 This bullock to his yoke;  
 Amen, amen, I say to thee,  
 Except a man be born  
 Of water and the Spirit, he  
 Shall ever weep forlorn:  
 God's kingdom he can never see,  
 But must in darkness dwell;  
 For, banish'd from his presence, he  
 Shall sink in depths of hell.  
 That which is born of flesh is flesh,  
 And never can be more,  
 Like parched roots, which ne'er grow fresh,  
 Or wreck upon the shore;  
 And that which is of Spirit born,  
 Is spiritual and new,  
 Like flow'rs that smile upon the morn,  
 Bedropt with heav'nly dew.  
 No man need marvel that I said,  
 Thou must again be born;  
 For things as strange, I might have pled,  
 Men hear, nor think of scorn.  
 For as the wind blows where it will,  
 And rove'th ev'ry where,  
 Along the plain, along the hill,  
 And thou the same dost hear;

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# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 27

Yet canst not tell from whence it rose,  
Nor whither goes away,  
Lower or louder why it blows,  
No man on earth can say:

Thou knowest not the Spirit's way,  
Nor how the bones do grow;  
How living souls do mix with clay,  
With child when women go:  
So is the case with ev'ry one  
That's of the Spirit born;  
To God a living faithful son,  
His doctrine to adorn.

Now Nicodemus, struck, subjoind,  
O how can these things be?  
They are too big for my weak mind,  
Too bright for me to see.

Then Jesus, as with much surprise,  
In gentle manner said,  
Are these things hidden from thine eyes,  
And thou a doctor made?

A master thou of Israel,  
And knowest not this truth,  
Which ev'ry babe of God can tell,  
Yet lisping with the mouth?

Amen, amen, I say to thee,  
We speak the things we know,  
And testify the things we see,  
The same which God doth show;

Yet ye our witness don't believe,  
Though we have plainly told  
The words we did from God receive,  
Who sent the seers of old.

When I have told you earthly things,  
And ye believe me not;  
If I should touch the higher strings,  
And sound a heav'nly note—

## 28. SPIRITUAL SONGS.

If I should tell you things of God,  
 In language angels use,  
 As they are seen in his abode,  
 And no resemblance chuse;  
 The truth would soar above your reach,  
 No man on earth could know  
 What were the glory of my speech,  
 So dazzling it would glow.  
 No man ascends above the skies,  
 To know the myst'ries there,  
 But he whose penetrating eye  
 Sees all things as they are.  
 The Son of Man, in heav'n who dwells,  
 Though veil'd in flesh below,  
 He all the face of God unveils,  
 That man the truth may know.  
 And now you ask me, How is it  
 A man is born again?  
 He gives the answer who is fit,  
 The Friend of sinful men:  
 As Moses lifted up the pole,  
 And cried to Israel,  
 Behold the serpent, and be whole,  
 The Lord your God will heal—  
 The wounded Isra'elites beheld—  
 And all the army sang  
 His praises, who their souls had heal'd,  
 Till all the desert rang:  
 Ev'n so the Son of Man must be,  
 Like brazen serpent, rais'd,  
 And nail'd upon th' accursed tree;  
 (Let love divine be prais'd!)  
 That whosoever shall believe  
 On him, may then be sav'd:  
 Eternal life he shall receive;  
 His way to heav'n is pay'd:

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# 29 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

He shall not perish, but shall have  
His foot on death and Hell,  
Triumphing o'er the darksome grave,  
And all her horrors fell.

For God so lov'd the world, that he  
His only dear Belov'd  
And sole begotten Son, to be  
Their Saviour, hath approv'd;  
That whosoever shall behold,  
And on the Son believe,  
In God, his Judge, may well be bold;  
For he shall ever live!

He shall not perish, but shall have  
Eternal life from God,  
Who, therefore, sent his Son to save,  
And wash him in his blood.

For God his Son into the world  
Sent not to damn the same,  
That down to hell it might be hurl'd;  
But sav'd from sin and shame.

He who believeth on the Son,  
Is not condemn'd at all:  
The Son for him the kingdom won,  
Which he inherit shall:

But he who never has believ'd,  
Already is condemn'd;  
Because he is not yet reliev'd,  
By mercy now proclaim'd:

For, lo, there is no other name  
In all the world abroad,  
By whom they may be freed from blame,  
But by the Son of God;

Nor is salvation any where  
Save in his precious blood;  
If any man's unwashed there,  
He sinks in death's deep flood:



For this the condemnation stands,  
 That light and life divine  
 Diffused over all the lands,  
 In glorious beauty shine;  
 And men prefer the darkest night  
 Unto the clearest day,  
 And, from the brightness of the light,  
 To darkness flee away:

Because their deeds are only ill,  
 They take this desperate flight,  
 Their works of darkness to fulfil,  
 And shroud them in the night.  
 The evil workers hate the day,  
 Left they should be display'd,  
 And into darkness run away,  
 Because they are afraid.

The Son of God's the life of men,  
 Their everlasting light:

Hell's darkness evermore shall reign.  
 O'er those who love the night.  
 But those who do the works of God,  
 Must first receive the truth;  
 For truth is poured all abroad,  
 Clear-flowing from his mouth:

How bless'd are they who drink the streams  
 Of pure eternal love!  
 Their God's their glory, and their names  
 Are all enroll'd above:  
 They, in his clearest light, shall view  
 The bliss of his abode;  
 And all their works shall plainly shew,  
 That they are wrought in God—

Thus, to believe is to be born  
 A-new, and from above;  
 Let all who do believe, adorn  
 God's doctrine, and his love.

By

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 32

By faith of Jesus Christ, they're all  
The Sons of God, and heirs,  
Who do believe, and on him call  
With faithful fervent pray'rs:

Because they are his sons and heirs,  
The Spirit of his Son  
He giveth to inspire their pray'rs,  
Crying ABBA, ev'ry one.

Let all his happy children now,  
Whom truth and love inspire,  
With humble reverence lowly bow,  
To justify their Sire;

In all they say, and think, and do,  
Acknowledging his love;  
Still giving him the glory due,  
As born of God above.

## VIII. The LORD'S Commission to his APOSTLES.

Matth. xxviii. 18, &c.

**A**LL pow'r in heav'n and earth is mine;  
(My servants hear my call)

I reign by heritage divine,  
The Lord and Heir of all:  
Lo, as my Father me hath sent,  
So send I you abroad,  
That men may ev'ry where repent,  
And turn unto their God:

Go, therefore, ev'ry where, and fill  
The world with truth and grace,  
According to my Father's will,  
'To men proclaiming peace,

And:

# 328 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

And, as ye go, baptize ye them,  
When they confess to GOD,  
In FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT's name,  
Through all the earth abroad:

Then teach them all things to observe,  
Which I give you in charge;  
That none may from my precepts twerve,  
Nor *this* nor *that* way verge:  
And, lo, I'm with you to the end  
Of utmost time and space,  
Both to direct and to defend,  
By present pow'r and grace.

## IX. The LORD's Commission to his APOSTLES.

*Mark, xvi. 15, &c.*

**G**O ye to all the world, and preach  
The gospel ev'ry where,  
And ev'ry human creature teach  
That breathes the common air:  
So common let the gospel be,  
As is the air they breathe;  
For gospel-blessings must be free,  
Which freely I bequeath.  
Or Jew, or Greek, whoe'er he be,  
Who shall the same believe,  
And is baptized into me,  
Salvation shall receive;  
But unbelievers shall be damn'd,  
Baptiz'd or unbaptiz'd;  
Because the gospel was proclaim'd,  
And was by them despis'd.

## X. GLORY.

X. GLORYING IN AFFLICTION.

2 Cor. iv. 16, &c.

DO ye ask us, why we faint not  
In this sad and troublous day?  
Why we glory, and repent not  
Of the hardships in our way?  
Tho' our outward man should perish,  
Yet our inward is renew'd;  
Therefore, we afflictions cherish,  
For they daily work our good:

Our afflictions, all in season,  
Light and momentary fly;  
Yet they work a perfect reason  
To expect, beyond the sky,  
An eternal weight (exceeding  
All our present reach of thought)  
Of the glory onwards speeding,  
Which the Lord of glory bought.

For we view, and view with wonder,  
Not the present things of sight;  
For the present things are under  
Our attention and delight:  
But the things eternal, present  
Evermore before our mind,  
Render all the future pleasant,  
Throw our sorrows far behind.

XI. ABSENT



XI. ABSENT from the BODY, PRESENT  
with the LORD.

2. Cor. v. 1.—9.

WERE once our earthly house dissolv'd,  
Our tabernacle here;  
When all our days and years, revolv'd,  
Shall as a dream appear;  
We know we have a building sure,  
Which God himself hath made,  
Which shall like God himself endure,  
In heav'n established.

For in this house where now we groan,  
With earnest pray'r we cry,  
Desiring to be cloth'd upon  
With that beyond the sky;  
That being clothed by our God,  
According to his will,  
We may possess our own abode  
Upon his holy hill:  
For naked we would not be found,  
Though burden'd heavily,  
And in this tabernacle bound,  
We groan most earnestly:  
To be uncloth'd we do not groan,  
But cloth'd upon again;  
Mortality destroy'd and gone,  
That life may ever reign.  
Now he who wrought us for the same,  
And fashion'd by his skill,  
For glory of his holy name,  
According to his will,  
Is God himself, our Father, who  
Hath given us to feel  
The earnest of his Spirit too,  
His glory to reveal.

We're

We're therefore always confident,  
 Because we surely know,  
 That, whilst we're in this body pent,  
 To God we cannot go;  
 For we believe, and do not see,  
 But firmly trust his word,  
 That, absent from the body, we  
 Are present with the Lord.

## XII. A REFLECTION ON DEATH.

THE faithful soul, enraptur'd, flies  
 To God, beyond the vaulted skies,  
 To reap the fruits of *righteousness*,  
 And dwell in God's eternal peace:  
 But, ah! the *unbeliever* dies,  
 And sinks to hell—without the prize—  
 To reap the fruits of wickedness,  
 Unpitied by the God of peace.

Behold, to-day, while yet to-day  
 Your judgment makes a short delay,  
 Believe, and live—and learn to die;  
 Then wing your way to God on high.

## XIII. FAITH shewed by WORKS.

*James, ii. 14, &c.*

WHAT will it profit any one  
 To say, that he hath faith,  
 Who leaves the works of faith undone,  
 To prove the word he saith?

Can

36 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Can that which is not faith at all,  
But an asserted lie,  
Which takes from hell original,  
Bring mercy to him nigh?

Suppose the case were Charity,  
And you the needy one,  
Naked and starving, should apply  
To any passing man;

If he should say, 'Be cloth'd, be fill'd,  
'Be warm'd, and go away;  
Yet leave you naked, starv'd, and chill'd,  
What would it profit, say?

Would you infer from what he said,  
That he had sympathy?  
Or that the Levite's bowels bled,  
Or priest's, who passed by?

So faith that flows along the tongue,  
And flows not from the heart,  
Is but a song by Sirens sung,  
With much delusive art;

'Tis dead; altho' its painted face  
May cheat the human eye,  
'Tis void of inward truth and grace;  
And God detects the lie.

But, ranter! if thou persevere,  
Insisting in thy lie,  
Come, bring it to an issue clear,  
And by this standard try:

Grant thou hast faith, and I have works:  
How dost thou prove thy faith?  
By words, wherein deceit still lurks,  
Whate'er thy false tongue saith?

But I will shew my heart-felt truth,  
By what thyself mayst feel,  
Not by the words of my own mouth,  
But deeds—which prove and seal.

Yet

Yet here, perhaps, thy folly says,  
 ' That GOD is ONE, I know:

Well, wherein lies thy mighty praise?

The trembling fiends do so.

But wilt thou know, vain foolish man!

Thy faith is surely dead,

Unless it move, and breathe, and can

Affert itself in DEED.

Sure, Abraham, our sire, did shew

To all the world abroad,

(When he gave God the glory due),

That he believ'd in God:

Let Isaac on the altar bound,

And Abrah'm's stretch'd hand,

In act to give the deadly wound,

A proof decisive stand,

That Abrah'm, justify'd by faith,

Full forty years and more,

(Without his works, as scripture saith),

Did walk the Lord before;

And clearly proved, by his walk,

Himself the friend of God,

Whose faith was shew'd, not by talk,

But works, which shin'd abroad.

Thus men by works are justify'd

Before their fellow-men,

And God the Lord is glorify'd

By all his faithful train.

Thus Rahab, wash'd from her sins,

Whate'er she was before,

A life of holiness begins,

An harlot now no more;

By faith receiv'd the messengers,

And sent them safe away;

And thus by works her faith appears,

With fair and bright display.

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# 38 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Hence let the saints of God observe,  
 They're justify'd by faith,  
 In sight of God; but must not swerve  
 From God's most holy path:  
 For as the body must be dead,  
 Which is devoid of breath,  
 That faith by works unjustify'd  
 Denotes not life, but death.

## XIV. The LORD'S PRAYER *paraphrased.*

OUR Father who in heav'n dost reign,  
 The Lord of all the worlds abroad,  
 Who link'st thy fam'ly in a chain  
 Of love, to bind us close to God,  
 O hallow'd ever be thy name,  
 And holy, holy, be thy praise;  
 Let all thy works proclaim thy fame,  
 And all thy sons adopt thy ways.  
 O let thy kingdom ever come,  
 Until the coming of our Lord:  
 O come, dear Lord, and call us home,  
 To reign with thee, when all's restor'd.  
 O Father, let thy will be done,  
 As done in heav'n by all thy saints;  
 So here on earth, by every one  
 To dwell with thee whose spirit pants.  
 O let thy love be still display'd:  
 Give us to-day our daily bread,  
 That we may rest, securely laid  
 On thy supporting arm, our head.  
 Forgive our debts, as we forgive  
 Our debtors, Lord, by thee forgiv'n;  
 For by thy mercy, lo! we live,  
 To imitate the grace of heav'n.

O never

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 39

O never put us to the trial,  
 Nor let us be expos'd to sin,  
 Without the pow'r of self-denial,  
 That so we may the vict'ry win.  
 And when the devil, upon the scout,  
 Comes roaring like a lion strong,  
 O! let us boldly face about,  
 And tread him under foot ere long!  
 For, lo, the kingdom over all,  
 With all the glory and the pow'r,  
 To thee, by right eternal fall:  
 Prais'd be thy name for evermore.

## XV. Another PARAPHRASE of the Same.

**F**ATHER of all, thine offspring see;  
 To thee we humbly bow the knee.  
 Thy holy name be holy still;  
 Let all the world thy glory fill.  
 Thy kingdom come: thy grace be giv'n  
 To do thy will, as done in heav'n.  
 Give us this day our daily bread,  
 That all thy household may be fed.  
 Forgive our sins, as we forgive  
 The wrongs which we from men receive;  
 For, though from condemnation freed,  
 Our sins thy daily mercy need.  
 Temptations all around us be;  
 But from them all, Lord, set us free:  
 For all is thine for evermore,  
 The kingdom, glory, and the pow'r.

C 2

XVI. Ano-

## XVI. Another PARAPHRASE on the Same.

OUR Father, the Father, the Word, and the Spirit—

The THREE who are ONE, who the kingdom inherit,  
Entitled our Father by right of creation;  
By gracious provision, by wise gubernation;  
But chiefly by giving thy mercy eternal,  
And saving by Jesus from darkness infernal;  
By calling us all into light everlasting,  
The fountain of life evermore to be tasting—

Who art in the heavens, the throne of thy glory,  
Where all thy beloved dear children adore thee,  
Enjoying their heritage, perfectly blessed,  
Of thee their own Father and kingdom possessed;  
O let thy name every way by us be hallow'd,  
Our thoughts, words, and actions, in thee wholly  
swallow'd:

Thy kingdom, advance it—with grace to inspire us,  
With pow'r to defend us; with pure zeal to fire us:

Thy will be performed, in weal and in wo,  
In want and in fulness, through life while we go,  
On earth as in heaven, till death end the scene,  
And thou make us perfect with Jesus to reign.  
But while thy poor pilgrims are yet on the way,  
Give us our provision by day and by day;  
And daily transgressions forgive every one;  
As daily that mercy we ask we have shown.

With-hold not thy grace in the hour of temptation,  
But give us a way to escape with salvation;  
And pluck us as brands from the pow'r of the devil,  
Who stalketh around us, devising our evil,  
And waits but his moment to seize and devour:  
But thine is the kingdom, the glory and pow'r.  
In perfect assurance, that we shall obtain  
Those things thou hast promis'd, our hearts say,

AMEN.

XVII. The

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 49

## XVII. The LORD's SUPPER.

1 Cor. xi. 23—30.

**A**TTE<sup>N</sup>D, ye *foolish*, and be *wise*;

Read, and transgress no more;

Propose not men to charm your eyes;

The words of **CHRIST** *explode*.

For I've deliver'd unto you

The *gospel*, and declare,

That if you hold *another* true,

Of God accurs'd you are.

The night in which he was betray'd,

The Lord took up the bread;

And, giving thanks to God, he pray'd,

(*'Twas thus accomplished*);

Then brake the bread, and said, **Receive**;

This is my body, giv'n

And broke for you; eat, and believe;

Rememb'ring Me in heav'n.

And when he gave this pledge divine

To them—in sim'lar guise,

He took the cup with flowing wine,

And said, Here turn your eyes;

Behold, this cup shall represent

The sov'reign love of God

Fulfilled—*The New Testament*,

Ev'n in my flowing blood.

*This do*: (the precept is divine),

When you the symbols see;

Behold the bread—behold the wine—

*Eat, drink*, rememb'ring Me.

As often as ye taste this bread

And cup, as I ordain,

Ye shew the death of me your Head,

Till I shall come again.



Whoever, therefore, *basely* shall,  
 Like dogs, presume to eat,  
 The *Master of the feast* shall call—  
 To tread them under feet.  
 For they who eat, and don't believe,  
 Do join the murd'rous Jews;  
 And shall their due reward receive,  
 With those who God abuse.

But thou, O man, consider well;  
 (Assur'd in thy own mind),  
 That God is true, set to thy seal,  
 And do as *here* enjoin'd.  
 But he who eats *unworthily*,  
 And drinks, before the Lord,  
 Hath set his seal unto a lie,  
 And tramples on the *Word*.

To's, own *damnation*, therefore, he  
 Doth eat and drink disguis'd,  
 Professing what he does not see,  
 CHRIST's body sacrific'd,  
 Thus *Cain* offer'd to the Lord,  
 And justly he was blam'd,  
 Because he misbeliev'd the word:  
 So, *he who doubts is damn'd*.

## XVIII. The LAST JUDGMENT.

*Revelation, xx. 11, &c.*

I Saw in-vision, great and high,  
 Establish'd in the middle sky,  
 A white resplendent glorious throne,  
 And God, the Judge who sat thereon;  
 Swift from his presence fled away  
 The earth, the heav'n, the night, the day;

For

# SPIRITUAL SONGS.

49

For them there was no station found,  
For all was judgment round and round.

I saw the dead, both great and small,  
Stand up before the Judge of all;  
The books were open'd; silence reign'd;  
The world at once stood all arraign'd:  
The book of life discover'd then  
Who were the chosen holy men;  
The dead were judged ev'ry one,  
According to the works they'd done:

According to the written word,  
So was the judgment of the Lord.  
The sea gave up the dead she held;  
And death and hell their charge expell'd:  
No secret man, nor action lurks,  
For all are open, with their works,  
And all in even balance laid,  
By strict impartial justice weigh'd.

Then death and hell receiv'd their due,  
With all the curs'd ungodly crew,  
Unto the lake of fire consign'd,  
Which is THE SECOND DEATH design'd:  
Yea, all shall have their endless lot  
In that same lake, whose names, unwrote  
In book of life, the book of God,  
Are lost in death's eternal flood.

## XIX. CHRIST the TRUE VINE.

*John, xv. 1.*

I Am the true, the living Vine;  
My Father acts the part  
Of Husbandman, with skill divine  
He trains my willing heart.

Each

## 34 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Each branch in me that bears no fruit,  
My Father lops away;  
For, unconnected with the root,  
'Tis but an ufeless spray.

But ev'ry branch that beareth fruit,  
He purgeth o'er and o'er,  
That it, united with the root,  
May bring forth more and more.

Now ye are clean, (I speak to you  
Who have my word believ'd),  
Thro' this my faithful word and true,  
By which you've life receiv'd.

Abide in me, and I in you,  
In pure communion join'd,  
(A mutual fellowship and true!)  
One spirit, and one mind:  
As of itself no branch can bear  
Fruit, sever'd from the tree;  
No more can ye, except ye are  
United still with me.

I am the Vine, the branches ye:  
He that in me abides,  
And I in him, shall fruitful be,  
What season e'er betides:  
For, separate at all from me,  
In whom ye live and move  
Ye nothing can, nor do, nor be;  
But must fire-faggots prove.

If any man abideth not  
(Who seems to be) in me,  
The wither'd branch away is cut,  
And doom'd to flames shall be:  
But if ye shall abide in me,  
And my words dwell in you,  
Whatever your request shall be,  
For you the same I'll do.

# 3. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 45

In this my Father's glorify'd,  
 When ye much fruit shall bear;  
 And I, your Lord, am honoured,  
 When you like me appear:  
 So you, my disciples, shall be  
 Approv'd your Lord before,  
 And evermore shall reign with me,  
 When all things I restore!

## XX. Doing ALL in the NAME of the LORD JESUS.

*Coloss. iii. 17.*

NOW, O ye saints, belov'd of God!  
 In whatsoe'er ye do,  
 Let love to God the Lord be shew'd,  
 As it becometh you:  
 In word, or deed, whate'er it be  
 Wherein you are employ'd,  
 In public, or in secrecy,  
 Let faith be occupy'd:  
 All in the name of Jesus Christ  
 Your service shall be done,  
 (All other Lords by you dismiss'd,  
 Save Jesus Christ alone);  
 Thro' Jesus Christ your gratitude  
 To God your Father shew;  
 And so repay the Spirit good  
 The love to him ye owe.

## XXI. DOING



## XXI. DOING ALL to the GLORY of GOD.

1 Cor. x. 31.

**I**N eating, or drinking, or buying, or selling;  
 Or if you are hearing a story, or telling;  
 (In public, or private, where-ever you be);  
 Or what thing soever may occupy thee;  
 Do all to the glory of him who exceed'd you  
 From sin, death, and hell; for his blood hath re-  
 deem'd you—

Redeem ye the season, and fight for his glory;  
 The Lord your Redeemer's your Pattern before ye:

The Lord your Redeemer! how dear is the name!  
 Of all conversation let this be the theme: [price;  
 You're no more your own; you are bought with a  
 The blood of your Shepherd was your sacrifice!—  
*With high elevation, and triumph of soul,*  
*I range round the world, and I perch on the pole;*  
*Then look down below me, and view with disdain*  
*The regions of folly, and madness, and pain!*

## XXII. RISEN with CHRIST.

Coloss. iii. 1, &amp;c.

**I**F you be risen then with Christ,  
 Seek you the things above,  
 Till from the body you're dismiss'd,  
 And gain the realms of love:  
 There Christ on God's right-hand presides,  
 There advocates your cause,  
 There all your ways and int'rests guides  
 By faithful holy laws.

Set your affection, therefore, high;  
 On things above with Christ,  
 And not on things below the sky,  
 Which give no joy nor rest:

For

# SPIRITUAL SONGS.

47

For you to earth, and earthly lust,  
With Christ your Lord are dead,  
And, lo, your life, which scorns the dust,  
With Christ in God is hid.

When Christ, our light and life divine,  
In glory shall appear,  
Then ye together too shall shine  
With him in glory clear:  
No cloud there shall, nor darkness, more  
For ever intervene,

When all these earthly scenes are o'er,  
And heav'nly scenes begin.

Go mortify your members then,  
Which are upon the earth;  
Abhor and fly all ways unclean,  
The ways of lust and death:  
For these things sake the wrath of God  
On unbelievers lies,  
While you are freed from that dire load  
By Christ's fierce agonies.

In these things too ye walk'd some time,  
When these things were your life,  
When all your pleasures were a crime,  
And all your passions strife:  
But now not only put off these,  
But anger, malice, wrath,  
And stand'rous words, which God displease,  
And only tend to death.

One to another never lie,  
Since you've cast off th' old man,  
With all his deeds of deepest dye,  
From falsehood which began;  
And have put on the new again,  
In knowledge all renew'd,  
According to the likeness plain  
Of his Creator good.

In

48 SPIRITUAL SONGS

In Christ, the pattern of us all,  
Whose image we shall bear,  
Nor Greek, nor Jew, nor great, nor small,  
With diff'rence must appear :  
Uncircumcis'd or circumcis'd,  
Barbarian, bond, or free,  
Nor more, nor less, must here be priz'd;  
Christ all in all must be.

O therefore clothe yourselves around,  
Ye dear elect of God,  
Who by so many ties are bound,  
Redeem'd by Jesus' blood ;  
With bowels of mercies kind and free,  
With humbleness of mind,  
With long-suff'ring and courtesy  
To all the human kind.

Let each his brother's burden bear,  
With mutual sympathy;  
And each forgive another, ere  
Forgive me, he can cry;  
For so the law of Christ should be  
In Christian love fulfill'd;  
For he was bound to set us free;  
His blood for ours was spill'd.

O therefore, like an holy vail,  
The bond of perfectness,  
Let charity 'bove all prevail,  
And hide each foul disgrace :  
And let the peace of God bear sway,  
For you are call'd to peace,  
That peace in you may ever stay,  
With love and thankfulness.

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XXIII. SERVANTS charged by the GRACE of  
GOD. Tit. ii. 10.—15.

**C**HARGE servants not to dare purloin,

But faithful to their lords,  
In whatsoever their lords enjoin,

To be in deeds and words :

For while with pure well order'd zeal,  
(Their spirits God-wards borne),

They burn to please their masters well,  
Christ's doctrine they adorn :

For God's eternal favour shines,  
Which brings salvation nigh

To men in all the various lines  
Of life, or low, or high ;

That taught by love, and not by wrath,  
All heav'n-wards we might fly,

And scorn the servile ways of death,  
And soar beyond the sky ;

Still looking for that blessed hope,  
Appearing gloriously,

(To give us everlasting scope),  
Our God and Saviour high,

Who gave himself the precious pledge  
Of our redemption sure,

That he might all our heart engage  
In his own service pure,

And make us a peculiar race,  
From ev'ry sin redeem'd,

Zealous for works of righteousness,  
From death and hell exempt'd.



50 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

XXIV. SALVATION not by WORKS, but by  
GRACE. *Tit. iii. 3.—10.*

**L**ET all the followers of the Lamb  
Confess unto his praise,  
With gen'rous frame, and take the blame  
Of all their former ways:  
For we ourselves in former days,  
The very brood of hell,  
Were disobedient, lewd, and base,  
And did with envy swell;  
Hateful, and hating ev'ry one,  
Our malice did appear,  
Until the loving-kindness shone,  
Of God our Saviour dear:  
Then, not by works of righteousness,  
Which we ourselves achiev'd,  
But by his own pure sovereign grace,  
He sav'd us who believ'd:  
He wash'd us in the streaming blood  
Of Jesus Christ our Lord;  
The Holy Ghost came with the flood,  
And pure and clean restor'd:  
That, being justify'd by grace,  
We should be fellow-heirs,  
And made with Christ, the Prince of Peace,  
T' enjoy eternal shares.  
A faithful and a true report,  
Behold, I here record!  
With this I will that thou comfort  
Those who believe the Lord.  
And this I will that thou maintain,  
And therein still insist;  
That those, who do the faith retain,  
Retain the works of Christ:

For

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 51

For these are good, and profit men;  
 But idle janglings shun;  
 For they are profitless and vain,  
 And better ne'er begun.

XXV. James ii. 14. to the end, *paraphrased.*

**P**RAY, what will it profit him, tho' a man say,  
 That indeed he hath faith, if his works tell  
 him NAY?

Will that which consists in assertions and lies,  
 Tho' he nickname it *Faith*, gain his soul for a prize?  
 Suppose, now, a person, (and mark ye my tale),  
 Cold, shiv'ring, and naked, and hungry, and pale,  
 (And farther suppose that yourself were the one),  
 At the door of some wealthy, vain-glorious man—

'Be clothed—be warmed—be fill'd—go away'—  
 If this, in your misery, to you he should say,  
 And leave you, unclothed and starving, to bleed,  
 Would his words be a proof that he lov'd you in-  
 deed?

Ev'n so, that proud boasting and vaunting of faith,  
 Which has no foundation but that *a man saith*,  
 Is merely a volley of falsehood the whole;  
 A putrefy'd carcase, devoid of a soul:

For, as no other tokens to men you can give,  
 But breathing and acting, to shew that you live;  
 So, Faith, if it have but a semblance alone,  
 All men will conclude is as dead as a stone:  
 But faith, if it blazed and shin'd in your heart,  
 Its splendour and glory around you would dart;  
 For faith was ordained for labour and love:  
 'Thy faith by thy works, then, to me thou must  
 prove.

But, perhaps, thy hypocrisy now will reply,  
 'God is ONE—and of that a believer am I'—  
 Thou child of the devil! thy father believes,  
 And trembles himself, while thy soul he deceives!

But know, foolish man! that believers indeed  
 Declare by their works, that their faith is not dead—  
 —An appearance—a rant—a vain boast—and a  
 word—

But a true solid fact, in the sight of the Lord.

Thus Abra'm believed, and offer'd his son,  
 To shew he believ'd, by the work he had done:  
 Thus Rahab the harlot concealed the spies,  
 And prov'd, that her faith was not founded in lies.  
 As a breathless and motionless body is dead;  
 So an empty profession, by hypocrites made,  
 Which they cannot justify by their own deeds,  
 (Like all other lies), from the devil proceeds.

## XXVI. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

**B**EHOOLD, I received of Jesus the Lord  
 The doctrine, my brethren, which here I re-  
 cord,

That you may remember, and hold it aright,  
 That Jesus, betrayed that same very night,  
 Expressively viewing the circle around,  
 Put his hand to the table, and took, as he found,  
 The bread which was thereon; and, lifting his eyes,  
 Gave thanks unto God for the true sacrifice—

Then, breaking the bread, he imparted to them,  
 And bade them divide it, and eat of the same,  
 Saying, 'This is my body that's broken for you:  
 'This, in holy remembrance of me, ye shall do:'  
 Then also, in similar fashion, the cup  
 He took in his hand, when he ceased to sup,  
 And said, 'My disciples, behold, in your view,  
 'This cup's my New-Testament blood unto you:  
 'This do ye; and me to your mem'ry recal,  
 'As oft as ye drink it; and drink of it all:

'For,

• For, as oft as this emblem is used by you,  
• The death of the Lord ye exhibit to view:  
• By eating this bread, too, and drinking this wine,  
• Ye publicly glory in mercy divine;  
• The mercy that comes by the death of the Lord,  
• Till the Lord come again in his glory, ador'd:

Who, therefore, soever shall rashly presume  
To handle these symbols, incurring the doom  
Of using this bread, and this cup of the Lord  
Unworthily—runs on the edge of a sword:  
He's guilty of blood, yea the blood of his God,  
Whose body and blood are by him undertrod!  
Who, therefore, would feast upon this sacrifice,  
His heart must explore with unprejudic'd eyes:

Then, be not deceived, for God is not mock'd,  
And be not, my brethren, unequally yok'd  
With those who believe not; for darkness with light,  
Nor Jesus with Belial, can never unite:  
For as mid-day and midnight no fellowship join,  
Believers with infidels cannot combine:  
So neither can ye hold communion with God,  
Unless ye discern both the body and blood  
Of Jesus, as broken and flowing for you:  
He who doubteth and eateth—is damn'd if he do.

XXVII. The TRIUMPHS of REDEEMING  
LOVE.

O Adam, I'll bewail no more  
The direful ruins of thy fall;  
For I have wing enough to soar,  
And brighter scenes upon me call—  
Come, all ye kindred spirits, sing  
The triumphs of redeeming love;  
I'll sweep creation with my wing,  
And all the world shall with me move.

The heav'ns above, with all their host,  
And hell, with all her shades below,



54. SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Shall know *what* my redemption cost;  
 For, O my spirit, thou dost know—  
 But how divinely knows thy Lord—  
 Thy Lord, who felt, alone can tell;  
 I only know it by record,  
 That lie for thee has suffer'd hell—

He suffer'd hell within his soul;  
*The pains of death* took hold on him;  
 For death and hell must both console  
*The man whom Jesus did redeem.*—  
 The dragon threw a fearful flood,  
 Intending to o'erwhelm us all;  
 But full before him Jesus stood;  
*For he behov'd for us to fall.*—

For us he fell—the glorious God—  
 He *sunk* into the *flood below*—  
 There he upon the dragon trod,  
 And rose triumphing o'er the foe—  
 In thy God triumph thou, my soul,  
 And triumph all the world with thee—  
 I'll sound his praise from pole to pole—  
 Hark!—all the saints have join'd with me—

We sing the glories of our KING—  
 Our King EMMANUEL made us all—  
 All priests and kings—To thee we sing;  
 Before whose presence, low, we fall—  
 O God, what ecstasy is this!—  
 Expressive silence binds our tongue—  
 How long! how broad! how deep th' abyss  
 Of Love!—Love swallows up our song!

---

XXVIII. FAITH TRIUMPHANT.

BREATHING ardours to her God,  
 O how my spirit upward springs;

And

And bears away for his abode,  
 Disdaining sublunary things!  
 Like to the tow'ring eagle, she,  
 In splendor of meridian-beams,  
 Does all the world beneath her see;  
 And all *the world as nothing* seems.

She scorns th' old serpent and his wiles;  
 Her Saviour pluck'd the serpent's sting;  
 At tribulation too she smiles,  
 And claps her elevated wing.  
 There's nought in heav'n, or earth, or hell,  
 But what she knows shall work for good;  
 Her own EMMANUEL loves her well;  
*He justify'd her in his blood.*

'Tis God that justifies—and who  
 Shall into *condemnation* bring?—  
 This gracious act who shall undo,  
 Must first undo th' eternal King.  
 If God be for me, who shall dare  
 In opposition to me stand?  
 Or 'gainst me move th' unequal war,  
 Since God defends me with his hand?

He saw me sinking down to hell;  
 Then rush'd into the dungeon low,  
 To save the soul *he lov'd so well*,  
 That love divine my soul might know.  
 Who now shall sep'rate me from God?  
 Shall life? or death? or heav'n? or hell?  
 Or all the universe abroad?  
 No—while my God in heav'n doth dwell.

*Here* \* God shall dwell for evermore,  
 And reign the Sov'reign of my heart—  
 And thou, *triumphant Faith*, adore,  
 Till all to fight thou *changed art*.

\* Pointing to the heart.

But now, while lab'ring on the way,  
 Supported by thy sister Hope,  
 Let Love around thee always play,  
 And Patience have her perfect scope.

## XXIX. The APOSTLES TRIUMPHANT.

2 Cor. ii. 14, &c.

**D**IFFUSIVE as the spicy gales,  
 That breathe along th' Arabian vales,  
 With odours filling ev'ry part,  
 With transport swelling ev'ry heart—  
 So is the favour of his name  
 In ev'ry place where we proclaim  
 The TIDINGS, which salvation bring,  
 The GOSPEL of the Lord our KING.

JESUS the King triumphant reigns;  
 He binds the rebels fast in chains—  
 But we, th' ambassadors of grace,  
 Shine in the brightness of his face—  
 His glory, beaming in our view,  
 Transforms—and makes us triumph too—  
 Through him, to us, the vict'ry flows;  
 Through him we tread down all our foes.

He gives us an immortal crown;  
 Immortal is our high renown;  
 Our glory is like *Eden* fair;  
 And all is God and glory *there*:  
 As *Eden* blooms and laughs to God,  
 Diffusing all her sweets abroad;  
 So we diffuse the joyful sound  
 Unto the world's remotest bound—

We glory in our grand employ—  
 We loudly sound the trump of joy—

' Well done ! my good and faithful friends ;  
 ' Your loyalty your love commends ;  
 ' You have been faithful to your Lord—  
 ' Your Lord is faithful to his word—  
 ' I'll cause you all on thrones to reign ;  
 ' For, lo, your pound hath gained ten.'—

His breath upon our spirit blows,  
 And towards him our spirit flows,  
 A heav'nly favour to the Lord,  
 The godlike boon who doth afford  
 His breath's the pure celestial fire,  
 Which all our preaching doth inspire—  
 Our preaching *some* to life refines,  
 And *some*, like dross, to death consigns—

We brandish God's two-edged sword—  
 (God's faithful, true, decisive word) ;  
 'Tis life to all who shall believe,  
 But shall the proud asunder cleave—  
 We handle not deceitfully  
 The weapons of the Lord Most High :  
 The Lord approves his servants well—  
*By us he peoples heav'n and hell.*

---

## XXX. DIVINE HOPE.

FILL'D with high eternal things,  
     *Eyeing the eternal God,*  
 HOPE gives all my spirit wings,  
     Flying to his bright abode :  
 There I'll sing, and *there* I'll soar,  
     Through the heavens of his grace ;  
 Soar and sing for evermore,  
     Drinking glory at his face.

Eagle-like, I face the sun,  
     Catching spirit from my Sire—



58 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

See me—see me—whirling on  
 In the *vortex of his fire*—  
 How I feel the heav'nly flame,  
 Subtilizing all my *gross*,  
 Penetrating all my frame,  
 Diffipating all my dross!

Old things vanish all away;  
 I'm new-form'd upon the wheels—  
 Where's the vessel now of *clay*?  
*Clay* itself as spirit feels:  
 Pure, unmingled, undebas'd,  
 Freed from sin, and freed from *sense*,  
 How glorious shines *my body rais'd*—  
 The glory of Omnipotence!

Tell me not of mere ideal  
 Plays of fancy on the wing!  
 These are all divinely real,  
 Present truths, of which I sing.  
*Faith realizes* future bliss;  
*Hope anticipates* the joy—  
 Say, my spirit, what is this?  
 Sterling bliss without alloy!

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XXXI. IMMORTAL GLORY.

IMMORTAL as th' eternal God,  
 In whom I live and move,  
 Why should my spirit press this clod,  
 Design'd to range above!  
 Above the blue ethereal frame,  
 Above th' angelic domes,  
 Enrolled by the *Lamb*, my name  
 Shall blaze out when he comes:  
 He comes to fold up the old sky,  
 And, like a vesture, change

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The all-surrounding canopy—  
 The worlds he will derange—  
 But rang'd anew, the worlds and I,  
 The present past away,  
 Shall shine in glorious liberty : —  
 No night shall close the day.

The day of God's *redeem'd* I sing,  
 A day for ever new—  
 Oh! I am all on fire and wing!  
 Such glories in my view :  
 My view, expanding all abroad  
 Among the fields of light,  
 Is lost—is swallow'd up in God—  
 God overwhelms me quite.

---

## XXXII. THE LARK.

**M**OUNT up, my soul, with all thy pow'rs,  
 Upon the wings of love:  
 See yonder lark! she sings and soars :  
 Sing thou, and soar above;  
 Above this low terrestrial spot,  
 Whence hurtful vapours rise;  
 The hurtful vapours *sink thy note,*  
 And all thy fervour dies.

---

## XXXIII. THE TIME PAST MAY SUFFICE.

**N**O more, O my God, being wash'd in thy  
 Let me to base folly return: [blood,  
 For long enough I—have lov'd vanity:  
 With bluffs my spirit doth burn.  
 For I have deserv'd—(because I have swerv'd  
 From thy love) in thy hatred to pine:  
 But thou art my Sun;—and my glory's began:  
 As a child of the light let me shine:

The

For,

60 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

For, lo, I am seal'd—let me be upheld  
By the pow'r of thy Spirit of love;  
Then, then, I shall act—and soberly walk,  
As thy love and thy Spirit shall move.

---

XXXIV. The VOICE said, CRY.

THE voice said, Cry: then, lo, said I,  
What shall I cry, O Lord?

- All flesh as grass doth quickly pass;
  - Jehovah speaks the word;
  - The people all, both great and small,  
• Are like a fading flow'r:
  - Jehovah's wrath, with blighting breath,  
• A blast shall on them pour—
  - Their spirit dies, their glory flies,  
• And melts away in air—
  - The place where they did fade away,  
• No more shall know they were.
  - But, lo, behold, I here unfold  
• No fading thing to view—
  - Thus saith the Lord, th' Eternal Word,  
• The Gospel's preach'd to you.
- 

XXXV. The GLORY REVEALED.

BEHOLD, he comes, in glory clad,  
With all the heavens in his train!  
He comes to make the virgins glad,  
Who wisely wait with him to reign!  
The bridegroom comes! Arise and shine!  
Go forth, ye virgins, meet your Lord!  
Hail to the Lord! The kingdom's thine:  
We live by thy eternal Word.

Thy word created, and preserv'd;  
 Thy word revived us when dead;  
 From it thy servants have not swerv'd;  
 It makes the members like their head:  
 Thy word to us perfection brings;  
 It makes the subjects as their King—  
 All royal priests, and holy kings!  
 Let loud hosannas ever ring:

Hosanna to the Prince of Life,  
 The First-begotten from the dead;  
 He quell'd the tumult and the strife;  
 The sin and death before him fled;  
 The darkness fled before the day;  
 The day pursu'd the shades of night;  
 The shades of night dissolv'd away,  
 O'erwhelmed by eternal light:

Eternal light around us flows;  
*The Sun of glory* ever shines;  
 We rose with him when he arose;  
*The Sun of glory* ne'er declines—  
 He ne'er declines, nor yet shall we,  
 Beholding his unclouded face:  
 Now, Lord, we all thy glory see;  
 We feel the fulness of thy grace!

Thy grace is now to glory turn'd;  
 The glory is divinely pure;  
 While we in shades of darkness mourn'd,  
 The glory we could not endure;  
 But, now refin'd by perfect light,  
 All perfect light ourselves, we shine—  
 EMMANUEL shines in Godhead bright,  
 And, like EMMANUEL, now we shine.



## XXXVI. JEHOVAH REIGNS.

WILD confusion, dire alarms,  
 May fill the world with mad uproar;  
 And all our foes may cry, *To arms;*  
 Hell may rage, and devils roar—  
 JEHOVAH reigns on Zion-hill,  
 And laughs at all the boist'rous things;  
 His word of pow'r says, 'Peace, be still—  
 And all the noise to nothing brings.

---

## XXXVII. THY LOT CARVED.

O Thou, my fond and anxious heart,  
 Why art thou always *on the plot*,  
 With all thy little childish art,  
 To carve and fashion thy own lot?  
 Know thou the sov'reign high decree,  
 Before the universe began,  
 Hath fix'd the lot ordain'd for thee;  
 Unerring Wisdom laid the plan.  
 Grand is the plan which *Time* displays;  
 But grander still, *Eternity*,  
 When thou shalt all JEHOVAH's ways,  
 In full perfection, finish'd see.  
 Then, live by faith, and not by sense:  
 Away with all thine idle fears!  
 Thy plaints are mere impertinence;  
 A satire on thy God, thy tears.  
 Thy God hath bought thee with his blood;  
 'The Father spared not his Son;  
 Will he with-hold a lesser good,  
 Who hath for thee so great thing done?

Shame

Shame not thy God—the shame's on thee,  
 If thou shalt ever murmur more:  
 Then silent and submissive be,  
 And patiently thy God adore.

## XXXVIII. TRIUMPH and PRAISE.

**G**LORY and majesty,  
 Honour and praise to thee,  
 Lord God of Hosts;  
 Come, with thy lightning grace,  
 Shewing thy mightiness,  
 Mercy and righteousness,  
 In all our coasts.

Down fall thine enemies,  
 Vipers so venomous,  
 Crush'd under thee:  
 But lift thy chosen high,  
 Who to thee daily cry,  
 Earnestly hailing thy  
 Sov'reign decree.

Hast thou not chosen us,  
 Lord, in thy holiness,  
 From among men?  
 Yea, thou hast called us,  
 From all our maladies,  
 With thee in paradise  
 Ever to reign.

Now, we long veh'mently,  
 Pardon'd so clemently  
 By thee, O Lord,  
 For the high eminent  
 Glory, yet remanent,  
 Eagerly claiming it—  
 Claiming thy word.

64 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Lo, we are wholly thine;  
O make us holy in  
Body, soul, sp'rit:  
And keep thy temples still  
Safe from example vile;  
Free from the tempter's guile;  
Lord, we entreat.

Then, in thy day of doom,  
Fully displayed, come,  
All in thy love;  
To bring thy children home  
From the dire mould'ring tomb  
Rais'd to the heav'nly dome,  
With thee above!

Loud hallelujahs sound;  
Sound, all ye thousands, round  
Jesus the King—  
He King of glory is,  
Sovereign over us—  
Love is victorious—  
Triumph and sing.

---

XXXIX. MY GOD APPOINTS FOR ME.

O My God, do thou direct me  
In the ways I ought to go;  
Thy almighty pow'r protect me  
From my cruel subtle foe.  
How I laugh at disappointment!  
For my God appoints for me;  
Sov'reign love is precious ointment;  
Sov'reign love makes sorrow flee.  
All into my bosom falling,  
Comes the SPIRIT of my God;

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XLII

## SPIRITUAL SONGS. 65

I obey the heav'nly calling,  
Hast'ning to my blest abode:  
Heaven now for me remaineth,  
And for all my fellow-saints:  
Whom the love of Christ constraineth,  
Those it frees from all complaints.

---

### XL. The GOD of Glory's HOLY TEMPLE.

**A**M I not an holy temple,  
Where the God of glory dwells?  
Is not Jesus the example  
Of the glory that excels?  
Shall I not into his likeness  
Wholly soon transformed be,  
By the glory of his brightness,  
Which apace transformeth me?  
Shall I then defile the temple  
Where the God of glory dwells?  
And deface the bright example  
Of the glory that excels?  
God forbid th' abomination!  
This were to revolt indeed!  
Sporting with my own damnation,  
Under which my Lord did bleed!

---

### XLI. VICTORY by the BLOOD of GOD.

**P**RAISE to th' Eternal sing,  
Who the infernal sting  
Crushed of Death.  
Death, he destroyed it,  
Hell-ward convoyed it,  
All overjoyed at  
Finishing wrath.



Wrath, like a flood, o'erflow'd,  
Nought, save the blood of God,  
Wrath could remove.

Then, lo, the Son of God,  
For all his own he stood,  
Made of our bone and blood,  
Bore it in love.

Love, thanks, dominion give,  
Who in communion live  
With him, to him.

Him let creation praise,  
He our salvation is,  
High acclamations raise,  
Anthem and hymn.

Hymn, song, and anthem too,  
Lord, we will grant them too  
Low for thy name.

Yet, O Almighty King,  
Dwelling in light divine,  
When mortal wight does sing,  
Thou wilt not blame.

# XLII. The SOUL of OUR TRIUMPH.

TO the SOUL of our triumph hosannas shall  
ring:

For the SOUL of our triumph is Jesus our King:  
To Jesus our King we'll devote all our lays;  
For Jesus our King is the soul of our praise:  
We'll praise him for ever; for he is our Head,  
And we are his members, and therefore were made;  
Then let ev'ry motion be comely and meet,  
With lowly submission our Sov'reign to greet.

Our Sov'reign triumphant is God over all;  
And blessed for ever, whom blessed we call—

Him

## SPIRITUAL SONGS. 67

Him bless all the angels—and bless all the saints;  
 And bless him we may, for he hears all our plaints:  
 He kindly invites us to pour out our heart,  
 And kindly espouses the *sufferer's* part—  
 No wonder he does so; for he first of all,  
 To shew how he lov'd us, our *Victim* did fall—

He fell down the *lowest* EMMANUEL could go,  
 That man might the *highest* of dignity know:  
 Though God everlasting, I AM THAT I AM,  
 The *Word* was made flesh, and a mortal became,  
 By power almighty resigning his breath,  
 That he might redeem us from power of death;  
 Love higher than heaven, love deeper than hell,  
 That we might despair—to be able to tell!—

---

### XLIII. HALLELUJAH.

**H**ALLELUJAHs ever sing,  
*Hallelujahs* to our King—  
 To our King, for he us made,  
 Made us ever to be glad.  
 He created all things good,  
 Firm his purpose ever stood;  
 No infringement *Adam's fall*  
 On his love comprizing all.—

Happy, happy was the day,  
 When the death, by sin, took way!  
 Adam was the figure made  
 Of a *second* better Head.  
 Had not Adam first been given,  
 Where had been the Lord from heaven?  
 Had not man been earthy first,  
 Had not man been all accurs'd;  
 Had there been no ill demerit,  
 Where had been the quick'ning Spirit?

Just

68 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Just the Lord in all his ways!  
To the Lord be all the praise!  
Holy he in his works all!  
Low his saints before him fall—  
And adore his sov'reign love;  
Love of God cannot remove.

Love produced Moses' law,  
Pure and perfect, without flaw;  
Thereby ev'ry soul is try'd,  
Thereby ev'ry soul has dy'd;  
But the righteousness of God  
By the law is plainly show'd,  
Righteousness to ev'ry one  
Who believes what God hath done.—

God hath done what seem'd him good;  
God accepted Jesus' blood—  
Jesus' blood cancel'd our debt,  
Which to his account was set—  
Incense then to God arise,  
Who receiv'd the sacrifice!  
We will give ourselves to God,  
In his name who gave his blood;

All we think, or do, or say,  
Meaning *Alleluia!*  
All his ways to us are grace;  
All our ways to him be praise—  
Praise him ev'ry pow'r within;  
Holy Ghost preserve from sin—  
Praise him all our mortal frame—  
Hallow'd ever be his name!

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Prais'd by all the heav'nly host,  
Bring us to thy kingdom home,  
Let thy kingdom ever come.

## XLIV. SUBMISSION to JESUS.

O JESUS, thy love  
 Shed down from above,  
 Our spirit does fill,  
 And sweetly constraineth our tongue and our will.

Our tongue we present,  
 Our will too is bent,  
 To glorify thee,  
 Till we in thy kingdom shall glorify'd be.

For nothing we pray,  
 But what thou dost say  
 Is good to be giv'n; [heav'n.  
 Be thy will done on earth, as thy will's done in

Let subject and king  
 Their services bring,  
 And ev'ry degree  
 Contribute their mite to fulfil thy decree.

For it is decreed,  
 That the *promised Seed*  
 Shall homage receive;  
 For all are thy vassals, the prince and the slave.

To thee ev'ry knee  
 Shall bend, and to thee  
 Ev'ry tongue shall confess,  
 That thou art *Jehovah*; the word is express.

To *Jehovah*, our King,  
 Our tribute we bring,  
 And we give thee our all;  
 We are wholly thine own; at thy footstool we fall.

Redeemed by thee,  
 We know we are free  
 From Satan and wrath;  
 We live to thy praise, for we live by thy death.

All



All thy glory display,  
Thy kingdom and sway,  
In the throne of our heart;  
For the lawful possessor thou, thou only, art.

## XLV. ON ENTERING PARADISE.

O Welcome our home!  
Our glory is come!  
All hail to the Lord, [stor'd.  
Who hath faithfully done it, and all things re-  
The sun never shin'd  
So bright, nor the wind  
So extensively blow'd,  
As we now enlighten and fill our abode.  
The mortal is gone,  
This immortal put on; [bow.  
Incorruptible now,  
Unincumber'd with shackles, no more shall we  
No more we shall dwell  
With sorrow, nor wail  
The entanglings of sin;  
But fly all at freedom, and laugh at a gin.  
O Lord, what is this!  
Such transports and bliss!  
Now, now, we do feel  
The joys *inexpressible* thou didst reveal.  
Now, salvation and love,  
And raptures above  
Conception and thought,  
To this *godlike* perfection—and—silence—are  
brought!—

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 71

## XLVI. BEAR the CROSS and WEAR the CROWN.

CEASE, my anxious trembling bosom,  
 Cease, my little flutt'ring heart;  
 Why thus always crying, ' O, some  
 ' Comfort here \* to ease my heart !'  
 Hath not Jesus dearly smarted,  
 Agonizing on the tree,  
 Till his soul and body parted,  
 O my soul, *for love of thee.*

Have thou then a little patience,  
 Till the Holy Ghost prepare  
 Great and many consolations,  
 Which by Jesus purchas'd were.

Lo, the fruit of moderation,  
 Is to be well satisfy'd;  
 So the mode of our salvation,  
 Is to be first crucify'd.

Jesus thus, by death devoured,  
 Did the monster death devour;  
 When th' avenging wrath was poured,  
 Wrath by love he did overpower.

So the case is here precisely,  
 Pre-ordain'd by God the Lord;  
 We must first be chasten'd wisely,  
 Then comforted by the word.

Winter winds before the vernal  
 Never failed yet to blow;  
 So, in purposes eternal,  
 Pain and pleasure always go.

Taste the pain, and feel the pleasure;  
 Ev'ry thing in season due;  
 Sow in tears, and reap a treasure  
 In a harvest ever new.

\* Pointing to the heart.

72 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Go, thou trembler, persevere in  
Suffering, till thy glory come;  
Heav'nly wisdom all revering,  
Till thy Father take thee home.  
Was thine Elder Brother spared?  
Spared he himself at all?  
Dying, he his love declared;  
DIE for him, and glorious fall!

XLVII. ALL WELL.

LET come what will from God the Lord,

I know 'tis promis'd in his word;  
I know 'tis purchas'd by his blood;  
His faith is bound to make it good—  
If I should lose the smallest part,  
He'd lose the blood that left his heart,  
And flow'd for me to comfort mine;  
Should I then mourn for love divine?

For what, my soul, wouldst thou rejoice,  
If thou shouldst wail for godlike joys?  
For godlike joy it surely is,  
To pledge thy Lord in cup like his.  
Although th' ingredients bitter be,  
They're sweet as love by his decree;  
They're sweet according to their use;  
Sweet blessed fruits they do produce.

But, bitter! bitter! was the cup  
Thy Lord for thee has drained up!  
It went into his inmost soul,  
And burnt, like hell, without controul.  
It seiz'd upon the springs of life,  
And overpower'd him in the strife—  
No—He with ardour met the wrath,  
And overpower'd the pow'r of death.—

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Then all is life and love behind,  
And nothing else the faithful find;  
Our death is life, our life's in heaven,  
Let sorrow to the winds be given.  
For, lo, the winds, and all their waves,  
When tempest o'er the ocean raves,  
Shall bear us on with all their force,  
And only serve us in our course.

The Lord sits pilot at the helm—  
No foe nor floods shall overwhelm;  
The faster onward that we're driven,  
We're sooner at the port of heaven.

XLVIII. The SAINTS higher than the AN-  
GELS.

COME, let us arise,  
And fly to the skies,  
And look down on the earth from above;  
O contemptible spot!  
What a pitiful lot  
Have ye, whom such nothings can move!  
Tis scarce worth the while  
To frown or to smile,  
Whatever may therein befall;  
They hunger and thirst,  
But never are blest,  
Tho' they feed till the appetite pall.  
But here, in the clouds,  
We feast with the gods,  
The gods who do worship the Son.  
The angels are high,  
But lower they fly  
Than we who inhabit the throne:



A glory and crown  
 We wear ev'ry one,  
 Bestowed on us by the Lamb—  
 In his raptures we burn,  
 And his love we return,  
 On his person reflecting the flame.

---

## XLIX. JESUS OUR ARK.

**W**HAT care we though all the windows  
 Of the heav'n's open'd were;  
 Though all the desolations sin does  
 Bring upon the world were here:  
 Though the great abyfs below us,  
 Broken up, should send a flood;  
 No such flood could overflow us,  
 Safe within the *Ark of God!*  
 The Ark of God's a perfect cov'ring  
 From the *sin*, and from the *death*,  
 When th' eternal judgment's hov'ring,  
 Th' *Ark* will shelter us from wrath;  
 Wrath shall never more come near us,  
 Jesus bore it all away;  
 When *accused*, he will clear us;  
*Jesus* is our *Ark*, we say.

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## L. My SIN the DEATH of my LORD.

**O** Heavy, heavy is the doom  
 Of ev'ry *godless* wight;  
 His glory is a morning bloom,  
 That fades before the night:  
 The night of *death* will fold it up,  
 And lodge it in the ground;

# SPIRITUAL SONGS.

75

So he who drinks a poison'd cup,  
Among the *dead* is found.

Long had I drunk th' envenom'd bowl,  
But, ah! I little thought  
That death and hell had seiz'd the soul  
Of Jesus, for my drought:

Jesus, my Surety, kindly came,  
And said, 'I died for thee;  
'This pledge of thine I boldly claim,  
'That thou mayst live by me!'

O shame upon my *foolishness*!  
I'll never love *thee* more;  
For *thee* my Lord hath suffer'd this,  
His blood paid off the score;  
'Twas *death* and *hell* to *him*, that  
Might *life* and *heaven* know;  
And reign with him above the sky;  
My Lord would have it so.

Then, Lord, direct my actions all,  
Allure my heart to thee;  
That I, obedient to thy call,  
May always with thee be;  
Whate'er thou sayst, that I may hear;  
Whate'er thou bidst, may do:  
So, when thou shalt again appear,  
I shall be with thee too.

## LI. SOVEREIGN PROVIDENCE.

**I**T neither shines, nor rains, nor snows,  
But by our heav'nly Father's will;  
All nature from his purpose flows,  
And still his purpose shall fulfil.

By

76 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

By night or day, whate'er befall,  
Thro' all the seasons of the year,  
The same is wisely order'd all,  
That PROVIDENCE our hearts may cheer.

LII. GOD OVER ALL, BLESSED FOR EVER.

IN terrible days,  
When troubles amaze,  
I'll lean on my God, who supporteth my ways;  
He'll ward off the blows  
That come from my foes;  
And all that opposeth me he will oppose.

My God is the Rock  
That will stand ev'ry shock;  
And all that is hostile and v'ilent will mock.  
The winds and the waves,  
They are all but his slaves,  
Whether falling or rising, he sinks them or heaves.

No atom can be  
But by thy decree; [thee.  
Nor this thing, nor that, but as seems good to  
Have I more or less,  
My soul I'll possess  
In patience before thee, my God, whom I bless.

And bless'd be thy name,  
And high be thy fame, [fame.  
Far above earth and heav'n, for thy glory's the  
Thy glory's complete,  
But, O! it is meet  
That all thou hast framed should fall at thy feet.

My soul shall adore  
My God evermore,  
My Father, my Guardian, whose love I implore.  
O Fa-

# SPIRITUAL SONGS.

77

O Father, O Son,  
O Spirit, in one,  
Let all thy creation adore thee alone.

---

## LIII. UNDERNEATH are the EVERLAST- ING ARMS.

WHEN dreadful alarms,  
Or more dangerous charms,  
Would allure me or fright me away from thine  
Thine arms shall enfold me, [arms.  
Thy favour uphold me,  
For thou wilt reduce all my foes unto terms.  
The terms they receive,  
Are, to bow, or to have  
Their lot in the lake of the fire-rolling wave;  
But he who repents him,  
When mercy prevents him,  
In rivers of pleasure for ever shall lave.

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## LIV. DEATH is my LIFE.

LET tempests pour their rage and wreck,  
And fearful earthquakes rock the earth,  
Let huge sea-billows o'er me break,  
They only serve to raise my mirth.  
The sooner that the conflict's o'er,  
And all the temp'ral things are spent,  
I'm sooner at th' eternal shore;  
And therefore all those things were sent.  
Why should the mother mourning see  
Her hour of travail half ning on;  
For were she from her labour free,  
She ne'er should see her wish'd-for son.



A certain portion is decreed  
Of pain for ev'ry mortal wight;  
Therefore the Son of God did bleed,  
That I might bear it with delight—

I know he liv'd and died for me,  
And rose for me to life again,  
His death and mine shall set me free  
From all my sin, my shame, my pain.

## LV. SALVATION ASSURED.

OF my salvation I'm assured,  
Which my Lord for me procured,  
By the pangs which he endured,  
Slaying death for me by dying;  
Blameless, therefore, and unspotted,  
Wholly to his praise allotted,  
Be my life to him devoted,  
While my soul is upwards flying.

Upwards flying still, and soaring,  
All the glorious scenes exploring,  
Where I shall for evermore in  
Be before my God employed;  
I anticipate with pleasure  
The possession of my treasure;  
O the glory without measure  
Which by me shall be enjoyed!

Enjoyed evermore by me,  
Enjoyed evermore by thee,  
My brother, shall this glory be;  
For thou and I to God are sealed;  
Seal'd by God's eternal sealing,  
Which we fully know by feeling  
Of the Holy Ghost revealing,  
That the half is not revealed.

## LVI. HOPE

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## SPIRITUAL SONGS. 79

### LVI. HOPE TRIUMPHANT.

**R**ISE by thousands, foes to kill us,  
Rage the sea, and roar the billows;  
None of these with fear shall fill us:  
Tho' the mountains ride the sea-wave;  
Tho' the sea should swell to heaven,  
And the hills aloft be driven,  
Stubble to the tempest given,  
Yet a sure foundation we have.

Built upon the Rock of ages,  
Tho' the world against us rages,  
Death and hell, and all besiege us,  
We will laugh at all their fury:  
We've a fountain ever flowing,  
Floods of glory always throwing,  
Glading us with raptures glowing,  
In the midst of all the hurry.

God the Lord amidst us dwelling,  
All the tumult round us quelling,  
Death and hell, and all, repelling,  
Evermore our cause maintaineth:  
Hallelujahs, therefore, sounding,  
For his love to us abounding,  
Back on him again redounding,  
Sing we all whom love constraineth.

### LVII. ON MY SISTER DEPARTED.

**F**AITH, hope, and love, for ever were  
The dear companions of her heart,  
Till faith and hope did land her there,  
Where love and she shall never part:  
They led her to the gates of death,  
The farthest they could her convoy;

But

80 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

But love, on her expiring breath,  
Did land her in eternal joy.

In vision and fruition, now,  
With Christ she sings triumphantly,  
‘ O death, where is thy sting? and thou,  
‘ O grave, where is thy victory?’

LVIII. AN ENIGMATICAL DESCRIPTION  
of the DIVINE LAW.

WITH light and glory all divine,  
Like my own Father I do shine;  
I reign a king eternally;  
Yet all my subjects doom to die;  
My Maker, humbled under me,  
Evinces well my majesty:  
I am a most mysterious thing;  
From me both good and evil spring:  
With thousand blessings in my store,  
I’m scatt’ring curses evermore;  
If I were not, there were no evil,  
Nor sin, nor sinner, death, nor devil;  
Yet, which you’ll think is very odd,  
I’m always on the part of God:  
For sin, before and since the flood,  
Hath made me cry—for blood, for blood:

I’m worse than Pharaoh’s cruel law,  
That call’d for bricks, and gave no straw;  
For I give neither straw nor clay,  
Yet punish them who say *me nay*:  
Yet holy, just, and good, I am,  
As is the source from whence I came:  
Now, if you know not who am I,  
Fools you may *live*, but cannot *die*.

LIX. The YOUNG MAN void of Under-  
standing. *Prov. vii. 6, &c.*

I Stood at my window, and narrowly spy'd,  
To see thro' my casement whate'er might betide:  
Lo! a sprightly fine figure, the soul of the ball,  
Came fauntering along—in a deep pit to fall!  
He was simple, and shallow, and dress'd like a fop,  
Whose highest accomplishments shin'd on his top;  
He knew not well whither his purpose design'd,  
But rov'd as a feather aloft in the wind.

His mind was unbalanc'd by any wise rule,  
And perfectly fit for a finished-fool;  
The prince of the pow'r of the air drove him on,  
And threw in his way a companion anon.  
He pass'd to her corner, and went straight the way  
That led to her house, in the close of the day:  
Dark, dark was the ev'ning, and dark was his mind;  
And dismal and dark was the sequel behind!

Behold, now comes up to him, wanton and gay,  
The woman attir'd in a harlot's array:  
She was subtle of heart, the young fool to decoy;  
*As serpents allure first the birds they destroy.*  
She was all full of laughter, and noisy, and loud,  
Proud, vain, and affected, and fond of a crowd;  
Still rambling abroad, and traversing the town,  
She, like a young lioness, roams up and down:

Her heart's on her prey; and, to catch it, she  
And lieth in ambush by corners and gates; [waits,  
She springs on the heedless, and draws them along,  
As a *siren* the persons bewitch'd by her song.  
She's here, and she's there, and she's ev'ry-where  
Without, or within, as the maggot impels; [else,  
She's gloriously gaudy, like yonder fair *sign*\*:  
*But, alas! she's no token of favour divine!*

\* The rainbow.

She



She ey'd out her spark, and she clasp'd him around,  
And hugg'd him, and kiss'd him; and cry'd, 'I  
have found

' My dearest, my darling, my life, and my soul'—  
Thus she the poor simpleton 'gan to cajole;  
With an impudent leer, (while she spoke to his eye,  
The shafts of desire through his bosom did fly),  
She told him the plenty and peace of her house;  
And, adds she, ' This day I have paid up my vows;  
' My old scores are clear'd off—my conscience is  
' clean—

' 'Tis pure mirth and innocence only we mean:  
' Come, come then, my love! let's indulge while  
' we may;

' *And we'll think of repentance on some future day—*

' Lo, behold, with a heart overflowing with joy,

' I came forth to meet thee—and find thee, my boy!

' My bed—I have deckt it with cov'rings of Tyre—

' And linen—the purest that youth could desire—

' My bed—I've perfum'd it with aloes and myrrh—

' And hung it—with glory—for thee, my dear Sir!

' Come, let us with pleasure enrapture our souls—

' For love is our portion, that sorrow consoles—

' And he—the goodman—O how silly and good!

' He's gone a long journey from home—as he

' shou'd—

' His money, his idol, is with him, and gone—

' And he will come home again with the New-

' moon†.—

Her lips and her eye-lids obtained the field;

With her flatt'ries and fair speech she forc'd him to

yield;

As an ox with his butcher—with pastime and play,

In the hand of his *murdress* he prances away:

So goes the poor *culprit*, whose folly is found,

In woful procession to where he is bound,

And, lash'd by the *hangman*, a warning to all,

*That they who yet stand may take heed lest they fall.*

† So in the margin.

Oh! heard you that groan?—'Twas the last of his  
 heart,  
 When his liver and gall were struck through with a  
 dart:  
 So hasteth the bird with his wings to the snare,  
 And knows not that death and destruction are  
 there!  
 Now, therefore, my children, give ear, and attend;  
 For a father's affection my words should commend;  
 O let not thine heart e'er decline to her way;  
*For to waver and veer, is a going astray.*

How many a *Samson* has she overthrown!  
 See! the wounded and dead all around her are  
 strown!

*When the cedars are shaken, the fir-trees may howl:  
 Whose heart does not tremble's the heart of a fool.*  
 Her house is a beacon—the straight way to hell,  
 Where all the deceiv'd by that Jezebel dwell:  
 By chamb'ring, and lewdness, and sporting with  
 wrath,  
 They go down to the chambers of sorrow and death!

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LX. A VIRTUOUS WOMAN. *Prov. xxi.*  
*10, &c.*

A Help for man, since Adam's fall,  
 Whom you a help may justly call,  
 That may with justice be'design'd  
 A VIRTUOUS WOMAN—who can find?  
 For houses, lands, and such-like store,  
 Descend, upon our parents score,  
 In common course of common things;  
 But GOD himself a GOOD wife brings.  
 Her price above the ruby goes,  
 No estimate her value knows.  
 She's purer than the virgin snow,  
 Which winds in Nova Zembla blow.

Her

84 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Her husband's heart may safely be  
Entrusted to her secrecy;  
He may rely upon her faith;  
For truth and love conduct her path.

For hills of prey, he needs not care,  
Who has obtain'd a prize so rare;  
She'll bring him blessings thousands more  
Than thousand hills of golden ore.  
She'll do him good, but never ill;  
For God himself directs her will:  
She'll prove, through all her happy days,  
Her Maker's and husband's praise.

'Though fairer than the lily, she  
Will imitate the ant and bee;  
In wool and flax, to spin and toil,  
She won't disdain her hands to soil:  
She's like the merchants gallant ships,  
That daily make successful trips,  
And waft o'er ev'ry wave their stores;  
She brings her food from foreign shores.

She rises ere the morning-sun,  
And shines when he his race has run;  
Her household bless her early care,  
And all her maids their portions share.  
She lays her labours out with skill,  
And buys a pleasant fruitful hill;  
Her vineyards, planted by her hand,  
Shall bloom the pride of all the land.

The works of wisdom she pursues,  
And those with heart and hand she does;  
She knows that all her labours tend  
Unto the most delightful end.  
Her candle goes not out by night;  
Her proper work is her delight;  
Her hands she on the distaff lays,  
And on her knee the spindle plays.

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# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 85

But, what's her glory most of all,  
She makes her blessings duly fall,  
Like dews and rains, on all the poor,  
That crowd around and bless her door:  
She spreads abroad her cheerful wings,  
And all the needy round her brings,  
That, cherish'd by her tender love,  
Her warmest feelings they may prove.

Herself, nor any of her train,  
Shall ever fear the snow or rain;  
When winter's fiercest fury blows,  
Her household all in scarlet glows.  
Herself's in silk and purple clad,  
Her chamber-hangings richly made  
Of tapestry, with finest dye,  
In Persian loom wrought curiously.

Her husband's known in all the gates;  
Th' assembled council for him waits;  
He sits among the elders high,  
With just decision in his eye.  
She maketh linen pure and fine,  
Wherein ten thousand arts combine:  
The merchants spread abroad her fame,  
And all her wares advance her name.

Lo, strength and glory clothe her round,  
With mystic zone for ever bound:  
She shall rejoice in time to come,  
And heav'n itself shall be her home.  
With wisdom opens she her mouth,  
With prudence, love, and grace, and truth;  
And on her tongue, her heart that tells,  
The very law of kindness dwells.

She looketh well to all her house,  
And watchful care on all bestows;  
The bread of sloth to eat she scorns:  
Her table her own hand adorns.



86 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Her children all around her rise,  
And bleſs her with uplifted eyes;  
Her husband too, he ſounds her praife  
In no affected formal phraſe:

‘ Amidſt ten thouſand females round,  
‘ Who all in virtuous deeds abound,  
‘ Thy brighter beams their glory quell,  
‘ Excelling all who do excel.

Mere favour’s a deceitful thing,  
And beauty flies on fancy’s wing;  
But, oh, THE WOMAN!—THIS IS SHE!  
She fears the Lord—and prais’d ſhall be.

Aſcribe to her her honours due,  
And bring her glories all to view!—  
Her works ſhall praife her to the ſkies,  
And heav’n reſound, A PRIZE! A PRIZE!

LXI. The LORD’S PRAYER *paraphraſed.*

THY name, Holy Father,  
Be hallow’d for ever,  
Thy family gather;  
Relinquiſh us never.  
Thy kingdom of glory,  
For which we adore thee,  
With grace more and more aye,  
O haſte, we implore thee!

To us be it given,  
Our talents t’ employ all;  
As th’ angels in heaven  
Obey thee with joy all.  
This day, our due meaſure  
Of daily proviſion,  
Give, Lord, in good pleaſure;  
And quell our ambition.

Forgive

## SPIRITUAL SONGS. 87

Forgive our transgressions,  
 Accept our confessions,  
 From generous impressions  
     Of mercy proceeding;  
 And teach to compassion,  
 In tenderest fashion,  
 On ev'ry occasion,  
     Our brethren when needing.

Lead not into trial,  
 But give self-denial,  
 And pow'r to deny all  
     The lures that engage us:  
 For thine is the glory,  
 (Which we shall explore aye),  
 The kingdom and pow'r; yea,  
     Thro' ages of ages.

### LXII. The ARMOUR of GOD.

**C**OME, my fellow-soldiers, warring  
 With a more than mortal foe,  
 Subtle, cruel, fierce, and daring!  
 Watch! and parry ev'ry blow:  
 Clothe you in your suit of armour,  
 Temper'd with the pow'r of God;  
 And defy that bold alarmer,  
     Satan, watching for your blood.

For the foe that aims to smite ye,  
 Dark as hell, above you low'rs;  
 Wicked spirits great and mighty,  
 Principalities and pow'rs:  
 Rulers of the blinded world,  
 From their batt'ries, planted high,  
 With their deadly engines hurl'd,  
     Mean to bar you from the sky:

38 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Go ye boldly, and array you  
 With your armour proof'd of God;  
 That the battle mayn't dismay you,  
 Nor your garments roll'd in blood.  
 That you may resist the devil,  
 Fighting, fronting, every where;  
 And with good o'ercome the evil,  
 Fighting for a crown so fair:  
 Firm as rocks, your loins be girded  
 Round about with truth and grace;  
 Courage by the Lord afforded,  
 Shrink not back, but boldly face!  
 Righteousness divine your breastplate,  
 Must your heart for ever brace;  
 Whilst withal you have your feet shod,  
 And prepar'd with gospel peace:  
 But your faith, 'bove all, must shield you  
 From the pow'rs of death and hell;  
 That the best defence will yield you,  
 And their fiery darts repel:  
 For an helmet, God's salvation  
 Shall defend you from above,  
 And his word of revelation,  
 As a sword, your foes reprove.  
 Fervently in spirit praying,  
 Trusting in the Holy Ghost,  
 Fortitude and force displaying,  
 Eye the Captain of the Host!  
 See! he comes in glory for you,  
 To bestow a glorious crown;  
 All his kingdom lies before you,  
 All his kingdom is your own.

LXII. Blow

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LXIII. BLOW the TRUMPET.

**BLOW** the trumpet, blow it high,  
 Sound the Gospel far and nigh;  
 Cry aloud, and spare no man;  
 Cry as loud as e'er you can:  
 Cause the race of Adam know  
 (See them wand'ring to and fro!)  
 How they wander'd all astray  
 From the holy happy way.

Tell them how the Son of God  
 Left a while his blest abode,  
 And became a man on earth,  
 To deliver men from death.  
 Death he flew, by tasting death;  
 Wrath remov'd by bearing wrath;  
 Then, by his own pow'r releas'd,  
 God declares himself well-pleas'd.

God declares the pris'ners free;  
 For the Surety paid their fee,  
 Paid their fee, and got discharge;  
 Now he cometh to enlarge,  
 To enlarge his prisoners:  
 Blest'd is ev'ry soul that hears!  
 Freedom rushes thro' the ear;  
 They are blest'd by him, who hear.

God is faithful, just, and true,  
 When he gives the mercy due,  
 Due to the Redeemer's blood;  
 (Spread the joyful news abroad!)  
 Ho, behold ye, young and old,  
 Poor, and rich, and all, behold;  
 Male and female, high and low;  
 God will no distinction know.



90 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

See, ye blind, and who have eyes;  
Hear, ye foolish, and ye wise;  
Harlots, hypocrites, and knaves;  
Jesus any creature saves.  
Are ye creatures under heav'n,  
So is the commandment giv'n;  
Be ye what ye will, or can,  
Hear, and live ye, ev'ry one.

For, if yet ye're out of hell,  
Joyful news to you we tell,  
Jesus shed his precious blood;  
God approv'd th' atoning flood:  
You are washed, if you know;  
All for you the streams did flow  
From his pierced heart and side:  
'There he wash'd his chosen bride.

Have you known the Lord Bridegroom?  
Then are your espousals come;  
Have you known him and his voice?  
Let your spirits then rejoice:  
You and he are one in spirit;  
God in him you shall inherit:  
Where's the enemy can roar,  
That he vanquish'd not, and more?

Hath he told ye of the law,  
How ye lay beneath its awe?  
Hath he told ye of the sin,  
How ye liv'd conceiv'd therein?  
How the sin, by imputation,  
Came on you to condemnation,  
Came thro' Adam, by his fall,  
Upon Adam's children all?

Hath he told ye of your heart,  
Wicked all and desperate,  
That it is but enmity  
Against the God of love on high?

That

# 3. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 91

That your thoughts, and words, and deeds,  
Are abominable weeds,  
Springing from that bitter root,  
Adam's sin, without dispute?

Hath he stopt your guilty mouth,  
By the force of weighty truth,  
That you cannot say a word,  
Struck speechless by the Lord!  
Circled with a fiery wall,  
The centre of his terrors all,  
Wrath above you, wrath below,  
Wrath on either side you go?

No escaping from the fire,  
No enduring of his ire!  
Justice has you in her bow,  
Fixed soul and body now,  
Levell'd as a full-drawn arrow,  
For the butt of endless sorrow;  
No relief by any doing,  
No relief from utter sinning;  
No endeavours will be blest,  
God himself will not assist;  
No entreaties, cries, nor tears,  
No expostulating prayers,  
No compofure, deed, or form,  
Of a covenanting worm,  
No resolvings to be better,  
Will at all amend the matter—

But, behold the way of God!  
Now the Righteousness is show'd!  
Righteousness by God ordain'd,  
Righteousness by God sustain'd,  
Which so dear to Jesus cost,  
Given by the Holy Ghost,  
Without any deed of thine;  
Absolute and all divine!

Do

92 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Do you hold the record true,  
All therein is sure to you;  
You are saved thro' your faith,  
Thro' the word the Spirit saith;  
Saved thro' the precious blood  
Of the spotless Lamb of God;  
God is holy, just, and true,  
In forgiving all to you.

For if there be any truth  
In the Holy Spirit's mouth,  
See we just the same precise  
Testimony open lies,  
That the law is now fulfill'd,  
In the blood of Jesus spill'd;  
As that e'er the same was broke,  
By Adam starting from the yoke,  
Know we sin, because he said it,  
And the law, that he hath made it,  
Purely by the same record  
Of the true and faithful Lord;  
'Then we're freed from condemnation,  
And assur'd of our salvation,  
Who believe the Holy Ghost;  
Ev'n as sure as we were lost.

For the very light whereby  
I'm convinc'd of enmity,  
Enmity and dreadful wrath,  
Shews the true and blessed path,  
Ev'n Jesus Christ, the perfect end  
Of the law, to you, my friend,  
If you shall believe him so:  
All are justify'd who know.

Then let all who know the grace  
Shining out in Jesus' face,  
Walk according to the light,  
After God, with all their might;

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Crying daily, Abba, Father;  
High-rejoicing all together:  
Boldly, by the blood of God,  
Drawing near to his abode.

Drawing nearer still, and nearer,  
Shining clearer still, and clearer,  
Go ye forward in his strength,  
'Till you see the Lord at length.  
Gideon-like, proclaim aloud  
Ev'ry sounding note of God!  
All away your pitchers throw,  
And alarm Jehovah's foe!

Sound your trumpets, sound them high!  
Wave your torches through the sky!  
Flourish through the hostile hosts!  
(All thy pow'r's the Holy Ghost's!)  
Glorious let the gospel shine!  
For the gospel's all divine!  
When your battle's fairly won,  
You shall shine like yonder sun!

---

LXIV. THE WORD of the LORD.

**W**HEN first the Holy Ghost was giv'n,  
And in my breast began to reign,  
He purg'd me th'roughly from all my corrupt lea-  
And fill'd me with this heav'nly strain. [even,  
*Hold communion—communion with thy Lord;  
Hold communion through his word.*

His word sinks down as ev'ning-dew;  
Distilling sweet on parched fields;  
Clearly displaying his purpos'd love to view,  
It ev'ry-where refreshment yields.  
*Hold, &c.*

As



As flow'rets spring in garden soil,  
 Prepared with assiduous care,  
 His blessed SPIRIT thus takes the gard'ner's toil,  
 And spreads the word in blossoms fair!  
*Hold, &c.*

He sows the flowing flakes of snow,  
 Which fly abroad on downy wings;  
 Where-e'er his Spirit appointeth them, they flow,  
 And whiten all sublunar things.  
*Hold, &c.*

He sifteth small the dewy rains;  
 The dewy rains his word obey,  
 Softly refreshing the vallies, hills, and plains;  
 The smallest drop ne'er went astray.  
*Hold, &c.*

His word calls forth the furious storms,  
 And wings the whirlwind's fiercest way;  
 Rough stormy tempests and whirlwinds perform  
 Their course in his appointed way.  
*Hold, &c.*

He bids the thunder hideous groan;  
 He forms the lightning's fiery glare:  
 God says, Be still'd—and instantly they're  
 His word becalms the boist'rous air. [gone;  
*Hold, &c.*

No thunder loud—no lightning-flash—  
 No rain—no hail—no flowing snow—  
 No storm—no tempest—nor winds impetuous  
 But, at his word, his errand go. [dash,  
*Hold, &c.*

The hammer, dealing daunting blows,  
 Breaks all in pieces, makes, and marts;  
 Thus the divine word in diff'rent fashions throws  
 Men's hearts, as hammers iron bars.  
*Hold, &c.*

The

The blown-up furnace, by its fire,  
Doth melt the hardest metals down;  
Thus his word pow'ful, the moment he requires,  
Melts down the hardest heart of stone.  
*Hold, &c.*

The furnace tries all kinds of ore,  
The precious sep'rates from the dross; [more  
This divine furnace, God's word, thus trieth  
Men's hearts, and shows the gain and loss.  
*Hold, &c.*

The winnowing fan on dusty floor  
Sends forth a purifying blast;  
God's word thus winnows the wicked from the  
And each his portion gives at last. [pure,  
*Hold, &c.*

The wheat falls down in chosen heaps;  
The flimsy chaff is puff'd astray;  
The wheat pure and precious he in his garner  
To fire he throws the chaff away. [keeps;  
*Hold, &c.*

A searce, made of the finest lawn,  
Is us'd for searcing powders small;  
God's word thus searceth and trieth ev'ry one,  
To their own place assigning all.  
*Hold, &c.*

Just weights and scales the Lord loves well;  
As you weigh things, he weigheth you:  
His word's his balance—'Tis stamp'd with his  
Distinguishing the false and true. [scal,  
*Hold, &c.*

The shepherd marks his proper flock;  
Upon their ears his mark they bear:  
Thus God doth distinguish his own peculiar flock,  
His word abides upon their ears.  
*Hold, &c.*

The God

God rends a channel in the rocks,  
Through which great swelling rivers go;  
His word's the channel of his redeemed flocks,  
In which their whole affections flow.  
*Hold, &c.*

The earthquakes heave the mountains vast,  
And overthrow their monstrous bulk;  
Thus God's word powerful will lay the wicked  
They'll find no corner where to skulk. [waste;  
*Hold, &c.*

Tremendous tempests on the sea  
O'erwhelm the proudest ships that sail;  
Thus proudest devils before our God's word flee,  
Confounded to the lowest hell.  
*Hold, &c.*

Against God's word mankind were bold,  
Till deeps arose, and kis'd the clouds,  
When God's word of vengeance a wat'ry deluge  
Tumultuous gushing down in floods. [roll'd,  
*Hold, &c.*

In Sodom and Gomorrah, when  
They God's word and themselves abuse,  
In dreadful deluge of brimstone-burning rain,  
God's indignation hot pursues.  
*Hold, &c.*

They with the devils shall be bound,  
Who in their council here are join'd;  
God's wrath eternal shall all of them confound,  
Who stand against his word combin'd.  
*Hold, &c.*

But they, who with the word comply,  
Are bound to God in chains of love:  
God lives for ever, and they shall never die,  
But ever reign with God above.  
*Hold communion—communion with thy Lord;  
Hold communion through his word.*

LXV. ONE THING IS NEEDFUL.

THE one eternal needful good,  
For Adam's fallen race,  
Is Jesus Christ the Son of God,  
The channel of his grace.  
The Father's glory all doth shine,  
And glow in Jesus' face,  
Justice and holiness divine,  
Truth, mercy, peace, and grace.

His word of peace into my heart,  
He sent in love and pow'r:  
His knowledge is the better part,  
My portion evermore.

Thousands of silver, yea, and gold,  
I reckon all but loss:  
To me salvation manifold  
Doth flow from Jesus' cross,

For there, he paid the ransom good,  
Me to redeem from hell;  
And there, he wash'd me in his blood,  
That I with him might dwell.  
Now his own everlasting love,  
Which saved me from wo,  
Shed down on me from him above,  
To him again doth flow.

All worldly things are idle toys,  
Away which quickly fly:  
Who trust in those accursed joys,  
Shall perish finally.  
But Christ is made of God to me  
Wisdom and Righteousness:  
In God he me doth sanctify:  
He my Redemption is.



98 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

For my redemption, in his grace,  
My King comes from on high:  
Before the brightness of his face,  
This world away shall fly.  
But oh! his sweet eternal word  
Is heav'n within my breast!  
Thy word within my bosom, Lord,  
For evermore shall rest.

The earnest of thy heav'nly grace,  
The foretastes of thy love,  
Do make me long full to possess  
My heritage above.  
My heart inflam'd with strong desire,  
Led captive by thy charms,  
To thee, my Lord, would fain aspire,  
And breathe into thine arms.

LXVI. CHRIST the CREATOR and PRE-  
SERVER.

**L**O! all thy works proclaim aloud  
Thy blessed name, O Lord;  
And shall thy saints be over-proud  
Their tribute to afford!  
The sun, the moon, the stars of light,  
Above us as they roll,  
From day to day, from night to night,  
Resound from pole to pole.  
The earth re-echoes to the skies;  
The winds the notes prolong:  
The swelling surges, as they rise,  
Roar rough to bass the song.  
We hear thee sounding in the storm,  
And rushing in the hail:  
The furious flames thy will perform,  
At thy command assail.

We own thy thund'ring chariot-wheels,  
 When bursting clouds give way;  
 Th' amazing flash thy name reveals,  
 When glancing lightnings play.  
 Who binds the floods in icy chains,  
 Then gives the word to flow?  
 The Father of the vernal rains,  
 Who wings the drifted snow.

The Lord who rules the raging floods,  
 The rapid winds confess;  
 Who spreads the heav'n's with woolly clouds,  
 Then bids them quick disperse.  
 They move, they burst away, they fly,  
 Like coursers from the goal,  
 And leave a clear expanded sky:  
 O God, thou dost the whole!

Thou strew'st the fields with glist'ring dew;  
 Then speedy wings are giv'n;  
 When morning-suns their strength renew,  
 The pearls remount to heav'n.  
 Thy genial spirit in the sun,  
 Inspiring joy and mirth,  
 On all the earth sheds glory down,  
 And brings the year to birth.

Soft come the show'rs—forth bursts the Spring,  
 To suck the fust'ring dew:  
 To view the rains her beauties bring,  
 And blossom'd glories shew.

The painted daughters of the grove,  
 By millions on the wing,  
 Crowd all around, inspiring love:  
 The hills and vallies sing.

Lo! like a blooming bride, array'd  
 In robes of velvet green,  
 Bright Summer comes in virgin-pride,  
 Of flow'ry tribes the queen.

100 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

She flows along, led by the breeze,  
 Displaying all her charms:  
 Her bridegroom-sun rejoicing sees,  
 And darts into her arms.

How veh'ment, veh'ment, is th' embrace:  
 The Autumn comes apace,  
 With blessings fraught for human race,  
 Our sorrows to solace.  
 Our sorrows vanish as a dream;  
 Lift loud your voice, and sing!  
 For us ten thousand blessings stream  
 From our perennial Spring!

Our King governeth all above;  
 Governeth all below;  
 Our King governeth us in love,  
 And makes our joys o'erflow.  
 His hand he opens, and bestows  
 His bounties upon all;  
 But nought that lives such favour knows,  
 As doth to man befall.

Bless'd be the man, and bless'd his taste,  
 That love with love repays:  
 He feasts with God, a welcome guest,  
 And sings eternal praise.  
 O praise the Father, praise the Son,  
 And praise the Holy Ghost;  
 The God of love, the Three in One:  
 Sing loud, ye heavenly host.

LXVII. GOD IS LOVE.

**T**HAT God is Love, a lofty theme! I sing!  
 O may I rise upon the Spirit's wing,  
 And see creation issuing from his hand,  
 With all the hosts his empire doth command!

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# 3. SPIRITUAL SONGS. 101

His high eternal counsel stands in love,  
 And holds them all in bands that cannot move:  
 He made them all; he made them wholly good:  
 His goodness all his works proclaim aloud:  
 For God is love: in love he made them all:  
 Love will be glorify'd in great and small.  
 Love is an ocean, bounded by no shore;  
 For this good angels sing; for this the fallen roar:  
 For love design'd this universe so fair,  
 With all things that contained therein are,  
 Whether inanimate, or animate,  
 Love to enjoy, or to communicate.  
 That all his saints might drink, rejoicing on,  
 He pour'd the floods of pleasure round his throne.  
 If Lucifer with his rebellious crew,  
 Who too were made in love, from love withdrew,  
 And scorn'd to live dependent on their God;  
 In love he banish'd them from his abode;  
 Yes, banish'd them his blest'd abode in love,  
 Because they thought to make a breach above;  
 A breach in love among the sons of light; [of night:  
 Wrath therefore bound them hard in tenfold chains  
 For what is wrath but love provok'd, wrough: high  
 To raging flames of smoking jealousy?  
 Against the Sun of Love and Glory set,  
 If desperadoes rush into a pit,  
 Refusing to behold his healthful beam,  
 He wraps them round in flames of wrath and shame;  
 That all the sons of God might love and fear,  
 And know, a breach in love he will not bear.  
 In love he bade his blooming Eden rise;  
 That Adam and his sons might know the prize:  
 The serpent heard the kind design of love,  
 And then began his stratagems to move,  
 To sow division in the heart of man—  
 Division from God's one infinite plan.  
 In evil day, alas! the guile prevail'd,  
 And man, because of indignation, wail'd:  
 The indignation, first, a drizzling shower,  
 Upon in mighty torrents down did pour.

I 3

Their



102 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Their eyes now open'd to behold their shame,  
They dread the vengeance and the fiery flame:  
Conscious, suspecting, trembling at their sin,  
Deep-conscience-smitten, they sink, they die within.

So have I seen the lark, on cheerful wing,  
All-briskly in the sun-beams soar and sing—  
Sing praise to God, till, shadow'd by a cloud,  
She droops, sings dumb, and low'rs upon a clod,  
In terrors waiting till the heavens fall!

So man is fallen, sunk, and low'ring all!—  
'Ye angels and archangels, lo, give heed, [speed,  
'Which of you all will downwards wing your  
'Downwards to earth, and there become a man,  
'To save your brethren?—Save them if ye can:  
'Fulfil my broken law, and die the death,  
'Bearing the fulness of almighty wrath'—

If thus Jehovah had express'd his mind  
Before the hosts, around his throne that shin'd,  
Profoundest silence must have fill'd the place;  
Or, if they spoke, with many a sad alas,  
Perhaps they might have broke their silence thus:  
'Eternal Father, King, behold thou us—  
'Behold us ready to fulfil thy will,  
'To utmost bound of earth, or utmost bound of  
'We fly, as whirlwinds in a tempest fly, [hell;  
'Or furious flames along the burning sky:  
'Unchain thy pris'ners in the pit; we'll fight,  
'And drag them through the flames with all our  
    might:

'But who are we, Lord; who are we, that we  
'Should stand a moment, un-upheld by thee!  
'How could we then sustain the fierce assault!  
'Or make a recompence for any fault!  
'Before thy footstool, lo, behold, we bend;  
'For man's redemption send whom thou wilt send.  
'If thou shalt bid us die, behold we die,  
'But cannot bear thy wrath, O thou Most High'—  
'My wrath you cannot, shall not bear; amen;  
'Your loyalty approv'd is fully seen:

• Yet

Yet surely, man shall my redemption know;  
 'For God is Love: in God compassions flow'—  
 'Amen! my Father,' said the Son; 'amen!  
 'O'er me let all thy fiercest fury reign!  
 'I'll dive the deepest ocean of thy wrath,  
 'And for the blessing praise thee in my death;  
 'Yea praise thee in my life for evermore,  
 'When all thy seas of wrath shall cease to roar.

Hofanna to the Prince of Life and Peace,  
 God's chosen channel of redeeming grace!  
 He said—he came—he died—he rose again—  
 And full display'd the love of God to men.—

So, when at first the night o'er chaos hung,  
 He said, 'Be light:' and light around him sprung.  
 The light he gathered in the fan around:  
 The light of love is in the gospel found.

The bridegroom-sun rejoiceth in his race;  
 And he rejoiceth in the gospel-grace:  
 The sun is light to all who see the same;  
 And he is light to all who know his name:

The sun was made the source of light by God;  
 And he's the only light that God hath show'd.  
 If unenlighten'd by the sunny beam  
 Any remain, they have no eyes in them:

If unenlighten'd by his holy flame,  
 They know not him, nor God from whom he came.  
 If into darkness you shall run away,

You hate the Lord, and hate the light of day.  
 The day consumes the darkness of the night;  
 So God consumes the men who hate the light:  
 They, in the love of God refuse to shine;

Therefore in wrath of God they burn and pine.

Know, all above, and know ye, all below,  
 That God is Love! ye saints and damned, know!  
 That God is Love! aloud the anthem sound!  
 That God is Love! let heav'n and hell rebound!  
 That God is Love! Amen, for evermore!  
 That God is Love!—Adore! adore! adore!

LXVIII. SIN the TRANSGRESSION of the  
LAW.

**T**HE King eternal made the law,  
 He made it for his sons;  
 To keep their spirits in his awe,  
 To keep them shining ones.  
 But, ah! their glory made so bright,  
 Was soon to darkness turn'd;  
 The sons of day, now sons of night,  
 In shades of darkness mourn'd.

Black were the shades, the sorrow deep;  
 By sin they both began:  
 He threw all headlong down the steep—  
 And plung'd in wrath the man.  
 Thus fares the one, whoe'er he be,  
 Who, lifting high his hand,  
 Plucks up the fence of liberty,  
 And breaks the high command.

## LXIX. The SON HEIR of ALL.

**W**OULD you desire to know that One  
 Whom prophecies of old,  
 According to Jehovah's plan,  
 The Saviour have foretold?  
 The Holy Spirit thus describes  
 The high eternal Son,  
 By whom the fair created tribes  
 In borrow'd lustre shone.

For they by him created were,  
 And called by their names:  
 He reigns the sole appointed Heir,  
 And all the kingdom claims.

The

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 105

The Father him decreed to be  
The Lord of all his grace:  
The fountain and the stream is he  
Of all our happiness.

O blest'd be then for evermore

The pure atoning Lamb,  
Who came our freedom to restore,  
And wipe away our shame!  
When Adam was betray'd to sin,  
He broke the bond of peace;  
The shame and bondage flowing in  
O'erwhelmed Adam's race.

In Adam help remained none,

His nature to correct:  
According as the fire hath done,  
The children must partake.  
The law was perfect ev'ry whit;  
The law must be fulfill'd;  
But Jesus was the end of it,  
Therefore his blood was spill'd.

Lo he, the second Adam, shines,

The light, the life, the grace:  
In him the righteous Father reigns  
The God of love and peace.  
The sin and death are fled away,  
The darkness is no more:  
The Son is our eternal day!  
Ye sons of light, adore!

## LXX. ADAM and CHRIST contrasted.

AS Adam sinn'd and died,  
With all mankind in him;  
So Jesus, crucified,  
Aton'd for Adam's crime:

Yea,



106 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Yea, fully magnified  
The holy law of God;  
That justice, satisfied,  
Might triumph in his blood.

Peace, peace, aloud proclaim ye

To ev'ry thing that lives!

Believe, or God will damn ye\*;

He's saved who believes.

Believing is ordained

The way of having peace;

Believing Christ sustained

The cause of righteousness.

As death and sin have reigned,

Have reigned over all,

By one alone who sinned,

Destroying great and small,

So life and righteousness

Do flow to ev'ry one,

Whom God the Father blesses,

By Jesus Christ alone.

As sin and death possess us,

When coming in the flesh,

And more and more oppresses us,

Until the Lord refresh:

So righteousness is given,

Accompany'd with life;

And we are heirs of heaven,

When children of belief.

As Adam's state and nature

Entailed come on us,

By will of our Creator,

And so we bear the curse;

So he becomes partaker

With Jesus Christ, who lives

By love of God his Maker,

And thankfully receives.

\* He that believeth not shall be damned. Mark xvi. 16.

As

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 107

As never child of Adam  
 Began to be at all,  
 Until the Lord had call'd him,  
 And quicken'd by his call;  
 Thus verily the case is  
 With ev'ry child of God,  
 Before they know his graces,  
 Born of his Spirit good.

As sin and death, o'erflowing,  
 Bore all down for a while,  
 While we were undergoing  
 What came thro' Adam's guile,  
 So grace to life for ever,  
 Thro' righteousness o'erflows,  
 By Jesus Christ, believer,  
 For thee who died and rose.

Now, canst thou then, believing  
 That he did this for thee,  
 And all his love receiving,  
 Refuse to bow the knee?  
 O, never! never! Jesus,  
 Let us refuse our love,  
 To thee who lov'd and sav'd us,  
 To shine with thee above!

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## LXXI. The NEW BIRTH.

**E**XCEPT thou be new-born,  
 The Lord himself hath sworn,  
 (A case the most forlorn!)  
 His kingdom can't be thine:  
 Unborn, ev'n of the Spirit,  
 Again I hear him swear it,  
 Thou never shalt inherit,  
 His kingdom all divine.

Pray,

108 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Pray, tell me now, how is it  
No mortal living sees it,  
Except the Spirit please it,  
Begetting him again?  
What's gender'd of the flesh is  
Devoid of sp'ritual graces,  
Resembling the grasses,  
That turn to dust again.

But what 'sborn of the Spirit,  
The kingdom shall inherit;  
No flesh and blood can bear it,  
The glory is so pure.  
But as the wind which bloweth,  
You know not whence it floweth,  
Nor yet the way it goeth;  
But only feel its pow'r:

So is the case with all 'em,  
If e'er the Spirit call 'em,  
Who know what doth befall 'em;  
But neither how nor why:  
As when the bones are growing  
In womb of her that's going  
With child, thou art unknowing  
How spirits blend with clay.

So God the world hath loved,  
So tenderly was moved,  
That Christ, (whom he approved),  
His only Son, he gave:  
And whoso'er believeth  
On him, for ever liveth;  
For so the Spirit giveth  
Eternal life to have.

The man who disbelieves him,  
God's mercy ne'er relieves him;  
But, just as mercy leaves him,  
The same shall judgment find.

Already

LXXI

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# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 309

Already he's condemned,  
By whom the truth's contemned;  
And therefore is he damned,  
Because to light he's blind.

## LXXII. ADAM a FIGURE of CHRIST.

IN image of the Lord his God  
Was Adam made, in love;  
And blessings to him largely flow'd,  
From Paradise above.  
The streams of pleasure round him ran,  
Which Eden fill'd with joy;  
Who was so happy as the man,  
While pure without alloy!

In him Jehovah's glory shin'd,  
Beauty, and holiness;  
And ev'ry attribute combin'd,  
To furnish each a grace:  
Mercy alone had then no room  
To act a friendly part;  
For yet there was no mis'ry come,  
Nor sin to stain his heart.

But mercy soon found out a way,  
When sin had entered;  
To give her pow'r and glory play,  
By raising up the dead.  
For death and hell pursu'd like fire,  
And bore him down amain,  
Strip'd naked of his bright attire,  
When sin had fix'd a stain.

Oh, Adam! why didst thou rebel,  
And from thy glory fall?  
An heir of heav'n, but now of hell!  
And so thy children all!



110 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

The sin and death appear in thee,  
Frowning like blackest night;  
But, O, the sov'reign wife decree  
From darkness bringeth light!

For, Adam, thou a figure art  
Of him that was to come;  
Whose righteousness shall not depart,  
Nor honour cease to bloom,  
For as the blood that flows from thee  
Conveyeth death along;  
Ev'n so the blood of Christ, we see,  
Quickens his chosen throng.

As thou by disobedience fell,  
And didst from God withdraw;  
So he endur'd the pains of hell,  
To magnify the law.

As thou wast fain to hide thy shame,  
Among the garden trees,  
Till God the Lord upon thee came,  
In the cool ev'ning breeze:—

So thou, O Christ, endur'd the shame,  
In garden, on the tree;  
While wrath's hot burning fiery flame  
Fiercely came down on thee.—  
For God the Lord, on mercy bent,  
Look'd down from heav'n above,  
And for his mercy found a vent,  
Thro' Jesus in his love.—

Lo, then hath God prepar'd the way  
Of royal sov'reign grace;  
Thro' Jesus Christ, ordain'd to-day,  
And evermore, our peace!  
In him thou hast thyself proclaim'd,  
To be well satisfy'd;  
In him we shall not be ashamed,  
In him we will confide.

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LXXIII

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# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 111

Now, in the way of faith and love,  
 O draw us by thy grace;  
 Until we all arrive above,  
 And see thee face to face.  
 Thy Spirit ever in us breathe,  
 To guide us in thy love;  
 To raise our hearts from things beneath,  
 And fix them far above:  
 That, by thy pow'r, and by thy word,  
 While in this wilderness,  
 We may be led straight in the road,  
 To thy eternal bliss:  
 That we may in thy love, O God,  
 Rejoice for evermore;  
 And sing thy praises sweet and loud,  
 Upon the heav'nly shore.

## LXXIII. BOLDNESS BY THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

**L**O! Jesus offer'd up himself  
 A sacrifice to God:  
 The Lamb of God, in our behalf,  
 Did shed his precious blood.  
 By Jesus' blood we're justify'd,  
 And washed clean and fair:  
 In him by faith we do abide;  
 Our safety's only there,  
 Where Jesus with his blood hath gone,  
 Into the holy place:  
 And we have access to the throne,  
 With boldness, by his grace.  
 Tho' tribulations should annoy,  
 And us oppress with grief,  
 By Jesus' blood, in God we'll joy;  
 In God is our relief.

112 SPIRITUAL SONGS

No more shall we without the vail,  
 Like trembling slaves, appear;  
 But to the holiest of all,  
 By Jesus' blood, draw near.  
 Tho' warlike hosts should line the way,  
 Need we their terrors dread;  
 Since our eternal Priest on high  
 For us doth intercede?  
 All that we suffer here below,  
 We know it is for good;  
 For all that unto us doth flow,  
 Doth flow in Jesus' blood.  
 No death at all, nor evil thing,  
 Shall over us have pow'r;  
 We, thro' the blood of Christ our King,  
 Are conquerors and more.  
 Hail to the day of Christ—With joy  
 We look, with keen desire,  
 When he shall death and hell destroy,  
 Drown'd in the lake of fire.  
 For Christ upon our side shall stand;  
 And our redemption bring;  
 And who shall pluck us from the hand  
 Of our almighty King?  
 Our King, forbid thy virgins fair  
 Should wallow more in sin;  
 As those who never washed were  
 In living water clean!  
 O, thro' thy grace may we abound  
 In works of faith and love,  
 Till with thy glory we be crown'd,  
 For us prepar'd above!

## LXXIV. The TRUE RICHES.

**WOULD** you have a lasting treasure,  
 Equal to your high desire;  
 And a joy above all measure,  
 Fearing neither thief nor fire?  
 Then you must look up to heaven,  
 And receive them from above:  
 Freely taken, freely given,  
 Are the treasures of God's love.

Other treasures are a bauble,  
 Other pleasures but a snare;  
 None of them were ever able  
 To relieve the mind from care:  
 But the treasures from above  
 Are the golden chains of God,  
 Drawing you with tender love  
 To the joys of his abode.

Draw me then, my Father, draw me;  
 Throw thy chains about my heart;  
 Let thy presence over-awe me,  
 That from thee I may not start.  
 To thy wisdom I resign me,  
 Thanking thee for thy decrees;  
 To the joys which they design me,  
 Lead me by thy own degrees.

Lo, my heart and motions center  
 To the heart of thee, my God;  
 Let no evil spirit enter,  
 To seduce me from my road.  
 But hold thou thy hand about me,  
 Thou in whom my treasure lies;  
 That no enemy may rout me,  
 Guard me with thy watchful eyes.



Whom have I, or whom desire I,  
 In the heavens, but my God,  
 While I travel thro' this miry  
 Way, that leads to his abode?  
 I desire no earthly treasures;  
 I desire no earthly thing;  
 Yea, I tread on worldly pleasures;  
 Why? Because I see my King.  
 Therefore, with a bold ambition,  
 I endure unto the end,  
 Till I'm in the same condition  
 With our father, God's own friend;  
 Abrah'm in his God rejoiced,  
 So did ev'ry patriarch:  
 None of them were discomposed,  
 Following God, tho' in the dark.  
 What tho' all the world be low'ring,  
 Dark as night, upon the ground;  
 Since the God of love is pouring  
 Floods of light about me round.  
 Yea, of holy chosen vessels  
 God the glory is within;  
 And the less the creature dazzles,  
 God the more in me doth shine.  
 Give me still the blessed vision  
 Of thyself invisible;  
 That I may abhor division  
 From the God of Israel;  
 And endure as he endured,  
 Scorning Pharaoh and his race,  
 Moses, after thee allured,  
 By the riches of thy grace.

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# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 115

## LXXV. PEACE by the BLOOD of the CROSS.

**H**ATH Jesus made peace—by the blood of his  
While humble and lowly he lay? [cross,  
How precious the grace—he bestowed on us!

A grace we can never repay—  
Can never repay—then let us obey,  
Being led by his spirit alone;  
And walk in his way—while yet shineth the day;  
For darkness is hastening on.

The darkness of death—soon will rob us of breath,  
And send us away to our homes.  
O live in the faith—and beware of his wrath,  
Then hail him with joy when he comes.  
Behold he is near—yea, I see him appear;  
His glories enlighten the day:  
Away, ev'ry fear!—and away, ev'ry tear!—  
My Lord my Redeemer is nigh!

## LXXVI. BE FILLED with the SPIRIT.

**D**RINK deep of the Spirit, and thou shalt be  
Be fill'd with the sweetest enjoyment. [fill'd,  
Attend to the Spirit, and thou shalt be skill'd,  
Be skill'd in the best of employment.  
Be led of the Spirit, and thou shalt rejoice,  
Rejoice in the happiest ending.  
The Spirit will lead thee to heavenly joys;  
To heaven, O then, be thou bending.  
Give ear to the Spirit, he'll perfectly teach;  
He'll teach you celestial lessons: [breach,  
He'll build up your walls, yea, and heal ev'ry  
Adorning you round with his blessings.  
Be friends with the Spirit, and laugh at your foes;  
With him you may boldly defy them:  
He'll guard you from ev'ry temptation that blows,  
And give you the pow'r to deny them.

Revere

116 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Revere thou the Spirit, who dwells in thy breast;  
 Revere him in humble submission:  
 Where-ever he dwelleth a welcomed guest,  
 He giveth a sealed remission.  
 Exult in the Spirit, exult evermore;  
 Exult in his high consolations:  
 In raptures of gladness before him adore,  
 Triumphant o'er all tribulations.

Amen to the Spirit in all that he says!  
 Amen, and amen to his doing!  
 Amen to the Spirit in all of his ways!  
 The Spirit preserves me from ruin.  
 I'm fill'd with the Spirit, and led by the hand,  
 In all of my workings directed:  
 The Spirit he gives me the word of command,  
 In all my behaviour respected.

I'm taught of the Spirit, and built like a wall,  
 By him the infallible Teacher:  
 I laugh now at Satan and's stratagems all,  
 Since the Spirit alone was my Preacher\*.  
 The Spirit, he loves me, and gives me his joys,  
 My spirit to him being subject:  
 He defendeth his darlings; their foes he destroys:  
 My foes of his wrath are the object.  
 My spirit is turned as wax to the seal  
 Beneath his sweet holy impression:  
 I cannot express what already I feel;  
 Yet heaven remains in reversion.  
 Be gone, idle toys! be gone ye, from me!  
 I am otherwise fully employed;  
 Possess'd of the Spirit: the Spirit is he,  
 With a rival who can't be enjoyed!

\* John iv. 6.

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LXXVII. The Admiration of my Soul,

O H, admiration of my soul!  
 In joy I'm swallow'd up!  
 With tumult big above controul,  
 I drain the flowing cup,  
 The flowing cup, from Jesus' hand,  
 Of consolation sweet!  
 Though once we did at variance stand,  
 Yet now in peace we meet:  
 We meet in peace; and mutual love  
 Inspireth both our breasts;  
 Before I can my prayer move,  
 He heareth my requests:  
 No wonder; for he drank the gall;  
 The honey gave to me;  
 The gall of wrath, he drank up all;  
 And said, 'I drink to thee—  
 'I drink to thee! but change the wine;  
 'I bid thee pledge in love!  
 'The wrath was mine; the love be thine;  
 'Thanks to the God above!  
 Amen, my Lord; but who am I,  
 To be so highly blest'd!  
 That thou, the Prince of life, shouldst die,  
 That I, a worm, might feast!

LXXVIII. MERCY at the THRONE of GRACE:

O Mercy! mercy! mercy, Lord!  
 Mercy is all I crave;  
 Thou only mercy canst afford;  
 Thy mercy let me have.

In



118 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

In Jesus' name, in Jesus' name,  
In Jesus' name alone,  
To thee, to thee I make my claim;  
Thy Spirit sees me groan.

Thy Spirit speeds, thy Spirit speeds,  
Thy Spirit speeds my cause;  
Thy Spirit's good; thy Spirit pleads,  
'Thy Son fulfill'd thy laws.

Thy laws, thy laws are good and just;  
My heart, my heart says so:  
My heart, my heart lies in the dust,  
Down in the dust lies low:

Lies low, lies low, shall ever ly,

Shall ever ly, if thou,

If thou, if thou shalt bid me die,

Shalt bid me die; yet how—

Yet how, yet how, how shalt thou bid,

How shalt thou bid me die,

Me die, me die, since Jesus dy'd?

Since Jesus dy'd, not I—

Not I, not I can now be bound,

Be bound to pay the debt:

The debt is paid, the ransom found;

I am at freedom set.

Sing praise, sing praise, sing praise to God,

To God; for God is love,

Is love, is love; love his abode:

Soar, O my soul, above—

Above, above, where pleasures flow,

Flow from below the throne,

The throne below, the throne below,

To ev'ry chosen son—

To chosen sons, to chosen sons,

To chosen sons are giv'n

Fair glorious crowns, fair glorious crowns,

By thee, O King of heav'n—

O King of heav'n, O King of heav'n,  
 O King of heav'n, by thee  
 A crown is giv'n, a crown is giv'n,  
 A crown is giv'n to me—  
 To me, to me, to me, ev'n me,  
 This glory is bestow'd!  
 To thee, to thee, to thee, ev'n thee  
 Alone, be praise, O God!

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LXXIX. Our TREASURES hid in CHRIST.

GIVE, O God, thy hidden treasure,  
 Treasure flowing without measure,  
 From the source of all my pleasure,  
 Jesus Christ: I ask no more:  
 Only do not now deny me,  
 When the pow'rs of hell defy me,  
 Thy good Spirit to stand by me,  
 And repress their mad uproar.

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LXXX. BUILT upon CHRIST.

I'M assur'd of full salvation,  
 Built upon the true foundation,  
 Laughing at dilapidation,  
 Jesus being the Rock in Zion.  
 Jesus is my habitation,  
 Keeping me from perturbation,  
 Giving daily intimation  
 Of the glorious things in Zion.  
 Glory, glory, glory give ye  
 To our King in whom we live, yea,  
 Evermore shall glory, if we  
 Now are built upon mount Zion.

Holy

Holy Ghost, possess us wholly;  
 Purge thy temples pure from folly;  
 Since nought may, but what is holy,  
 Stand upon the hill of Zion.

O that holy hill of joys,  
 Where no beast of prey destroys,  
 Where no evil thing annoys!

O that holy hill of Zion!  
 Oh! my breast is all on fire!  
 All my spirit's one desire,  
 Panting, panting to be higher,  
 Higher up the hill of Zion!

## LXXXI. THE VOICE CRYING.

THE voice, the voice, Jehovah's voice!  
 Has stained the pride of glory all;  
 Has slain the soul of fleshly joys,  
 And made them like green flowers fall,  
 'All flesh is grass!' I heard the sound,  
 The glory thereof withereth;  
 Jehovah blows it to the ground,  
 And back to dust delivereth.

The Lord will bring the mountains low,  
 And to a plain the vallies raise;  
 That ev'ry soul of man may know,  
 The Lord will stablish well his ways.  
 The Lord alone, in day of grace,  
 Shall be exalted glorious;  
 For all the people are but grass:  
 The Lord's alone victorious.

## LXXXII. The

## LXXXII. The LORD and his ESPOUSED.

O Daughter, see my love explor'd;  
 I am thy Father and thy Lord.  
 Thy own espoused Lover hear;  
 From strangers turn away thine ear.  
 Lo, thy first father disobey'd,  
 And from the pure commandment stray'd;  
 And thou with him, by straying too,  
 Wast robbed of thy heav'nly hue.

Stript naked of thy righteousness,  
 Bereaved of thy holiness,  
 Thy foes did thee encompass round;  
 All helpless, hopeless, thou wast found;  
 When, lo, compassions in me sprung,  
 And all my soul unto thee clung;  
 For thee I gave the law its due,  
 And over thee my skirt I threw.

Thy foes I conquer'd one and all;  
 None of them overcome thee shall.  
 I, in my own appointed hour,  
 My spirit in thine heart did pour;  
 I purify'd thee from thy sin,  
 And made thee glorious all within;  
 My Father is well-pleas'd in me;  
 In me, he is well-pleas'd in thee.

Lo, I, Jehovah's Heir and Son,  
 For thee the heirship fair have won.  
 My spouse, my sister, thou art mine;  
 My favour now doth make thee shine.  
 I've cloth'd thee with my royal dress,  
 My everlasting righteousness.  
 O daughter, still thine ear incline,  
 And hearken to my kind design.



122 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

With no connections do thou stay,  
Nor walk with them in perverse way.  
No rival in thy heart shall reign  
With me; thy heart is my domain.  
I am a cov'ring to thine eye  
From ev'ry hateful vanity;  
For nothing corrupt, nor unclean,  
Shall in my Father's house be seen;

No sin can stain his holy place,  
Before the brightness of his face;  
My virgins therefore shall be seen,  
All pure, all blameless, faultless, clean:  
For I do lead them, I their King,  
While all my hosts around us sing,  
• All glory to the high Bridegroom,  
• Who brings his bride to glory home.

Amen, amen, the virgins say;  
Lord, hasten thou the joyful day,  
And bring us to thy holy place,  
Into the mansions of thy grace:  
The glory that cannot be told,  
We with our eyes shall then behold.  
Then we eternal praise shall sing  
To God our Father and our King.

Already, lo, thy virgins know  
The glory great to which we go.  
Our spirits fir'd, by thine inspir'd,  
Are all on flame for joys desir'd:  
Nor can we tell what now we feel;  
But heav'n shall know, when there we dwell:  
Yea now, ev'n now, we'll make to flow  
Thy praises, where-e'er thy winds shall blow.

Blow, blow, ye winds, and fan your wings,  
To waft the praise our spirit brings;  
Spread round the ball, informing all,  
Where sun-beams shine, or rain-drops fall.

Sound,

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 123

Sound, sound aloud the love of God;  
 That God is love, sound all abroad:  
 We dwell in love, in God above;  
 While God is love, we cannot move.

Ye roaring waves, with all your noise,  
 Lift up your voice, and sound our joys;  
 Where-e'er ye go, let gladness flow,  
 Till all the deeps our gladness know.  
 Proclaim aloud, how good our God,  
 Who wash'd us in his streaming blood;  
 And purg'd our stain, which would remain,  
 Where all the floods were pour'd in vain.

Pour, pour your throats in warbling notes,  
 Ye winged tribes whom ether floats;  
 Let ev'ry grove resound the love,  
 That's due unto the holy Dove:  
 He lighted on the holy One,  
 And heav'n on earth he poured down.  
 Where-e'er ye fly, through all the sky,  
 Let nought be sung but God on high.

Let cattle all, both great and small,  
 That graze upon the flow'ry ball,  
 Rejoice with us, freed from the loss  
 We had before the bloody cross;  
 When herds and flocks, on plains or rocks,  
 The slaughter'd goat, or slaughter'd ox,  
 If sacrific'd, the Lord despis'd;  
 God's holy Lamb was only priz'd.

But those are mutes; it ill besuits,  
 That we should trust thy praise to brutes;  
 Thy love inspires, and wakes our fires,  
 And bids ourselves lead up the choir;  
 Elijah-like, we'll mount the flame,  
 And clap our hands before the Lamb.  
 Clap, clap your hands, ye hear my host,  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

124 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Let hallelujahs round you ring,  
Till all creation, echoing, sing.  
Sing, sing to God his Fatherhood,  
For all his love to sinners shew'd:  
Sing, sing the glories of the Son,  
For all the trophies he hath won:  
Sing, sing the praises of the Spirit;  
For he applies to us the merit:

Sing, sing, the Godhead is but One;  
O sing, the Godhead is for man:  
The Three in One, and One in Three,  
O thou, my soul, is all in thee.  
O!—full of God is full of bliss,  
The paradise of paradise.  
O sing, ye saints, with one accord!  
All—all one spirit with the Lord.

LXXXIII. GOD'S DEAR CHILDREN.

**A**S dear little children, be followers of God;  
His love is your portion, his heav'n your  
abode,  
His Son your Redeemer, his Spirit your guide;  
Who can be against you, when God's on your side?  
Stand always by God, and you're sure of a shield;  
Who fought by his standard ne'er lost on the field:  
Who ran fair in his race, ever carry'd the prize;  
They flew on his wings, and they flew to the skies.

So Abraham fought, and so Abraham ran;  
And so did the martyrs, ev'n so ev'ry one:  
They liv'd in the faith, and they follow'd the Lamb,  
Till glad to the end of their journey they came.  
Be patient and humble, rejoicing in God,  
And move not a step where he points not the road:  
His purpose is for you, and you are for it; [pit.  
And, if God can preserve you, you're free from the

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## SPIRITUAL SONGS. 125

You're free from the pit, and the heirs of his glory;  
 Whate'er his soul hateth, the same, then, abhor ye:  
 Abhor ye exceedingly what he abhorreth;  
 And soar ye on high whither his spirit soareth.  
 Jehovah is coming, is coming for you:  
 Adieu to the world! yea, a long, long adieu!  
 And all hail to the heav'ns! all hail! and all hail!  
 There no death nor iniquity peep thro' the veil!

### LXXXIV. The KING of TERRORS.

**D**EATH, that grisly king of terrors,  
 Sparing neither age nor rank,  
 Sending forth impartial arrows,  
 Makes the proudest eye look blank.  
 Happy thou who hast curtailed  
 All the hopes that death can seize;  
 When he has o'er thee prevailed,  
 Thou hast got thy bill of ease.

### LXXXV. PRIDE and HUMILITY.

**W**ITH mountain floods, as swoln Nile  
 Comes rushing down an' in,  
 Impetuous, o'er the rugged rocks,  
 And pours along the plain;  
 It thunders, foams, and wheels away,  
 A deluge deep and strong:  
 Who dares to tempt the rapid tide,  
 Is gulf'd—and whirl'd along:  
 Ev'n so, the mighty wrath of God,  
 Expanded ev'ry sluice,  
 With 'whelming billows roaring loud,  
 In floods of fire broke loose,



126 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

And swept away the sons of pride,  
 To regions down below—  
 With Lucifer who take a side;  
 With Lucifer must go.  
 Him vengeance seized hastily,  
 With all his fellow-slaves!  
 As whirlwinds make the tempest fly,  
 And seize the wither'd leaves:  
 Driven away, and toss'd about,  
 They sunk into their den—  
 So far'd the rebel angel rout,  
 So fare the rebel men.

Remember, O ye sons of men,  
 Remember Adam's fall;  
 Deep-humbled in the dust remain,  
 Abas'd and trembling all.  
 Ye worms, behold the Son of God;  
 For he became a worm;  
 By men and devils he was trod,  
 Who was in God's own form—  
 Jehovah's form, nor was he less,  
 God blessed over all:  
 Pride to repress, and then redress,  
 A victim he did fall;  
 But now exalted, reigns on high,  
 Our Saviour and our King;  
 Because of his humility,  
 From whence our glories spring.

Behold, and follow ye the Lamb,  
 In all his lowly ways:  
 For meek and lowly as he came,  
 His pattern is your praise.  
 O, view him in his glory glowing;  
 While you his glory view,  
 And while your hearts to him are flowing,  
 His glory flows to you.

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Have you seen the drops of dew  
 Bedazzling all your eyes,  
 How upwards to the sun they flew?  
 So you to him shall rise:  
 Resembling ev'n the glorious sun,  
 When circling round the sky,  
 As soon's your course of life is run,  
 You shine with him on high.

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LXXXVI. The DEATH of the SAINTS.

**H**OVERING upon the steep brink of eternity,  
 Viewing the precipice, viewing with pain so  
 Thousands of images, dreadfully hurrying, [nigh,  
 Drive my soul furiously round in a hurricane;  
 Mightily, mightily fond to escape them all,  
 Swooning and trembling, down in the deep I fall—

Earthly my life was, and earthly my fearings were;  
 So tender lovers do separate, tearing hair;  
 Death, so commissioned, makes separation such,  
 'Twixt soul and body, with sad lamentation much—  
 Blessings on blessings exceeding expression all,  
 Instant, on vessels of mercy, refreshing fall.

Feel we no more, now, our enemies harming us,  
 Swimming in oceans of love overwhelming us;  
 Lost in our God, we do rest in his bosom, yea,  
 Round all eternity, blowing in blossom gay;  
 Paradise dwell we in, blooming in glory all;  
 High halleluiahs singing, adore we all.

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LXXXVII. THE DEAD BLESSED WHO DIE  
 IN THE LORD.

**H**ERE's the patience of the saints,  
 Here they rest from all complaints;  
 No

128 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

No devouring lion here;  
No temptation, sin, nor fear.  
Shining in the love of God,  
Sing they hallelujahs loud:  
God rejoiceth in his love;  
They rejoice with God above:

With him now and evermore,  
Maugre all the late uproar;  
Now they look with pity down,  
Having to their heaven won,  
Down on all the weary ones,  
Who for them are heaving groans;  
And, if tears could flow in heaven,  
They would shed them for the living.

Living faints on troubled sea,  
Toss'd to such a strange degree!  
Dash'd by waves and foaming billows,  
Hang their harps upon the willows.  
Drag they on a heavy chain,  
Walking on the smoothest plain,  
Stooping under heavy load,  
Press'd and cruin'd to the clod;  
Giving way at once, they sink,  
Death's amazing cup they drink—  
Then, Elijah-like, they tow'r  
To the God of all their pow'r.  
Pressing then a while this clod,  
Fear ye nothing but your God,  
Tender children of his love,  
Till ye join your friends above.  
There the faithful ev'ry one  
Wear a fresh immortal crown;  
For they kept the holy path,  
Therefore have the end of faith.  
Heard I not the voice from heav'n?  
Saw I not the writing giv'n?

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Changing in expressest word;

‘ Write them, Blessed, in the Lord—

‘ Blessed in the Lord who die,

‘ Henceforth, to eternity—

‘ Yea, Amen,’ the Spirit said,

‘ I give them joy in being dead:

‘ Rest they from their labours now,

‘ And their works, which were by me,

‘ Testify in order due,

‘ They Rejoic’d in God’s decree—

‘ God’s decree of saving men,

‘ Saving by his only Son;

‘ All my children say, Amen;

‘ So I save them ev’ry one.’

LXXXVIII. THE SONS OF GOD.

THE Sons of God! entrancing love!

Lift up thine eyes, and see

Love show’ring down from all above,

Love show’ring down on thee!

The heav’ns bow’d down to meet the earth,

Jehovah bow’d them low;

He smote the sin, he smote the death,

And dash’d them with his bow.

He quell’d the lion’s keenest fire,

The dragon’s fiery glare;

The dragon flew before his ire,

The lion crouch’d for fear:

He bound their paws in wreathed chains;

In wreathed chains they roll;

The brimstone-billow o’er them reigns,

In boiling lakes they growl.

These



130 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

These were the foes that pluck'd us down,  
That pluck'd us from the sky;  
They rent our robes, they tore our crown;  
(Trampled in blood we lie).  
Our blood they suck'd, they crush'd our bones,  
They crush'd us in the earth.  
Destruction fierce, with havock reigns;  
Sin havocks us to death.

Jehovah view'd them, view'd his Son,  
And view'd the mangled prey—  
The Son in lightning fires flew down,  
With bolts the fiends to fray—  
They saw the tempest on its way,  
In winged whirlwinds rowl;  
They shriek, they roar, they gnash, they bray,  
Bruis'd thro' their inmost soul.

But, lo, he breathed on our bones,  
His Spirit breathed love,  
And now we bloom his living sons,  
Born of the Holy Dove.  
The Holy Dove with heav'nly loves,  
Soft hov'ring o'er our joys,  
With kindly influences moves,  
And ev'ry grief destroys.

LXXXIX. BEHOLD WHAT MANNER OF LOVE!

**B**E toss'd away baubles! Hosanna to heaven!  
His highly beloved, we ne'er shall be moved!  
A kingdom and sonship the Father hath given!  
O folly, begone with thy cup and thy leaven!  
Ah sadly deceived, ye children of men, [arrow,  
You're objects of sorrow; you're marks of God's  
Big-going with shame, and perpetual dire pain,  
If God and his fellowship hidden remain!

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Lo, he calls us his children, the heirs of his love!  
 How sweet his refreshings, celestial blessings,  
 Down-show'ring in pleasures, lov'ing above!  
 Unmov'd as his purpose, our pleasures shall prove!  
 Behold, he's a-coming, and bending the sky!  
 I see his eyes beaming, and bright glory streaming!  
 Then we shall be like him, so glorious, so high!  
 Who dwells in this hope, will himself purify.

XC. *What will you see in the Shulamite?*

**D**IP the straightest staff in water;  
 Tho' 'tis but a simple matter  
 You have done unto your staff,  
 Yet you'd think it bent a half;  
 So, methinks, the case is even  
 With the man design'd for heaven;  
 Plung'd into the grosser medium  
 Of the flesh, you'd half upbraid him,  
 As a child of death and hell,  
 When you see the flesh rebel.  
 He'll appear in crooked angles,  
 While the stream of lust entangles;  
 Nay, perhaps, as broke in twain,  
 Till emerging up again,  
 He will shine in all his glory,  
 Straight as Truth herself before ye.  
 View him in the light of truth,  
 And you'll find him clear and smooth;  
 Let the light of truth withdraw,  
 And you'll find him all one flaw.  
 God beholds him in the true,  
 And the happy point of view,  
 Brighter than the shining sun,  
 In the glory of his Son.

Happy

132 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Happy he who shines in Christ,  
Far above the odious mist;  
Lib'rate by a second birth,  
From this vile contagious earth.  
Free me from this grievous load;  
Death and hell lurk in my blood.  
Give, in thy appointed time,  
Me the vict'ry over them.

Let me in the Spirit live,  
Till thou shalt the vict'ry give,  
Standing firmly by thy laws,  
Fighting boldly for thy cause;  
'That it may appear I am  
One that glorieth in the Lamb;  
Washed in his precious blood,  
Following his Spirit good.

Keep me from that hateful thing  
Which is known to thee, my King;  
Keep me, Lord, by night and day,  
O, for Jesus' sake, I pray:  
God defend me from the source,  
Idleness, the strength and course,  
Of that overbearing flood,  
Bearing me away from God—

Thanks to God, who knows my case  
God has pitied my distress;  
Yea, and given me his love,  
My unhallow'd to reprove.

I will glory evermore  
In his Holy Spirit's pow'r,  
Glory in thy sweet communion!  
'Take to thee the whole dominion.

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XCI. To Us THE SHAME, TO GOD  
THE GLORY.

**N**OW we, thy saints, O God, confess  
Our sins, and base unrighteousness;  
To us, for all our trespasses,  
Belongeth shame for glory.  
Because we hated thee, our Lord,  
And disbeliev'd thy holy word,  
Sure we deserv'd thy justice-sword,  
'To cut us off from glory.

Thus miserable was our case;  
But, of thy own mere sovereign grace,  
Thou sent thy Son to be our peace;  
Ev'n for thine own name's glory.  
Thy everlasting love, we see,  
Is absolutely ours, and free;  
Because, O God, it pleased thee,  
Thou hast ordain'd our glory.

Now, now we know the joyful sound,  
We in thy grace shall still abound,  
Thy favour compassing us round,  
Till perfected in glory.

Thou holdst us by thy righteousness,  
Thou shieldst us by thy faithfulness;  
Thy high eternal name we'll bless,  
And give thee all the glory.

XCH. HOLINESS TO THE LORD, YE  
VIRGINS.

**D**EAR maidens, I beseech you all,  
Temptations wisely shun;  
Cease, cease, from ev'ry luring call  
To what were basely done.



134 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

O may the love of God persuade  
Rebellious thoughts to flee;  
Jesus thee wooes, O tender maid,  
And wishes to have thee.

Mayst thou believe his kind design  
Early thy heart to win;  
So shalt thou shine in love divine,  
Free from the odious sin.  
Atoning blood is all thy claim;  
Run thou and plunge therein;  
Queen-Esther like, then wash'd from shame,  
Unstain'd with any sin,

Have thou the courage bold, to go  
And fall before thy King;  
Refreshing mercy he will show;  
Sweet mercy thou shalt sing:  
On you he all his love will shed;  
No more shall you repine;  
Encircling jewels round his head,  
Set in his crown, you shine.

XCIII. THE SONS OF YOUTH AS ARROWS  
in the Hands of the MIGHTY.

UP, my spirit, soar and sing!  
Rising on thy cheerful wing,  
Cheerful wing of faith and love,  
'Till thou join the blest'd above.  
Blest'd above are blest'd for ever,  
Drinking of God's pleasure-river,  
Drinking deep, forgetting pain,  
Drinking ever and amain.—

Little knew they, while below,  
All the strength of their own bow;  
They were swallow'd in surprise,  
When shot soaring to the skies.

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Their own bow the Spirit was;  
When the event came to pass,  
Sweet surprise it was to them,  
Sprung away from sin and shame.

So, my Spirit, so shalt thou,  
An arrow in the self-same bow,  
Burnish'd keen by tribulation,  
Take thy flight unto salvation:  
Only this remember well,  
Lest thou blunt thy point of steel,  
And in wrath away be thrown,  
Know no motion of thy own;

But, foreboding still the best,  
Keep my counsel, and be bless'd;  
Lighten thro', and do not stray;  
Fear no monster by the way,  
'Tho' it were th' old dragon's heart,  
Till thou reach the central part  
Of the mark unto thee given,  
And arrive at length in heaven.

XCIV. The LORD DESCENDING with a SHOUT.

**W**HAT high hallelujahs are these that are  
giv'n! [heaven!

How tremble and float the glad accents from  
O is not that Jesus, the Prince, in the clouds,  
With all those that dwell in celestial abodes!

How awfully soundeth the trumpet of God!  
How it ringeth the world all around and around!  
How glorious the blessed arise from the clod,  
Awaken'd by millions to life at the sound!

In light everlasting, behold how they shine!  
For the glory of saints, it is glory divine.  
I see them ascending triumphant along,  
And hailing the Lord with a new heav'nly song.

136 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

What raptures I feel! For with me it is well,  
Being changed to glory in twinkling an eye:  
With the wings of an angel I soar and I wheel—  
Away to the Lord, too, with them in the sky.

XCV. CARRIED by the ANGELS, and SING-  
ING by the WAY, to HEAVEN.

**E**XPAND, ye portals of the sky,  
Receive a *new-freed* soul on high;  
A soul that once was chained down,  
An eagle clogged with a stone;  
Heavy the stone, and strong the cord,  
My neck and struggling foot that scor'd!  
A glad dismissal death has given,  
And winged me away to heaven.

Expand, ye portals of the sky,  
Receive a *spotless* soul on high;  
A soul that late was black and foul,  
Enthrall'd in flesh, a hateful owl,  
That light abhorr'd, and flew away  
From ev'ry glimpse of painful day,  
Unknowing of the divine pow'r,  
While darkness had the pow'r and hour.

Expand, ye portals of the sky,  
Receive a *shining* soul on high;  
No more in darkness now she mourns,  
But all a lamp of glory burns,  
A blazing star escap'd from hell,  
Where shades of darkness ever dwell:  
The Sun of glory shin'd on me,  
His love enlight'ning me I see.

Expand, ye portals of the sky,  
Receive a *virgin*-soul on high;  
How sadly I mistook the way,  
When from my Lord I went astray!

I tore

I tore my vows, and marriage vail,  
 I cry'd to ev'ry lover, 'Hail!  
 My Lord forgave, my Lord was good;  
 And wash'd me in his flowing blood.

Expand, ye portals of the sky,  
 Receive a *washed* soul on high;  
 My Lord, for all my ways unclean,  
 Did not reject me for his queen:  
 His pierc'd bosom overflows  
 With blood—and love unto his spouse;  
 As she had ne'er polluted been,  
 Blood-cleanf'd now, his spouse is clean.

Expand, ye portals of the sky,  
 Receive a *loved* soul on high;  
 My love with mutual ardour burns,  
 Nay, he to flame my spirit turns;  
 I burn but with reflected love,  
 Shed down on me from him above.  
 Lo, he is love, love in my breast,  
 And I in his, supremely blest.

Expand, ye portals of the sky,  
 Receive a *lovely* soul on high;  
 Her eyes are dove's eyes, chaste and kind,  
 All gleaming love upon her friend;  
 Her friend, her Lord, well knows her heart;  
 He beautify'd that better part;  
 No blame, no shame, upon his queen;  
 His queen all-glorious is within.

Expand, ye portals of the sky,  
 Receive a *loving* soul on high;  
 What keen desires within me move!  
 I'm all a raging fire of love!  
 O fan me, angel, with thy wing,  
 And sing your loves as angels sing!  
 What rapt'rous airs your harps employ!  
 I'm sailing on a sea of joy!



138 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Expand, ye portals of the sky,  
Receive a *blest* soul on high;  
Blessed be he for evermore,  
Who blessed me, whom I adore.  
Adieu, adieu, ye things below,  
Where vanities perpetual flow;  
To you I bid a long adieu;  
All hail to heav'n within my view!

Behold, the portals of the sky  
Before my face wide-open fly!  
With songs, the shining hosts of God  
Receive me to their blest abode;  
My guardian angels clap their wings,  
To meet my God my spirit springs—  
'All hail, my bride, welcome to me.'—  
All hail, my Lord, all hail to thee!

XCVI. *See the Salvation of the Lord.*

**B**OLDLY triumphant in my God,  
Escap'd the seas of wrath,  
I sing to him who dry'd the flood,  
And saved me from death.  
Impetuous did the torrents roll,  
Their depth was deep as hell;  
Deep and impetuous roll'd my soul—  
Who will the tumult quell?  
I meditated terrors long,  
I knew not what to think;  
I could not stem the waters strong,  
No more than hope to drink.  
Than Pharaoh's host more fierce, I saw,  
Pursuing hard behind,  
The terrors of the fiery law;  
My heart was mov'd like wind.

On

On either hand the mountains sleep  
Full o'er my head loose hung;  
And now my eyes could neither weep,  
Nor utter speech my tongue.

The swords and thund'rings on my rear,  
The mountains o'er my head,  
And things before me that appear,  
Had me quite stupefy'd.

Hark! all abrupt, another sound  
Surprized me still more;

The scene around me lost and drown'd,

Quite quash'd the mad uproar—

'Be still, and see Jehovah's hand;

'Thy strength is to stand still.'—

The waters part at his command,

Obedient to his will.

I found upon the paved rock

A passage thro' the sea;

No rebel-waters o'er me broke,

They stood a wall to me.

I now am safe upon the ground;

But all my foes, behind,

Ly in the closed waters drown'd,

Unto the pit consign'd.

Salvation, glory, to my God,

Of love and glory King,

Who took me from the raging flood,

And set me here to sing!

Sing, new creation, the new song

Of Moses and the Lamb:

My God, thy Spirit's on me strong;

I'm swallow'd in I AM!

XC VII. *The Rose of Sharon, and Lily of the Valleys.*

OF all the flow'rs that deck the field,  
 The Sharon rose, and valley lily,  
 To me delight can only yield,  
 And make me sing in life's low valley.  
 I was upon the brink of death,  
 My head turn'd round, all giddy, giddy,  
 I swoon'd away, dead-still my breath,  
 Lo, down the precipice then slid I.

But, O the memorable day!  
 As I was to the bottom going,  
 I chanc'd to light on, by the way,  
 What sav'd my absolute undoing:  
 I stuck upon a narrow cliff,  
 No sense nor motion was I knowing,  
 All wounded, mangled, cold, and stiff;  
 But in the rock-side, lo, was growing,

Growing, as afterwards I found,  
 A little distance, just below me,  
 The flow'r with blossom'd glories crown'd,  
 Whose wafted flavours circumflow me.  
 I start alive, and find a heav'n  
 Of sweetness brought me in the gale's wing;  
 Such strength and vigour to me giv'n,  
 I sing till all the hills and vales ring.

I sing the praise of Sharon's rose,  
 Of Sharon's rose—and valley lily;  
 On eagles wings my spirit flows,  
 And always haunts the valley lily.  
 O b'-'s'd the day for evermore,  
 Dead o'er the precipices fell I!  
 Since I the glories now explore  
 Of Sharon's rose, and valley-lily.

XCVIII. I

XCVIII. *I am the Rose of Sharon.*

THE rose of Sharon, evermore  
 For me the rose of Sharon!  
 Whose budding beauties heretofore,  
 By Moses and by Aaron,  
 But faintly shew'd, the people view'd,  
 Ev'n the whole congregation;  
 Its glory, peeping thro' the cloud,  
 Became their sweet salvation:  
 Now fully blown in gospel-days,  
 Before but like the dawning;  
 We're lost in the meridian blaze,  
 Without the cloudy awning.  
 For, typify'd, the Holy Lamb,  
 By Moses and by Aaron,  
 Peace, grace, and truth, by Jesus came,  
 Who is the rose of Sharon.

XCIX. *Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus.*

O Come away, come away,  
 O come thou from the sky, Jesus;  
 We will hail thy glorious day,  
 Coming from on high, Jesus.  
 Worn away with looking up,  
 O see our watry eyes, Jesus;  
 We have pledg'd thee in thy cup,  
 O give us now the prize, Jesus.  
 Faith, and hope, and all we have,  
 Lo, they are thine own, Jesus;  
 Thy word and Spirit both thou gave,  
 Unto us ev'ry one, Jesus.

Knowing



142 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Knowing therefore thee the True,  
The Faithful, and Amen, Jesus,  
Look we longing for thee now,  
To glorify thy name, Jesus.

Glorify thy name in us,  
And thy redemption send, Jesus;  
Thou wilt refine thy gold from dross,  
When thou thy heavens shalt rend, Jesus.  
To bring thy chosen Jewels home,  
O quickly come again, Jesus—  
Behold, for you I quickly come.  
Come, even so, Amen, Jesus!

C. GLORIFYING in the CROSS.

**F**ALSE men will glory in a name,  
Tho' all their glory is their shame,  
Who do not glory in the Lamb,  
But glory in a shadow;  
Their gold is a mere tinsel show,  
Their god does down their belly go,  
Vile serpents, liking dust below!  
Yet much they would persuade you,  
That fleshly wisdom were the thing,  
O believer, O believer;  
O beware thou of their sting,  
They'd have thee mourn for ever.

Be't far from me, that I should raise  
My glory on so weak a base,  
Delighting in a carnal praise,  
And glory not of Jesus;  
This were to rear upon the sand  
A fabric, that could never stand,  
Against the most express command  
Of him who came to save us;

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# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 143

Fleshly wisdom he destroys,  
O believer, O believer;  
If thou then wouldst taste his joys,  
Scorn still the grand deceiver.

Now God forbid, and so he shall,  
That I a-glorying ere should fall,  
In ought save in the cross at all,  
Of my Lord crucified.

The world, and all below the sky,  
Together crucified ly,  
To me; and to the world I,  
By him who for me died.

Glory in the Lord alone,  
O believer, O believer;

Let him who reigns upon the throne  
Reign over thy behaviour.

If any man in Jesus be,  
A mighty change in him you'll see,  
Then former things away shall flee,  
All leaving him for ever;

And, lo, advanced in their place,  
Whoever runs the Christian race,  
Shall find God's mercy, grace, and peace;  
And leave him shall they never.

Then glory now, and evermore,  
God's election, God's election;  
Sing ye praise, rejoice, adore!  
Jesus is your protection.

## CL. The CHRISTIAN RACE.

**T**HOU hast us chosen to the race  
Thy saints above have run, Jesus;  
The prize we have obtain'd by grace;  
In grace let us go on, Jesus.

The

144 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

The Alpha and Omega thou;  
The new name and new stone, Jesus:  
No strefs shall ever break our bow;  
Our strength 's in thee alone, Jesus.

Though tribulations line the way,  
In them we will rejoice, Jesus;  
Thy faithfulness shall last for ay;  
Thou wilt give us thy joys, Jesus.  
O blest'd the day, for evermore,  
Thy love took hold on me, Jesus!  
Let all thy hosts thy name adore,  
And sing loud praise to thee, Jesus!

Let gratitude my heart inflame,  
In whatsoe'er I do, Jesus;  
To God, my Father, in thy name,  
As I acknowledge due, Jesus.  
Thy Spirit on my spirit rest,  
The same creating new, Jesus;  
So shall I be completely blest'd,  
And pay my present vow, Jesus.

O how can I return again  
To sin, for which thou dy'dst, Jesus!  
Thou by thy death my foes hast slain,  
When thou wast crucify'd, Jesus.  
Thou diedst once, to die no more;  
But glorious now dost reign, Jesus;  
That I should live for evermore,  
And sing a glorious strain, Jesus.

Now wait I longing for thy day,  
Thy day when thou'lt appear, Jesus;  
When thou wilt wipe our tears away,  
And banish ev'ry fear, Jesus.  
Now to thy name the glory be,  
Of all thy love divine, Jesus;  
When we shall all thy glory see,  
In glory we shall shine, Jesus.

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As thou hast said, O come away,  
 From heaven high, for me, Jesus:  
 O thou my King, make no delay;  
 I long to be with thee, Jesus.  
 Where sin, and death, and sorrow all,  
 Shall quite forgotten be, Jesus,  
 Full of thy love and joy, I shall  
 For ever reign with thee, Jesus.

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CII. *There is therefore now no Condemnation to them that are in CHRIST JESUS.*

**T**O them now in Jesus,  
 There's no condemnation!  
 He dy'd to release us,  
 And brought us salvation:  
 Array'd with his merit,  
 By God's sov'reign favour,  
 We walk in the Spirit;  
 And so shall we ever.

The flesh, with its passions,  
 And deadly affections;  
 The world, with its fashions,  
 And all its connections;  
 Our spirits despise them,  
 And scorn more to taste 'em;  
 To God sacrifice them,  
 And deeply detest 'em!

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CIII. *The LAW of the SPIRIT of LIFE.*

**L**O, the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus  
 From that law of sin and of death hath  
 absolv'd us;



146 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

For now both his blood and his Spirit do ease us  
From the horrors of hell wherein guilt had in-  
volv'd us:

For what the law could not, in that it was weak,  
And quite insufficient by means of the flesh,  
God more than sufficient by Jesus did make;  
Whose mercies our bowels shall ever refresh:

He sent his own Son, in the season ordain'd,  
In likeness and habit of sinful mankind,  
An off'ring for sin, which he also sustain'd,  
Condemning the sin in the nature that sinn'd:  
That so the law-righteousness might be fulfill'd,  
And finish'd for us in the pow'r of our God;  
His blood was devoted for ours to be spill'd,  
To sprinkle the way to his heav'nly abode.

CIV. The CARNAL and SPIRITUAL MIND con-  
trasted.

**T**HE men, who remain in their carnal estate  
Do mind only things to the flesh which re-  
late;

But those, who're renew'd by the Spirit of God,  
Mind only the things which the Spirit hath show'd  
To be carnally minded's the minding of death,  
A forerunner certain of mis'ry and wrath;  
But to mind, as inclin'd by the Spirit of grace,  
Is the minding of life, and of joy, love, and peace

Because that the mind which is carnal-inclin'd,  
(And such is the natural bent of mankind),  
Is absolute enmity, warring with God,  
Despising his sceptre, despising his rod:  
His law it regards not, but laughs at the same;  
Unconscious, unfeeling, it scorneth his name;  
It cannot be subject to God, but to evil:

For why? It is wholly in pow'r of the devil.

CV.

CV. If any Man have not the SPIRIT of CHRIST, he is none of his.

It's certain as the truth of God,  
Which all th' apostles tell,  
That nothing good by man is show'd,  
While he's a child of hell:  
A child of hell each man is born,  
And must the same remain;  
A stranger to the Lord, forlorn,  
Unless he's born again.  
But ye are now the sons of God;  
Your fleshly state is o'er,  
In whom his Spirit makes abode,  
And shall do evermore:  
Now, as for him who's unpossess'd  
Of God the Holy Ghost,  
Of Christ the Lord he is unblest;  
His soul remaineth lost.

CVI. The OPERATION of GOD's WORD on my SOUL.

GOD's words! how they raise me, alarm me,  
arouse me, [me!  
Engage me, and please me, and charm, and amuse  
How decent, and pleasant, and sweet, 'tis for me,  
In the hour of temptation and evil occasion,  
When dangers are ranged around me, to flee  
To God's word, my refuge, the fort of my soul!  
From this elevation, my height of salvation,  
I laugh at the billows below me that roll!

I perch on the sky, and the tempest I scorn;  
As the vapours that low'r on the wings of the morn!  
My soul's in my Saviour! my Saviour's in heaven!  
I glory in God, who this glory hath given:

I glory in God, and in nothing besides;  
 For God is my glory—On the heavens he rides!  
 He spreads his wings round me, and calls me his  
 dove:

What thing shall confound me—since God is my  
 Love?

CVII. ALL THINGS LOSS for CHRIST.

**W**HEN I lay bound in darkness gross,  
 By ignorance enchain'd,  
 Dreaming my gain was in my loss,  
 The Sun of glory reign'd.  
 In love he me enlightened,  
 And free'd from ev'ry chain;  
 My soul a willing captive led;  
 With him I still remain.

He rais'd me by the Holy Ghost,  
 My conscience eas'd from pain;  
 Away my works of death he tost;  
 My Lord's my Life, my Gain.  
 He cloth'd me with a comely robe,  
 The Righteousness of God;  
 And made me soar above this globe,  
 Away to his abode.

All former things are loss and dung;  
 Away let them be gone;  
 The Lord my Righteousness, be sung,  
 And pleasures round his throne!  
 Hosanna to this Prince of mine!  
 Mortality when gone,  
 In his love clear and bright I'll shine,  
 A jewel in his crown.

CVIII. ALOFT

CVIII. ALOFT, my Soul, to GOD.

A LOFT, my soul, aloft to God;

Let Satan roar for thee aloud,

He can no more but make uproar;

Only be bold, and upward soar

To heav'n, upon the wings of faith,

Keeping that certain marked path,

Which Jesus trac'd out by his blood,

And guardeth by his Spirit good.

Aloft, my soul, aloft to God,

Rejoicing in his Spirit good;

He will for thee subdue thy sin,

And he will cleanse thee all within;

And he will dash the serpent down,

And all thy war with vict'ry crown;

And then will lift thee to the sky,

And make thee reign with him on high.

Aloft, my soul, aloft to God,

To reign with him in his abode;

Thy scanty cottage here below,

Will never make thee hang thy brow;

Nor yet the scantier fare within,

If once thou to his kingdom win:

No strait'ning place, nor scanty fare,

Nor pinching poverty is there.

Aloft, my soul, aloft to God,

And reign, and sing with him aloud;

No cause there is to damp thy song,

No weight to quell thy spirit strong;

The sin and death are drove away,

And chained in the pit to day;

The ill is gone, the good is come,

And I am come to God's own home.



150 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Amen, my soul, amen to God,  
 Delighting in his purpose good;  
 Delight thou therein, too, with him;  
 Thy glory never shall be dim;  
 Let earthly things beneath thee roll,  
 And swing the worlds from pole to pole;  
 Let all creation sing aloud!—  
 I'm lost, I'm swallow'd in my God!

CIX. *Nay, but, O MAN, who art thou?*

**WOULD** you refuse to take a drink,  
 Because you could not drink the whole,  
 If standing on a river's brink,  
 Thirst-scorched through the inmost soul?  
 Or would you shun to take the fords,  
 With pleasant, safe, and pebbly shoals,  
 Pursu'd by foes and deadly swords,  
 Because you could not ford the pools?  
 Or would you drown you in the sea,  
 Rather than sail along the top,  
 Because the bottom, hid from thee,  
 Ne'er cometh to the surface up?  
 'Then I were mad,' I hear you say,  
 With admiration and disdain;  
 'If I should act in such a way,  
 'Thrice worthy of a bedlam chain.'

And is there in thy heart a drop  
 Of wisdom, or of good design,  
 When thou wouldst dash the flowing cup  
 Of God's own select heav'nly wine,  
 Because, forsooth, thy narrow soul  
 (Go stretch it, stretch it, as you will)  
 Can never comprehend the whole  
 Of the wine-grapes on Zion-hill?

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# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 151

Believe it, thou shalt have a draught  
Of purest love, or purest wrath;  
The breath of God will either waft  
Thee to eternal life, or death.  
If thou wilt sail upon the flood,  
Rejoicing in the heav'nly gale,  
He'll pilot to his harbour good;  
If not, he'll sink thee quick to hell.

Now, how absurd and foolish is it,  
If thou wouldst calmly lend thine ear  
To common sense, lest thou shouldst miss it;  
For nought but common sense is here:  
Pray do not you impugn it, then,  
When you reject the book of God,  
And never say in faith, Amen,  
Because the whole's not understood?  
Behold, thou art that peevish soul,  
Who would not drink, nor fly the sword:  
For some few myst'ries in the whole,  
Despise thou the precious word?  
And is not that to dive the deep,  
Because it floateth not a-top?  
And therefore down to hell you sweep,  
Because the shades would not come up!—

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CX. *Who will reprove God, and answer it?*

I Hear, my friend, your grave remark  
Upon the Scriptures, in the dark;  
You tell us, 'They cannot be sure,  
'Which hold so many things obscure,  
'And therefore cannot be of God,  
'Who would his meaning clearly show'd—  
'And so you hope to be excus'd,  
'And scorn to have your sense abus'd.—

A mighty plausible pretence,  
 What candour, decency, and sense,  
 With rarest modesty combin'd,  
 How these improve the human mind!  
 Improve to such a dreadful height,  
 That ev'ry self-sufficient wight,  
 Is bold to open wide his mouth,  
 And take to task the God of Truth!—  
 But stay a little by the way,  
 And hear what ev'n a man can say;  
 ' The whole's too big for your small heart,  
 ' Your heart's too big for any part.'  
 Now, would not equal reason say,  
 ' I cannot comprehend the day;  
 ' So I conclude there is no light,  
 ' But the mid-day is the midnight?'  
 Or, ' I conclude there is no sea,  
 ' Because not wholly seen by me.'  
 Or, if the sea's allow'd to us,  
 You may wind up your logic thus;  
 ' The tides may ebb, the tides may flow,  
 ' But not by God, I surely know,  
 ' Else I myself (how can you doubt?)  
 ' Quite easily might search them out:  
 ' Why should not I surround the sea,  
 ' As well as it surroundeth me?  
 ' No, no, there can be no such thing,  
 ' Else I were made its sov'reign king;  
 ' At least I should its motions trace,  
 ' And sound its depth in ev'ry place;  
 ' Therefore I satisfy myself,  
 ' 'Tis an imaginary self.'  
 A singular logician thou!  
 Is this the way you always do?  
 Where thou canst not receive the whole,  
 Wilt thou no part? Thou silly fool!  
 One passage of the word is hard,  
 And from what's plain thy heart is scarr'd:

Well,

Well, are you scarred at your meat,  
 Because you cannot eat the plate?  
 Or wilt not eat a bit of flesh,  
 Because a bone lies in the dish?  
 Or, since we're in the mood of eating,  
 To dwell on food is most besitting;  
 A fancy now has struck my mind,  
 And it perhaps may hit my friend;  
 If you were just set down to dine,  
 The table either mine or thine,  
 And fully charged ev'ry dish,  
 With finest flesh, or finest fish;  
 Suppose the grace is duly said,  
 And ev'ry decent rite exped,  
 And all your heart is fill'd with gladness—  
 When, lo, a sudden gust of sadness  
 Be-grooms the beauty of the feast,  
 And you won't deign a bit to taste,  
 Because your stomach is unable  
 For all the meat upon the table!  
 You might proceed a little further,  
 And swear, you'd rather do a murthen,  
 Than touch an atom of the meat,  
 Because so narrow was your state,  
 You could not have the pleasant view,  
 To see the ocean come to you,  
 With ev'ry scale and ev'ry fin  
 That ever swim'd, or swims, therein—  
 The same propriety of thought  
 Runs thro' the whole objections brought  
 Against the page of Holy Writ,  
 Because in part beyond your wit;  
 As if you would not love your bride,  
 Unless you could the whole sex wed!  
 Nor wear a shirt upon your rib,  
 Except you wrapt you in the web!—



CXI. ALL for GOOD to the CALLED of  
GOD.

**L**O, all things work for good to them  
Who are belov'd of God,  
Ordain'd and call'd in Christ his Lamb,  
And wash'd in his blood:

For God in Christ did sin condemn,  
His purpose to fulfil;  
And justify'd us all in him,  
According to his will.

He reigns o'er all dominion, plac'd  
Above the highest heaven;

The pattern of his grace express'd,  
'To all his children given.

For Adam's sin, and curse, and shame,  
Point out the glory sure,

A life, thro' Jesus' blessed name,  
Which shall as God endure.

As we deform'd like Adam were,  
A lump of corrupt leaven;

So we shall bear the likeness fair  
Of Christ, the Lord from heaven.

As fire the gold, in melting down,  
Doth purify from dross;

So Christ his jewels, for his crown,  
Refineth by the cross.

When we're perplex'd and troubled sore,  
Flesh fails for a defence;

Jehovah, gracious, shews his pow'r,  
For our deliverance.

The more distress'd, the more we do  
In faith and love increase:

For when most weak, the more we know  
The strength of sov'reign grace.

Tho'

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 155

Tho' stratagems from hell be brought,  
 Against us storms to raise;  
 Our God their plots will bring to nought;  
 Their fury shall him praise.  
 Tho' raging seas should meet in one,  
 And mount to heav'n and roar,  
 They shall but serve to waft us soon  
 To our desired shore.  
 While passing thro' the vale of death,  
 No evil can us move;  
 The Prince of life hath trod the path,  
 And pav'd it all with love.  
 Now we defy our en'mies hands,  
 His sword hath slain them all;  
 And while Jehovah's counsel stands,  
 His ransom'd cannot fall.  
 He'll raise our bodies pure from blame,  
 Like Christ's, with Christ to reign:  
 That heav'n and earth may praise the Lamb,  
 Who for our sins was slain.

## CXII. HE'S HIGH UP ABOVE THE SKY.

**A** Mazements much would me compress,  
 And cover o'er with shame;  
 Would rob me of my happiness,  
 And blot my Saviour's name;  
*But let them say, or let them do, 'tis all one to me;  
 For he's high up above the sky that's waiting for me;  
 Waiting for me, my soul, waiting for me;  
 He's high up above the sky that's waiting for me.*

Fond Flatt'ry, with a soft address,  
 Would fain possess'd my love;  
 She tried ev'ry fond caress,  
 To see if she could move.

But, &c.

Despair

156 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Despair came bye the other day,  
 Stood as a fury grim;  
 He thought to fright my faith away,  
 And take my hope with him.  
*But, &c.*

Impatience gazed o'er the way,  
 And deafen'd me with din;  
 Long will ye watch, and fast, and pray,  
 Ere ye to heaven win.  
*But, &c.*

Complaint did mutter thro' his teeth,  
 And bade me see my state;  
 Against the winds you blow your breath,  
 And labour for a cheat.  
*But, &c.*

Fear, shudd'ring, staring, pale as clay,  
 Erect on end his hair,  
 Whisper'd, See, lions in the way!  
 You'll perish in this war.  
*But, &c.*

Wan Envy, with an evil eye,  
 Said, See how others fare;  
 They never look to yonder sky,  
 Yet fat and plump they are.  
*But, &c.*

Presumption, with a brazen face,  
 Said, vaunting by my side,  
 You have yourself enough of grace;  
 You're safe whate'er betide.  
*But, &c.*

Pride, strutting with a haughty air,  
 Said, Have you any heart?  
 Those jewels should be mighty fair  
 That I would pick from dirt!  
*But, &c.*

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Murmur, grumbling by the way,  
 Next mutter'd in my ear,  
 Your kingdom makes a strange delay;  
 I doubt if you get there.  
 But, &c.

The world said, I'll give you pay,  
 I'll give it ready; lo,  
 If you my counsel will obey,  
 You need no farther go.  
 But, &c.

Then fair-tongu'd Pleasure started up,  
 I'll give you choice of lusts;  
 With me I'll make you dine and sup;  
 My cook'ry suits all gusts.  
 But, &c.

' Yes! yes! we sisters three, the Flesh,  
 ' The Pride of life, the Eye,  
 ' With pleasure ev'ry soul refresh,  
 ' And stand within a cry.'  
 But, &c.

Fierce Pain, a hideous spectre, rose;  
 His pincers pinch'd me fore;  
 As if he'd been ten thousand foes,  
 The anguish made me roar.  
 But, &c.

Lo, Death has caught me in his fangs;  
 I struggle in his gripe;  
 Yet triumph o'er his fiercest pangs;  
 I'm now for glory ripe!  
 So, let them say, or let them do, 'tis all one to me;  
 For he's high up above the sky, that's waiting for me;  
 Waiting for me, my soul, waiting for me;  
 He's high up above the sky, that's waiting for me.



## CXIII. HIGH TIME TO AWAKE.

'TIS now high time that we awake,  
 We children of the day;  
 Nor draw we more to darkness back,  
 Now shines the gospel-ray.  
 Yea, fully shines the gospel-grace,  
 In God's beloved Son:  
 For he with God hath made our peace;  
 Our peace proclaim'd alone.

The Holy Ghost, to purify  
 Us wholly, he hath given;  
 To cleanse from all iniquity,  
 And make us meet for heaven:  
 In thee our God we will be glad,  
 Our race draws near an end;  
 Our dreary days away are fled,  
 Thou'lt soon redemption send.

Lord, reign thou o'er my heart alone,  
 My passions rule always;  
 Let all I do to thee be done,  
 And ev'ry breath be praise.  
 From thee, who call'd me by thy grace,  
 When I was quite undone,  
 The worst of all the fall'n race,  
 Free love upon me shone.

O may free love my heart constrain  
 All folly now to flee;  
 Thy Spirit, sealing me, remain,  
 So I'll remain with thee.  
 Without thee I can nothing do,  
 With thee I can do all;  
 My Lord, my God, uphold me thou,  
 And I shall never fall.

CXIV. LIFE

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# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 159

## CXIV. LIFE PASSING AS A RIVER.

PLeasant fountains, in the mountains,  
 Purl away with trickling current;  
 Bigger growing in the flowing,  
 Till they swell into a torrent.  
 See their motion to the ocean,  
 Now directly, then obliquely,  
 Ne'er abiding, onward gliding,  
 Now more slowly, then more quickly.  
 Ev'ry single drop will mingle,  
 Howsoever they may sever,  
 In their courings, thro' their oozings;  
 In the abyfs they're lost for ever.  
 So full pleasant is our present  
 Starting up at once to being;  
 Feeble motions, feeble notions,  
 With our first estate agreeing.  
 Waxing stronger still, the longer,  
 Life and we are on our motion;  
 Ev'ry passion, ev'ry fashion,  
 Laying claim to our devotion.  
 Till at last we crowd the vast sea  
 Of eternal joy or sorrow;  
 As you live now, God will give you  
 Heav'n, or hell, yea, on the morrow.

## CXV. THY LIFE is a VAPOUR.

YOur life is a shadow, and so it doth glide;  
 He is perfectly mad, who would therein con-  
 Resembling a man who should leap in a pit; [side;  
 The pit's void of substance; so he were of wit:  
 Supposing the darkness will bear him afloat;  
 He diveth, and sinketh, and dies on the spot.

160 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Your life is an arrow, dividing the air;  
It leaveth no trace of its having been there:

The arrow still hasteneth on to the mark;  
So life on its motion, till sunk in the dark;  
The dark spot of death is the centre of all;  
And there in communion together we fall.  
Your life is a vapour, a gleaming of light,  
That flaunteth a-flop thro' the gloom of the night;  
A meteor lightening, and shining afar,  
While the peasants who see it cry out, 'A shot star.'

So, after a luminous moment of lustre,  
We fall to the turf down at once in a cluster.  
Or have you observed the *boreal* light,  
Entitled *Aurora*, so streaming and bright?  
All redd'ning and blushing, it flies off at once,  
And, as it were, merrily dances askance,  
With keen emulation, and motion, and strife—  
If so, you have seen the true emblem of life.

CXVI. AWAKE, and SING.

**H**OW highly bless'd are all the seed  
Of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Head!  
When he did die, in him we dy'd;  
With him our flesh was crucify'd:  
Death by his death he overcame;  
The lion's conquer'd by the Lamb;  
The Lamb arose, by his own pow'r,  
On all our foes contempt to pour.

Ascend he did victoriously,  
In triumph then most gloriously:  
In him, our Head, we did ascend;  
In him we have life without end.  
In Jesus when we fall asleep,  
He only foldeth in his sheep;  
He doth within his bosom hide  
His lambs from ills, whate'er betide.

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# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 161

But oh, his great appearing-day  
His saints in glory shall display;  
Our bodies from the dust he'll raise,  
Vessels of honour, love, and praise;  
In us his glory he will shew,  
As sun illustrates morning-dew.  
' Arise, my tribes, arise and sing,'  
He cries: with joy to him we spring.

We sing thy praises ever due;  
We sing thy song for ever new:  
Glory to thee we do ascribe,  
Redeem'd by thee from ev'ry tribe:  
We sing our God, his Son who gave,  
Us from so great a death to save;  
We sing the glories of the Son,  
Who hath for us the vict'ry won.

Ye cherubims and seraphims,  
Who veil your faces with your wings,  
In burning raptures do you sing  
The love, the glory of our King.  
Sing, sing, all heav'n, sing to our Lord;  
Behold, all things he hath restor'd:  
Our God reigns ever all in all;  
We reign with him for ever shall.

## CXVII. CHRIST our PEACE.

**G**OD speaketh peace unto his saints,  
His own dear children ev'ry one;  
Abundant peace to us he grants  
Through his belov'd eternal Son.  
His Son the enmity hath slain,  
And cloth'd our enemies with shame;  
Exalted over all to reign,  
Peace, peace to us he doth proclaim.



162 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

- ‘ My blood, he says, ‘ I shed for you,
- ‘ And cleansed you from ev’ry stain;
- ‘ My love-constrained saints, O now,
- ‘ Do not defile your robes again:
- ‘ To folly do not turn again,
- ‘ But dwell in bosom of my grace;
- ‘ So shall your foes assault in vain,
- ‘ And you shall ever rest in peace.’

Amen to all thy words, O Lord:  
 According to thy own decree,  
 Thy everlasting strength afford,  
 And perfect what concerneth me.  
 O let me never more return  
 To any earthly base desires;  
 These by thy breath consume and burn,  
 And fill me with thy heav’nly fires.

CXVIII. The LORD COMING.

COME, ye tempests, pour your rage,  
 Blow, ye winds, descend, ye floods;  
 Christ, the Rock of ev’ry age,  
 Will make you pass like morning clouds.  
 Pass ye, pass ye far away,  
 Pass ye quick, return no more;  
 Hasten, Lord, thy coming-day,  
 Haste, we pray thee o’er and o’er:  
 Lo, behold, their outspread hands,  
 All thy children stretch to thee;  
 Come, refresh thy weary lands,  
 And let all flesh thy glory see.  
 Come, and be thou like a roe,  
 Like a roe or fallow-deer,  
 Joyful on the mountain’s brow;  
 That so we may with thee appear.

O my spirit, watch and pray;  
 Let thy lamp incessant burn,  
 Waiting for thy marriage-day,  
 When thy Bridegroom shall return.  
 Hear I not his chariot-wheels,  
 Sounding through the bending skies,  
 With all the heavens at his heels?  
 See, the world before him flies!

Hark, the saint-transporting sound!  
 Ye chosen, see the Bridegroom come;  
 Come ye from your farthest bound;  
 Welcome to your glory home:  
 Welcome, welcome, Lord, to thee;  
 Lo, thy virgins round thee throng;  
 Come, and ever with us be:  
 Now we sing th' eternal song!

Now we sing the song of Moses,  
 Song of Moses, and the Lamb:  
 Thou hast beaten all our foes, as  
 Smallest sand below the stream:  
 Streams of wrath have gone above them,  
 And have swept them clean away;  
 But thy saints (ye fiends, remove them!)  
 Swim in pleasures, ever gay.

CXIX. VESSELS of MERCY fashioned.

COME, my friend, and wisely ponder,  
 How the skilful vessel-founder  
 Brings his works, without a blunder,  
 Every one to due perfection:  
 The dross, though mingled with the metal,  
 Yet, fire-resolv'd, it soon doth settle;  
 And then he forms a pot or kettle,  
 Sound and pure to all inspection.

164 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

So the chosen vessels, casten  
By the hand of God, will fasten,  
Dross-free, by themselves in fashion,  
As their Maker hath decreed.  
He will fire and bellows furnish,  
While they melt in earthen furnace,  
And grow meet to take the burnish,  
From their clay-built furnace freed.

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CXX. We shall SEE HIM as HE IS.

**W**ERE I dismissed from this cell,  
Where all my damps and shadows dwell,  
No sorrow should my spirit quell,  
Which burns for heav'nly vision.  
When sinking in the miry clay,  
Unblessed with a single ray,  
My blackest night was chang'd to day,  
By glimpse of heav'nly vision.

Bewilder'd, standing all aghast,  
The fainting pilgrim on the waste  
Cries, 'Lo, the danger's overpast!  
On seeing kindly vision.

She takes him in her friendly hand,  
And leads him to the blessed land,  
Till glad before the King he stand,  
Faith swallow'd up in vision.

By faith we live in barren soil,  
Feeding on manna all the while;  
We baffle each malicious wile  
Of him who sows division.  
Through faith we leave our fears behind,  
When all about is wav'ring wind:  
Faith is our constant friend, and kind;  
Faith is a smile of vision.

## SPIRITUAL SONGS. 165

O always smile with pleasant eye;  
 No mortal thing will I envy;  
 My treasure's all above the sky,  
 In hope of heav'nly vision.  
 O haste thee, death, and burst my chain;  
 Deliver me from tears and pain,  
 And give me, all in love to reign,  
 In bosom of my vision.

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### CXXI. DEATH WILL BANISH SADNESS.

**T**HIS world is a vale of tears,  
 A wilderness of thorns and briers,  
 A den of lions, a haunt of bears;  
 But death will banish sadness;  
 The tears are first a springing well,  
 The well becomes a running rill,  
 The rill doth to an ocean swell;  
 O welcome, death, with gladness.

This wilderness is full of fear;  
 Care is the grievous thorn and brier,  
 Our tender flesh whose prickles tear;  
 But death will banish sadness:  
 As strayed lambs the thickets twine,  
 Rough branching thorns around them cling;  
 So wrenching pains our bowels wring:  
 O welcome, death, with gladness.

As trav'ling through this howling waste,  
 Companions, talking breast-a-breast,  
 We meet, perhaps, a hideous beast,  
 (But death will banish sadness),  
 A dreadful lion, glaring fires,  
 Lashing his sides with fiercest ires;  
 Between his jaws my friend expires:  
 O welcome, death, with gladness.

Among



166 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Among her father's new-mown hay,  
Lately, on her espousal-day,  
A virgin pure went forth to pray,  
(But death will banish sadness),  
Before the joyful bridegroom came,  
A foaming bear from forest ran,  
And hugg'd \* the lovely blameless lamb:  
O welcome, death, with gladness.

All lorn upon our weary way,  
We wander from our homes astray;  
Our guides they seldom but betray:  
But death will banish sadness:  
Sad, fable-wing'd, with shrieks and howls,  
Comes on the night, and prowling wolves;  
Trembling we cry as wailing owls:  
O welcome, death, with gladness.

Amaz'd, we pass, and stumble on,  
Now on a stock, now on a stone;  
Our hopes are with our pleasures gone:  
But death will banish sadness:  
Before us a steep frightful den,  
Around us all a deadly fen,  
Pursue behind more dreadful men:  
O welcome, death, with gladness.

If any time we fall asleep,  
Lo, monsters raging from the deep,  
Or serpents hissing by us sweep:  
But death will banish sadness:  
Awake we, startled from our wit,  
And, flying, hide us in some pit,  
Then bleed we there, by serpents bit:  
O welcome, death, with gladness.

\* In this way bears make their attack and destroy.

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Lo, morning springs, with healing beams!

Full on my heart the glory streams,

And all my bosom gladness gleams;

For death has banish'd sadness;

The sadness fled as morning dew;

Whole heaven rusheth on my view:

O death, my trusty friend, adieu!

Come, welcome life, with gladness!

# CXXII. The PRAISES of GOD'S WORD.

**A**RISE, my spirit, soar and sing  
Melodious breathings to thy King;

Sing high the praises of his word;

What raptures does his word afford!

Afford to me, afford to all,

On whom the Holy Ghost does fall!

No joy did ever equal theirs,

And in his word the joy appears.

His word surpasseth earthly things;

With praises thereof heaven rings:

Yet we may climb by gradual mean,

Till up some pinnacle we win,

Some Pisgah-top, to view the plains,

Where God in love for ever reigns,

Where streams of pleasure always flow,

And all the sweets his Isra'l know.

Well knew old Isra'l in their day,

While tabernacling in this clay,

What blessings grew upon the field,

And all the gladness earth could yield:

Their rivers ran with milk and oil,

And honey flow'd in all their soil;

Feeding on these, in death they griev'd—

He sent his word, and lo, they liv'd.

Sweet

168 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Sweet is the light of pleasant day,  
When, all-array'd in glory gay,  
The year appears in Summer's pride,  
Adorned as a blooming bride;  
Around her health and beauty reign,  
And pleasure beats in ev'ry vein;  
The whole is as the glow-worm gleams—  
But in his word the day-spring beams.

Sweet music, thrilling through the soul,  
Incaptivates the wise and fool;  
Her touches, trembling, airy, light,  
As lightnings playing through the night,  
Will melt the fiercest spirit down  
Into a still ecstatic swoon;  
The mind who loves this music mourns—  
His word to joy our mourning turns.

Escap'd from all the deaths at sea,  
His head down-hanging to his knee,  
The sickly sailor, pained fore,  
Slow-creeping up some spicy shore,  
His ravish'd nostrils in the gale,  
Life, health, and transport sweet inhale—  
But in the word, my garden, blows  
The Valley-lily and Sharon's Rose.

Twisting in agonizing throws,  
When time her burden would disclose,  
Anguish, hard-gripping in his fangs  
The mother labouring in her pangs,  
What bursts of gladness o'er her gleam,  
Her soul emerging from the stream,  
The sudden blast when overblown!—  
God's word so gladdens all his own.

On Samson, mighty prince of Dan,  
A lion from the vineyards ran;  
He caught him by his stretched paw,  
And tore the monster jaw from jaw;

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# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 169

Whom passing afterwards he sees  
Embawell'd all by honey-bees:  
How sweet the honey from the combs!—  
The word of God much sweeter comes.

Advent'rous on the Indian plains,  
If merchants, hunting after gains,  
At any time a treasure find,  
Alarm'd at ev'ry rustling wind,  
They boldly guard it on the field,  
And only with their life they yield—  
God's word's my only treasure; I  
With it will live, with it will die.

Bewilder'd fore, his eyes bedimm'd,  
The weary trav'ller all-benumb'd,  
Expos'd in the wreathing snow,  
When drifted tempests fiercely blow;  
How welcome is his pleasant home,  
Instead of horror's deadly gloom,  
His children running round his knee!—  
So welcome is God's word to me.

When lying helpless in my blood,  
My Lord in mercy o'er me stood;  
Upon my wounds his eyes he turn'd,  
And all the while his bowels yearn'd;  
He wrapt me in his softest love,  
And swift away my sorrows move;  
For then he seal'd me for his own—  
And by his word his love was shown.

When Adam and his Eve were bold,  
As holy Scriptures have us told,  
To eat of that forbidden tree,  
So dear, my friends, to you and me,  
Jehovah came in friendly guise,  
And shew'd his mercy by surprize;  
He smiled at their apron-leaves—  
But in his word a cov'ring gives.



170 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Sweet Jonathan and David were  
One soul within two bodies fair;  
If David, chosen and belov'd,  
Was grieved, Jonathan was mov'd;  
They soar'd, two eagles, to the sun;  
'Their course of friendship equal run;  
Were both accepted of the Lord—  
For both believed in his word.

In dire distress I found no ease;  
'The word my kind physician was:  
When bound in chains, condemn'd to die,  
'The word gave me my liberty:  
Weary, I wander'd all alone,  
Without a guide I was undone—  
The word drew nigh, and said to me,  
'Behold a faithful friend to thee.'

Inclos'd in horror's deepest shade,  
I sat, I wept, I mourned sad;  
When lo, a bright, a sudden gleam  
Of glory all around me came;  
All instantaneous fled away  
The shades and horrors from the day;  
I sprung for joy with sweet surprise—  
It was the word that bless'd my eyes.

Embattl'd legions from the deep,  
Like rushing whirlwinds, round me sweep;  
They toss'd me as a tennis-ball,  
In pieces almost shook me all;  
No stop, no stay their fury knows;  
O who will save me from my foes!—  
Like lightning flew the fiery flame,  
God's word, and quite consumed them.

Bewilder'd in a wilderness,  
From sorrows finding no regress,  
I fell into a sinking fen,  
Contiguous to death's dismal den;

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Death, grappling dragon, round me clasp't,  
And tore my entrails as he graft;  
My God beheld the dreadful deed—  
His word he sent; his word me freed.

A paradise of joy to me,  
His word before me spread, I see;  
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,  
And where the tree of life doth grow;  
The glory thereof's all divine;  
The tree, and fruit, and all are mine;  
No serpent lurks in all the place;  
For all is God, and all is grace.

My God is God for evermore;  
His grace I evermore adore:  
My God hath built me on his Son;  
His Son is my Foundation-stone;  
On him the building all depends,  
And he the building all defends:  
I am a temple for my Lord,  
He dwells within me by his word.

The Word Incarnate is my Priest;  
By him my temple all is blest:  
Away with ev'ry thing unclean;  
Nought here but holiness be seen!  
O thou adored of my soul,  
Possess my soul, possess me whole,  
Conduct me to thine own abode,  
According to thy word, O God.

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CXXIII. The PURE in HEART BLESSED.

O Blessed, blessed ev'ry one  
Whom God the Father blesteth!  
He blesteth them in his own Son,  
Whose love their soul possesseth:

172 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

For God, our Father, sees no sin  
In Jesus his Beloved,  
Who dwells by faith our souls within,  
In whom we are approved.

Within our heart, a living well,  
His Holy Spirit floweth;  
And cleanseth it, tho' foul as hell,  
Till pure as heav'n it gloweth.  
God's promises are pure and sure,  
In Christ *yea and amen ay*;  
O ye who thus in heart are pure,  
In him ye shall remain ay:

Your eyes shall see his glorious face,  
In love eternal glowing,  
Whose brightness fills the holy place,  
With raptures overflowing.  
Let heav'n and earth his love proclaim,  
And sing to God our glory;  
His holy, holy, holy Name,  
O all his saints, adore ye.

I will myself adore and sing,  
With spirit burning veh'ment;  
And ev'ry soul will praise the King,  
Who knows the King is clement.  
His clemency I know full well,  
He wrapt me in his favour;  
When I deserv'd in wrath to dwell,  
He came himself my Saviour.

He flew to me on wings of love,  
And made a timely rescue,  
And caught me up to him above,  
That I might sing at rest now.  
His fame eternity shall sound,  
And all his hosts shall join me;  
While heav'n, and earth, and hell rebound  
His praise who doth refine me.

CXXIV. The

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## CXXIV. The Assurance of FAITH.

**R**edeemed by the blood of God,  
 What more have I to do,  
 But follow him to his abode,  
 And to his Spirit bow?  
 He finish'd all the righteousness  
 On that accursed tree;  
 And sent the Spirit of his grace  
 To shew the same to me.

This righteousness is now my own,  
 My God ordain'd it so;  
 For theirs it is to whom 'tis shown;  
 They're justify'd who know.  
 Who know the Father, and the Son,  
 In whom he is well-pleas'd,  
 Are sav'd by what the Son hath done,  
 From all their guilt releas'd.

I have the Witness in my heart,  
 The Holy Ghost is he;  
 Who doth to me the joy impart,  
 And give me light to see.  
 The person who beholds the light,  
 Rejoiceth in the sun;  
 And I, a child of glory bright,  
 Rejoice in God alone.

Rejoicing in my God, I know  
 That I rejoice in him;  
 From him the streams of glory flow,  
 That fill me to the brim.  
 Why should I then, as empty, cry,  
 'O Lord, give me a drop;  
 When I am full of God most high,  
 Preventing fear and hope?



174 SPIRITUAL SONGS

Could Adam, in his innocence,  
Cry, ' Lord, give me to live,  
' And cause me feel the pleasant sense  
' Of what thy bounties give?  
Or can a child of God by faith,  
An heir in Jesus Christ,  
Mock God, and cry for what he hath,  
As if he were not blest?

Or rather, should he not allow  
The mercies of the Lord?  
And thankful at his footstool bow,  
Triumphing in his word?  
Where is the high presumptuous sin,  
To take the gift of God?

As freely as he doth incline,  
So freely take we shou'd.

Oh hateful counterfeiting Pride,  
'Tis thou who stole the name  
Of meek Humility, to hide  
The grossness of thy shame.  
'Tis not, Humility, thy task,  
To weave a thin excuse;  
And then for worthiness to ask,  
That thou mayst grace abuse.

Thy office, O Humility,  
Is, frankly to receive  
What frankly cometh from on high,  
And God the glory give.  
Amen, to God the glory be,  
Who made the sons and heirs,  
That they might all his glory see;  
His glory all is theirs.

O worthy of his glory then,  
And worthy of his love,  
Ye highly favoured of men,  
Your sonship now approve.

Bear

Bear witness, ev'ry child of hell;  
 And ev'ry child of heav'n;  
 Whene'er my spirit shall rebel,  
 To me the shame be giv'n  
 To him the glory of his love;  
 Let love possess my soul;  
 Let all my motions be in love;  
 My God, possess me whole:  
 Possess me now, possess me still,  
 Thy Spirit in me reign,  
 And guide me to thy holy hill—  
 My God, thou sayst, Amen?

CXXV. The Good Shepherd.

**I** Only am the Shepherd good,  
 My life I freely gave;  
 So was I fore-ordain'd of God,  
 That I my sheep should save.  
 Lost were my sheep, forlorn their case,  
 No favour to them shown;  
 I, of my own free sovereign grace,  
 Did chuse them for my own.  
 I saw, when none to rescue was,  
 And from my throne came down;  
 I took you from the lions jaws,  
 Fierce lions trampled on.  
 I sounded loud my gospel pipe,  
 And opened your ear;  
 This mark I give all my own sheep,  
 My voice they know and hear.  
 No stranger they will hear, nor go  
 With those who spoiled them;  
 For their own Shepherd's voice they know,  
 And glory in his name.

Altho'

176 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Altho' my sheep in distant lands  
Be scatter'd far abroad,  
I'll guide them by my skilful hands  
Safe to my own abode.

Our great High Shepherd goes before  
His sheep, he leadeth them  
In pastures green for evermore,  
Where living waters stream:  
For no destroyer haunts the plains  
Wherein his flocks are fed;  
Glorious our Shepherd ever reigns,  
And vict'ry crowns his head.

He death for us did undergo,  
For us he bore the pain;  
That we eternal life might know,  
And in his kingdom reign.  
Lo, God the Father holds us all;  
In God the Son we stand;  
O who are they that ever shall  
Pluck us out of his hand?

Tho' all the pow'rs of earth and hell  
Against us should advance,  
The mighty God in us doth dwell,  
His glory's our defence.  
We'll raise his glory in our song,  
Who us so high doth raise;  
For heav'n in us is now begun,  
And our employ is praise.

Our works of love shall clearly show  
That we are born of God;  
Since all we have to him we owe,  
Redeemed by his blood.  
Extolled be thy name by me,  
Let all thy creatures join,  
And praise the God of love, the Three,  
Eternal Three, in One.

CXXVI. The

CXXVI. The Words of ETERNAL LIFE.

TO whom but thee, Lord, shall we go;  
To whom but thee alone?

For being taught of God, we know

Thou art his only Son.

With thee eternal life is found,

The promise thou dost give;

They who are in life's bundle bound,

With thee shall ever live.

Thy words did quicken us when dead,

Thou breath'd this life of thine;

By faith we on thy body feed,

And drink thy blood divine.

How can we hunger more, O God,

Or thirst, or more repine,

When fed with thy delicious food,

And drink, supremely fine?

How can we with the world more

Pursue for empty things;

When, lo, we have all needful store

In thee, O King of kings?

For thus thou freely hast declar'd

'Thy love to all thine own;

'Thy grace in glory to reward

With an immortal crown.

Lord, hasten on thy wish'd-for day,

Swift folding up the sky;

And glory of thy pow'r display,

With stately majesty;

That viewing all thy glory, we

In bright array may shine;

Reflecting back thy love on thee,

With all those hosts of thine.

CXXVII. A



## CXXVII. A FLIGHT TO GLORY.

**H**AIL to the Holy Spirit's beam,  
 That upon my spirit plays;  
 Kindling up a heavenly flame,  
 That makes all my spirit blaze.  
 Like Manoah's angel from the rock,  
 Lo, my sanctify'd desire,  
 A sparkling glory thro' the smoke,  
 Keen as fire to be higher—  
 Higher up, and higher still,  
 Winged by the fire below,  
 Till it reach to Zion-hill,  
 And into God's bosom flow;  
 Mingling with Eternal Love,  
 Thence it came, and there it flows;  
 Chaining me to God above,  
 For a chain between us goes;  
 A chain of sympathetic links,  
 Sympathetic pulls I feel;  
 Drawn up speedily, methinks,  
 Now I rest on Zion-hill,  
 O what glories on me burst!  
 Were I in the body now,  
 (For I'm now a spirit just),  
 Life would with the vision go.  
 Ah! my fellow-saints beneath,  
 Whom I left as grov'ling worms,  
 You are dead for want of death;  
 Oh what wonders death performs!  
 Here, we cannot now express;  
 There, you cannot yet conceive;  
 Haste ye, come to Paradise,  
 Come, and see what you believe.

CXXVIII. SHALL

CXXVIII. SHALL WE SIN BECAUSE OF  
GRACE?

**W**HOE'ER should eat a pois'nous thing,  
And cry, ' God save me from the venom!'  
Would only mock the heav'nly King;  
His very prayers would condemn him.  
And wert thou guiltless, O my soul,  
If thou shouldst suck the worst of poison;  
And underneath thy tongue should roll,  
As if it were a healthful potion?

Canst thou imagine God will hold  
Unto thy wickedness a candle;  
While, viewing mercy, thou art bold  
Thy Delilah on knee to dandle?  
Whoe'er they be that sin embrace,  
In hopes of having free salvation,  
Because they see abounding grace,  
Are doom'd by justice to damnation.

Avaunt ye, then, each curst thing!  
What have I more to do with idols?  
For I'm espous'd to Christ my King,  
And Christ my King will bear no rivals.  
Thy love, O Christ, a mighty stream,  
With even course, that ne'er can vary,  
Shall wash me from all stain and blame,  
And swiftly me with it shall carry—

Adown the channel of thy will,  
Thy love the element I swim in;  
Thy love and Spirit, Lord, me fill,  
As in thine eyes is most becoming.  
While hypocrites but make a show,  
Like dead fish with the current going;  
Let all my life and motions flow  
From thy pure love, within me flowing.

CXXIX. FELLOW-

## CXXIX. FELLOW-CITIZENS WITH THE SAINTS.

**A**WAY, O ye sorrows and fears,  
 Away now, and ever away;  
 Away, O ye fightings and tears;  
 This, this is my pleasant sweet day;  
 How sweet, and how joyful to me,  
 Now I live by the death of my Lord,  
 Agreeable to the decree,  
 Which I read in th' infallible word!

With high exultation I sing,  
 And gladly my confidence place  
 In thee my Redeemer and King;  
 Thy blood is my glory, my peace;  
 For though I be nothing at all,  
 But an atom that creepeth on earth;  
 That I might arise by his fall,  
 He humbled himself to the death.

That I might no more be a stranger,  
 And foreigner with the exiles,  
 He rush'd through the heart of my danger;  
 And, dying, upon me he smiles.  
 A citizen now with the saints,  
 In fellow-communication with God,  
 I triumph above my complaints,  
 And laugh at the terrors abroad.

I know my foundations are sure;  
 They cannot be moved away;  
 For he is infinite in pow'r,  
 Who is my Foundation and Stay:  
 In him the whole building is made,  
 Compacted together in one;  
 And I by the Spirit am laid  
 On him as a polished stone.

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 181

A temple of beauty for God,  
 We're builded together in love;  
 A pure everlasting abode,  
 From whence he will never remove.  
 Sing loudly, and glory proclaim,  
 To him who projected the plan,  
 And finish'd in blood of the Lamb:  
 Sing glory to God ev'ry one.

## CXXX. A PARAPHRASE on the LORD's PRAYER.

OUR Father, Lord, and God, and King,  
 Who reignest over all,  
 O'ershade thy children with thy wing,  
 And hear us when we call;  
 O hallow'd be thy holy name,  
 And hallow'd be thy praise;  
 Thy praise alone be all our theme,  
 And service all our days!  
 Thy kingdom promis'd, in the hour  
 Appointed by thy love;  
 The kingdom of thy grace and pow'r,  
 Come quickly from above:  
 Thou sayst, Behold, I quickly come;  
 Come, even so, Amen;  
 And take us to thy glory home,  
 That we with thee may reign.  
 Thy will, in all the world around,  
 As it in heav'n is done,  
 Be done by us, as we are bound,  
 In name of God the Son.  
 Give day by day whate'er we need,  
 According to thy will:  
 Thou, Father, wilt thy fam'ly feed,  
 With due provision still.



182 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Forgive our daily sins, we pray!  
 Forgiveness still we need:  
 For though our guilt is wash'd away,  
 And justice hath us freed;  
 Alas! our daily trespasses,  
 While we on earth sojourn,  
 O God, against thy love transgress,  
 For which, ashamed, we mourn!  
 That mercy we've obtain'd of thee,  
 (For thou, O God, art love),  
 So full! so pure! so sov'reign! free!  
 Shall us for ever move  
 Our brethren freely to remit  
 The fifty pence they owe;  
 As thou forgave us all that debt,  
 That we might now do so.  
 Deliver, Lord, from ills around;  
 From all temptation free;  
 And let thy mercy more abound;  
 As we in danger be;  
 We only plead thy promise, Lord,  
 And glory in thy love,  
 Assur'd, according to thy word,  
 Thou wilt our Father prove.  
 Behold, the kingdom, glory, pow'r,  
 Are thine for evermore;  
 Thou, in thine own decisive hour,  
 Wilt all things new restore:  
 In confidence of love divine,  
 Thou, One Eternal Three,  
 In one Amen we all combine:  
 O Abba, Father, see!

## CXXXI. ANTHEM.

**L**ET Zion's trumpet sound;  
Tell all the world around,  
Jesus is King.

Tell death and devils, then;  
Believers scorn their chain;  
All Satan's arts are vain:  
Great is our King.

He great salvation brings,  
While hell's infernal kings

Men's souls destroy;  
Then let his chosen sing  
Glory to God our King,  
From whom all blessings spring—  
Eternal joy.

He will his flock defend,  
And make his grace extend

Far as his fame;  
Heav'n's choicest blessing shed  
On each believer's head,  
And make our foes to dread  
Jesus's name.

Lord, make us still to stand,  
And by thy mighty hand

Make our foes fall.  
From sin and slavery,  
Priests and their knavery,  
And popish revery,  
Lord, save us all.

Shame to our Saviour's foes,  
Priest-ridden fools, and those  
Who wish our thrall:

From doubts, and fears, and frets,  
Rome, and her pagan rites,  
Smooth knaves and hypocrites,  
God save us all.

CXXXII. *Wherewith shall I come before the  
LORD?*

**B**EFORE the Lord, wherewith shall I  
Presume to come and pacify?

Shall I with off'rings come to thee,  
O God most high, and bow the knee?  
Or calves upon thine altar lay,  
My aggravated debts to pay?  
Oh, will the Lord well pleased be  
With any thing that comes from me?

Shall rams by thousands yield their blood,  
To mollify the heart of God?  
Or thrice as many thousand more,  
Rivers of oil before him pour?  
Or must I now my first-born kill,  
'That God may spare my blood to spill?  
Shall I my body's fruit resign,  
To free my soul from death and sin?—

Away, thou fool! for God hath shew'd,  
That none of these are meet for God:  
Thy gifts may stay within thy walls;  
Thy calves may feed within their stalls;  
Thy rams may dwell among thy flocks;  
God covets not thy ram nor ox;  
And though thou pour ten thousand floods,  
He scorns thy oil and all thy goods.

But God hath shew'd to thee, O man,  
The Good, the Just, the Holy One:

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# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 285

Behold the Lamb of God; behold  
His streaming blood, and be thou bold.  
In him, appeas'd, the Lord doth rest;  
In him rest thou, and be thou blest;  
Receive, rejoice, and humble be;  
Jehovah asks no more of thee.

Jehovah's righteousness is shown,  
That thou mayst know it all thy own:  
Jehovah's just, and faithful too;  
Believe, be just, and faithful thou;  
Mercy he loves, and gives to thee;  
Mercy love thou, and thankful be;  
Faith, love, obedience, still be shew'd:  
This is the way to walk with God.—

Thus hath Jehovah shew'd to men  
The way that's good and sovereign;  
And what he doth require of thee,  
Now done in Jesus thou mayst see:  
By grace we're freely justify'd;  
For nought have we that can us hide,  
Or from the hand of justice free:  
No other way but grace we see.

Now, since thou hast thy mercy shown,  
And to the worst of men made known,  
That we should love, and live in God,  
Our everlasting sure abode;  
That humble in thy way, O Lord,  
We may be found with one accord,  
O give to walk by grace divine;  
That we may in thy glory shine.

There shall we in thy love abound,  
And evermore thy praises sound;  
Nor from those crystal streams above,  
Shall any fiend thy saints remove.  
Away with doubts and terrors then!  
Why should they any more remain?



Give us to watch in faith and love,  
Till Christ, our Hope, come from above.

CXXXIII. *Ho, every one that thirsteth. Isa.  
lv. 1.*

**H**O, ho, ye thirsty, see the streams,  
Jehovah's strength aloud proclaims;  
The streams of life before you flow,  
From heaven down to earth below;  
Come to the waters, come ye all,  
And drink obedient to my call;  
Yea, he that hath no money, come;  
For money here there is no room.

Come ye, and buy, and fill your soul,  
And eat and drink without controul;  
Come moneyless, buy milk and wine,  
Without a price, or ought of thine.  
Why do ye spend your strength in vain,  
And labour in the fire with pain?  
Your money goes but for your sweat,  
And brings you neither drink nor meat.

Attention give to me, your Lord,  
And live by my eternal word;  
My word's the food by which you live;  
You eat the food when you believe;  
Eat, O my friends, and drink your fill,  
The Bread of Life is at your will;  
Delight your soul in what is good;  
Fatness and marrow be your food.

Incline your ear, and come to me,  
And you shall all my glory see;  
Hear, and your soul shall live, I swear;  
Let heav'n and earth Jehovah hear;

I make

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 287

I make an everlasting deed,  
And pledge my faith to David's seed;  
My covenant I seal in blood;  
I seal it in thy blood, O God.

Lo, I have given thee, my Son,  
Who fillest my eternal throne,  
A witness to the people all,  
To raise them from their woful fall:  
A leader and commander be  
To all the people I give thee,  
And bring them to my holy hill,  
According to thy pow'r and skill

Behold, the multitudes of those,  
Who are by nature all thy foes,  
They in rebellion raging fierce,  
Shall feel the influence of thy grace,  
And shall into thy presence flow,  
As doves into their windows go;  
In clouds they fly through all the sky,  
Because my love has drawn them nigh.

Behold the Prince of Israel,  
And tremble, all ye pow'rs of hell:  
Let go my captives from your hold;  
And ye, my sons of hope, be bold:  
For I, Jehovah, in my pow'r,  
Devour the dragons that devour;  
I glorify my Holy One,  
Who hath for you the glory won.

Seek ye Jehovah, while he may  
Be found in the accepted day,  
And call upon the Lord your God,  
While he is near upon the road;  
Let wicked men forsake their way,  
And hear what God the Lord will say;  
Let them return, and boldly claim  
Free mercy in the Saviour's name.

But

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But let them difavow the thought,  
As if the Lord to terms were brought,  
Upon account of what they bring;  
He giveth freely as a King.  
Believe, and thou shalt mercy have,  
And all thy wants on mercy leave;  
For mercy loves to multiply  
Her favours on the seeing eye.

Jehovah pardons multiplies,  
Where-e'er he heareth faithful cries;  
For lo, my thoughts, Jehovah says,  
Are not as yours, nor yet my ways;  
For as the heav'ns are high above,  
So are my thoughts and ways of love,  
As high as heav'n above the earth;  
For mine are life, but yours are death.

Behold the rain and falling dew,  
Which all the face of things renew,  
And see the flowings of the snow,  
Which softly from the heavens flow;  
They never more return again,  
But, wat'ring hill and vale, remain,  
And make the earth a fruitful field,  
The life of man and beast to yield:

So shall the words which pass my lip;  
Not one of them away shall slip,  
Nor turn again unto me void,  
But shall upon the earth abide,  
Till they accomplish all I please;  
And they shall do it all with ease;  
Success shall ev'ry purpose crown,  
And ev'ry work my Godhead own.

Lo, you shall go along with joy;  
My peace shall be your safe convey;  
The mountains and the fields shall sing  
Before you, glorying in your King;

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The rocks shall break into a song,  
And hail you as you pass along;  
The forest-trees shall clap their hands,  
And spread the joy through distant lands.

The thorn shall then affrighted fly,  
And in its stead, up-tow'ring high,  
The spiry fir-tree you shall see,  
And for the brier the myrtle-tree:  
Now, this shall be Jehovah's name,  
His everlasting sign of fame;  
' Jehovah is the God of love,  
' Whose purpose never shall remove.'

#### CXXXIV. The WELL of SALVATION.

**T**HE fountain of beauty, the fountain of joy,  
Perennial flows—perennial flows;  
I drink of the waters; the waters destroy  
My numberless woes—my numberless woes,  
I lately oppressed with poverty fell, [ground;  
And sunk to the ground—and sunk to the  
I fell on the brink of my heav'nly well,  
Where treasures I found—rich treasures I found.

My well is to me a whole heav'n of treasures;  
I toils away gold—I toils away gold;  
I tread on the earth, and I tread on her pleasures;  
I drink and am bold—I drink and am bold.  
I am bold and courageous, because of my well;  
My well is the word—my well is the word;  
By the word of the Lord I'm deliver'd from hell;  
And to heaven restor'd—and to heaven restor'd.

#### CXXXV. The



## CXXXV. The CHIEF SHEPHERD APPEARING.

**L**O, I see from afar my Shepherd in the air,  
 He is coming to take me along;  
 No more shall I pine, nor want the sun-shine,  
 When I hear my Shepherd's sweet song.  
 His song is so sweet, and so kindly doth greet,  
 That it melteth my soul into love!  
 My redemption is come, and I go to my home,  
 To sing with my Shepherd above.

Behold, he is near, when his glories appear;  
 The bright glory so dazzles the eyes,  
 That the moon cannot stay—ev'n the sun flies away;  
 For my Shepherd's the light of the skies.  
 O, the sound of his pipe makes my spirit so leap,  
 That my sorrows fly wailing away;  
 Now adieu all below, to my Shepherd I go,  
 To sing with my Shepherd for ay.

## CXXXVI. FOR ME TO DIE IS GAIN.

**F**AREWELL to my pain, and farewell to my chain;  
 Farewell to my lofs, and thrice welcome my  
 gain;

*My sins and my sorrows, farewell evermore;  
 My soul, and all in me, Jehovah adore.*

The earthquakes may quake, and the mountains  
 Yet never a jot of my confidence shake. [may break;  
*My sins, &c.*

Old Ocean may rage, and fierce tempests engage;  
 Yet none of them all shall my courage allwage.  
*My sins, &c.*

The deeps may rush up, and the heav'ns may  
 down stoop;  
 Yet none of their boastings demolish my hope.  
*My sins, &c.*

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# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 191

The trumpet shall sound, earth and hell shall rebound;

Then my dust shall rejoicing spring forth from  
*My sins, &c.* [the ground.

The King shall descend, and the firmament rend;  
Then I'll issue forth boldly to welcome my friend.—  
*My sins, &c.*

The lights of the sky then in darkness shall ly;  
But darkness from me shall for ever off fly.  
*My sins, &c.*

The world too shall die, and expire with a sigh;  
But I, as an eagle, shall tow'r to the sky.  
*My sins, &c.*

All love to my God, who such grace hath bestow'd;  
The kingdom, pow'r, glory, to him all are ow'd.—  
*My sins, &c.*

How amazing it is! what an extasy this!  
I'm swallow'd, I'm lost in an ocean of bliss!  
*My sins and my sorrows, farewell evermore;*  
*My soul, and all in me, Jehovah adore.*

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## CXXXVII. The PURPOSE of the LORD.

THOU vain, aspiring, puny worm!  
Wouldst thou Jehovah's *purpose* scan?  
By mighty wisdom, thou, reform  
His infinite eternal plan!  
As flow'rs in their peculiar blooms,  
Array'd appear in their own spring;  
According to his *purpose* comes  
To full perfection ev'ry thing.

The fair creation started forth,  
In glory all around his throne;  
His *purpose* waited at the birth,  
And waiteth still the same upon.

The

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The sons of God shouted aloud,  
Together sung the morning-stars,  
His holy *purpose* when they view'd;  
Their music then was free from jars.

In love they all created were,  
And shined in primeval light;  
Rejoicing in their given sphere,  
Their motions as his *purpose* straight.  
But Satan rose in his own time,  
And burst away to shades of night;  
He drew away an host with him,  
Combin'd against the *purpose* right.

Their *purpose* was to fight with God,  
And trample on his Son their Prince;  
His *purpose* was to quell the proud,  
And dash them down to hell at once.  
In kindling flames, I see the Son  
His Father's *purpose* keen pursue;  
To quash rebellion, new begun,  
His thunder-bolts in tempests flew.

Toss'd from the battlements of heav'n,  
According to his *purpos'd* ire,  
With dire combustion headlong driv'n,  
Deep-plung'd they ly in liquid fire.  
Against his *purpose* who rebel,  
And chuse a *purpose* of their own,  
With devils in the pit must dwell,  
By their own *purpose* overthrown.

When he created man the lord,  
His viceroy, o'er the earth to reign,  
He shew'd his *purpose* in his word,  
A fixt decree concerning men—  
‘ By dying, Adam, thou shalt die,  
‘ If thou transgress my firm command,  
‘ My *purpose* thou must under ly,  
‘ And satisfy my high demand.’

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 193

The serpent heard the oath of God;  
 Then lo, apprizing all his den,  
 He hiss'd, and flew from his abode;  
*Permission* length'ning out his chain.  
 ' Yea, hath your Maker said indeed,  
 ' Was this his *purpose* and his love?  
 ' On ev'ry tree you shall not feed,  
 ' Or else my deadly judgment prove!

A rebel man became anon,  
 And *purpos'd* death pursued sin;  
 The serpent deem'd the victory won,  
 And hell triumph'd with odious din.  
 With pitying eye Jehovah saw;  
 In him compassions, flowing, strove  
 To magnify the broken law,  
 And shew to man his *purpos'd* love.

Descended he with *purpose* mild;  
 Yet coldness frowning in his eye;  
 To overawe his froward child,  
 He lifted up the rod on high.  
 In mercy, for the chosen's sake,  
 The curse came hand in hand with guilt;  
 Adam and Eve, and we, partake;  
 No portion of his *purpose* spilt.

His *purpos'd* love appears to view,  
 The way prepar'd through sin and death;  
 He says, ' My Son I give for you,  
 ' To take away the sin and wrath.  
 His *purpose* more and more unfold,  
 Concerning the eternal Word,  
 The prophets, who were sent of old,  
 All meaning Jesus Christ the Lord.

At length he comes, and dwells in dust,  
 Rejected and despis'd of man;  
 They murdered the Pure and Just;  
 But so the holy *purpose* ran.



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The death he finish'd at a blow,  
By yielding up himself to death;  
Grace, righteousness, and life, o'erflow,  
(*'Twas purpos'd so*), for sin and wrath.

God's *purpose* all disclosed lies  
Within the holy book of God;  
Blessed art thou, whose heart and eyes  
Have seen, rejoic'd, and understood,  
There's not a blessing in the whole  
Of all his *purpose* and his word,  
But he bequeathed to thy soul,  
Who faithful art to him thy Lord.

Eternal life, eternal death,  
Have all the race of Adam claim'd:  
Believe, and live, all free from wrath;  
Reject his *purpose*, and you're damn'd.

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CXXXVIII. The PROGRESS of LIFE; or,  
ALL FLESH \* IS GRASS.

**I**N earliest morning of our days,  
When scarce the spring of life begins  
To peep, and sprinkle scantiest rays  
Of feeling o'er our weak machines,  
Moving in silence, moist, and warm,  
Through elemental scenes we pass;  
Conceiving neither good nor harm,  
We never know *our flesh is grass*.

\* In this text and connection, *flesh* evidently signifies the whole nature and state of *fallen man*. See Gen. vi. 3, 5. John iii. 6. Rom. viii. 7, 8. Wherefore, the less attentive reader will need to observe, that it is only the least considerable part of our frailty which is touched upon in this song.

Now,

Now, drawing onward to the birth,  
 We issue through the ports of life;  
 Conceived in sin, in pain brought forth,  
 Of sin and pain we live the strife;  
 Chill'd by the circumambient air,  
 We soon lament our change of place;  
 Our sudden cry betrays our fear,  
 As if we cry'd, *All flesh is grass.*

When wash'd with water from the well,  
 Mischiev'd by ev'ry busy hand;  
 What griefs oppress, we cannot tell,  
 When pinion'd hard in swaddling band:  
 To skewer us up! mistaken care!  
 Why should ye kill with kindnesses?  
 Oh, leave us unconfin'd and bare,  
 Remembr'ing, that *our flesh is grass.*

We're butcher'd by our parents love!  
 Spitted with pins in ev'ry nerve!  
 Bound hand and foot, we cannot move!  
 A 'prenticeship to pain we serve!  
 We're stew'd, we're fretted from our birth!  
 What harrowing tortures o'er us pass!  
 Hard-dragging us, poor frogs of earth!  
 That we may feel *our flesh is grass.*

Another stage of life is gain'd;  
 We lisp and prattle at the knee;  
 But never long without being pain'd;  
 Our joys before our sorrows flee:  
 Our breaking teeth did bite us sore;  
 Now, colics, gravels, break our peace;  
 We weep, we wail, we pine, we roar;  
 Alas! alas! *our flesh is grass.*

How slow, how loth, we move away,  
 When banish'd to the weary school!  
 Our master chides our long delay;  
 His plaited brows upon us scowl:

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Ah, too! his plaited scourge was rear'd,  
If any little action was,  
Against us and our quiet, heard;  
Our lashed *flesh shrunk as the grass.*

Advance we now to floods of sin,  
When childhood gone, youth-hood begins;  
We boldly plunge us headlong in—  
All-lawless, heedless folly reigns;  
We long, we sigh, we wish, we burn,  
We grasp at shadows as they pass;  
We laugh, we sing; but soon we mourn,  
Seeing *our flesh but blooming grass.*

Now spring we at the lofty gate  
Of manhood, emulous and proud;  
As coursers, for a mighty plate,  
High-mettled, sprung of trusty blood:  
Bounding away, we burst the reins,  
Our sounding hoofs as strongest brass;  
Swift beating on, we sweep the plains,  
Ne'er heeding, that *our flesh is grass.*

Now tir'd, we mount the higher ground  
Of cool reflection, for a while,  
Surveying where food may be found,  
'To solace all our future toil;

We cast about, and find a spot,  
Designing there our life to pass,  
Refreshed, blessed, and what not!

Regardless, that *our flesh is grass.*

After the institution good,  
True Adam's sons, we want an Eve  
Of youth and beauty, sense, and blood;  
And what we wish, perhaps we have—  
She fill'd the measure of our heart,  
The mother of a blooming race;  
But brooding hares the greyhounds start;  
So, death convinc'd, *her flesh was grass.*

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Lo, on our solitary way,  
 Poor weary pilgrims, on we move;  
 The ev'ning comes, and kills the day,  
 As death before had kill'd our Love:  
 We mourn as doves in widowhood;  
 Our gold is chang'd, and turn'd to brass;  
 We're glad within the grave to shroud,  
 Our flesh consumed *as the grass*.  
 O welcome, death, to prison'd souls,  
 To souls clean-wash'd from ev'ry stain;  
 No more deep-sunk in clayey holes,  
 Shall shame and sorrow o'er us reign.  
 O welcome to our coming Judge!  
 Thy judgment quickly come to pass;  
 With thee that we may wholly lodge,  
 Our flesh no more *consumed grass*.  
 O may we now remember still,  
 Our present state will pass away;  
 To holy purpose frame our will,  
 While tabernacling in this clay;  
 We'll find that jewel within the grave,  
 We ne'er could find above the ground;  
 For Jesus will us wholly save,  
 Our flesh and all *with glory crown'd*.

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CXXXIX. The MARRIAGE of the LAMB.

**B**Egone, ev'ry vanity, toying and play;  
 Base imaginations, begone, ev'ry one;  
 Begone, ev'ry spirit of going alray;  
 Begone, ev'ry idol, begone ye, begone.  
*O see my Bridegroom! O see him! O see!*  
*All in glory he shines! all in glory he reigns!*  
*All in glory he's coming, he's coming for me!*  
 The Lamb, my Bridegroom, he abominates sin;  
 He wash'd away all my pollution and stain;



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And were it for me now to wallow a swine,  
Or a dog that returns to his vomit again?  
*O see, &c.*

Begone, melancholy, amazement, and doubt;  
Why would ye my spirit surround as the night?  
Lo, the Lamb, my Redeemer, descends with a  
shout,

Bedazzling the sun with the blaze of his light!—  
*O see my Bridegroom! O see him! O see!*  
*All in glory he shines! all in glory he reigns!*  
*All in glory he's coming, he's coming for me!*

CXL. The COUNSEL of PEACE.

**B**Y God's own eternal Word, rose into being  
Creation, according to his purposes;  
In glory which finish'd, before him when seeing,  
Pronounced he *good*; for his *counsel* was *peace*.  
When Adam was *lorded*, and covenant giv'n,  
In name of himself and his following race,  
By personal working, to climb up to heav'n,  
God's *counsel* was pure, and his *counsel* was *peace*.

When Adam made shipwreck of all that he had,  
His paradise sunk in his unrighteousness;  
Jehovah provided a second new Head;  
His *counsel* the same, and his *counsel* was *peace*.  
When Noah alone was the righteous found,  
Corrupted around him all flesh in their ways,  
A deluge of vengeance was pour'd on the ground;  
God shewing his wrath in his *counsel of peace*.

When Abram was called away from Chaldea,  
Assur'd of the coming Messiah and grace,  
Sojourning, he travell'd into Idumea,  
Pursuing God's *counsel*, his *counsel of peace*.  
When Lot was deliver'd, the chosen of God,  
Strange abominations around him did press;  
God, raining a hell of fire on their abode,  
Shew'd the ire of his wrath for his *counsel of peace*.  
When

## SPIRITUAL SONGS. 199

When Pharaoh of Egypt God's Israel oppressed,  
And thought to have made the whole nation to  
cease,

The *counsel* of God Pharaoh's counsel repressed;

To Pharaoh 'twas wrath, but to Israel *peace*.

Ev'n so, the redemption displayed to view,

Fulfilled by Jesus in pow'r of his grace,

Rejected, is absolute wrath unto you,

But, if you believe it, a *counsel of peace*.

### CXLI. THE SABBATH.

**W**EEKLY, weekly, comes the Sabbath,

Sweetly, sweetly, comes to me;

For to me the way it paveth

To the rest I fain would see;

Fain would see it, fain would see it;

Yet I must endure a while,

And be quiet, and be quiet,

Till my Lord upon me smile—

Smile thou on me, smile thou on me,

Giving all my spirit reins;

As the sunny, as the sunny

Beams dissolve the icy chains—

Icy chains dissolved all,

Down the rapid rivers flow;

Flow, and in the ocean fall;

I into my ocean go:

Ocean of celestial joy,

Where I swim for evermore;

Where no preying sharks annoy,

Where no stormy billows roar.

Flowing pleasures, smooth as oil,

Waft us, waft us to and fro;

In oblivion former toil,

God and love is all we know.—

Such

Such the portion of the holy,  
 Who the Sabbath keep in love;  
 Loving truth, and hating folly,  
 They converse with God above;  
 God in them, and they in God,  
 Dwelling in his bosom blest'd,  
 Heaven is their last abode,  
 God their everlasting rest.

## CXLII. GLORY IN TRIBULATION. ALSO.

**O** How well does joy become  
 All the followers of the Lamb!  
 The Lamb is going to take us home,  
 Home unto the great I AM.  
 Acquiesce ye in the Lamb,  
 Who our passover did fall;  
 Shines he in the purest flame,  
 Flame of love upon us all.  
 What! ye royal heirs of God,  
 Living free upon his love;  
 Living by the precious blood  
 Of his only Son above;  
 Has he given his only Son;  
 Will he now withhold a creature?  
 Suffer you to be undone!  
 When he gave the divine nature?  
 Divine nature gave for you!  
 Lest ye doubt of his good-will;  
 Ev'ry creature is your due;  
 Wave your cup, and drink your fill:  
 Drink your fill of holy wines,  
 God enjoying in them all;  
 Richer than the Ophir mines,  
 Can you want a penny small?

Has

Has he pour'd the ocean on you,  
 Grudging you a little drop?  
 Fy! for shame! O fy upon you!  
 Grudging at a scanty cup!  
 Cup! amazing cup of wrath!  
 Jesus drunk it up for you,  
 Drunk to your eternal health;  
 Will ye grudge to pledge him now?

Pledge him in salvation pure;  
 A! the wrath he drain'd away;  
 Thank him, ye, with all your pow'r,  
 Singing cheerful pleasant lay;  
 What though bitter be the bev'rage,  
 Bitter herbs make wholesome drink;  
 Taking matters at an av'rage,  
 You no reason have to shrink.

The ingredients all are mingled,  
 Mingled with the blood of Christ;  
 Sadly is your judgment jumbled,  
 If you think they are not bless'd;  
 Bless'd, and absolutely needful  
 To subdue your fleshly surfeit;  
 Fleshly surfeit is most dreadful;  
 Flesh subdued, you are perfect.

Tender mothers thus consider  
 The diseases in their child;  
 Child indeed may shrink and shudder  
 At the mother's purpose mild;  
 While the bitter, bitter potion,  
 Wrings the heart and knits the brow,  
 The diseases make remotion,  
 And the child alive comes thro'.

Here we stay a little space,  
 Kept within the nurs'ry walls;  
 In the hands of sov'reign grace,  
 Wisely ord'ring what befalls.

We



202. SPIRITUAL SONGS.

We would perish unrestrained;  
All forbidden fruit is death;  
But, our *peccant* humours drained,  
We are saved from the wrath.

Brighten up your cloudy brow,  
Let your shining glory cheer ye;  
Banish moody fashions now,  
When your heaven is so near ye.  
You shall eat the manna fine;  
O how proper is its name!  
'What is this?' And this is thine;  
Heaven is a pleasant theme.

You shall drink the blood of grape,  
God's sweet consolation wine,  
Which for you your God doth keep,  
Pressed from his own True Vine;  
You shall drink in flowing bowls,  
Brimming full and running o'er;  
Heav'n descending on your souls,  
Till you can receive no more.

Sing, creation, a new song;  
Lend me, angels, lend your fire—  
Nay, my God, they need their own;  
Thy good Spirit me inspire:  
Hallelujahs upward fly,  
Fly they now and evermore;  
My Redeemer, bring me nigh,  
That I may all thy love explore.

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CXLIII. THE SAINTS IN THIS WORLD.

**O**N loud-sounding pinions the bold eagle flies;  
Ev'n so, O my soul, thou shalt fly to the  
skies,  
Full-winged with joy, springing quickly away,  
Above ev'ry shadow, to bask in the day.

Methinks

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 203

Methinks now already the glory I feel;  
My God, he is love, and he loveth me well;  
Embosom'd compassions from God to me flow;  
He made me a son, he will glorify too.

No marvel, beloved, if fools do not know,  
Nor you, nor the way you are hast'ning to go;  
Whom Satan had blinded, the truth never knew;  
The Son and the Father were hid from their view.  
They proudly disdain'd, and spurn'd at God;  
Now, bleeding in chains, they are lash'd by his rod:  
Such punishing vengeance have those who rebel,  
Quite banish'd his presence, quite banish'd to hell.

But highly beloved, beloved of him,  
From you, in his love, he removed the crime;  
He said, 'Be there light;' and all lightning it flew:  
He said, 'Be ye sons;' and created us new.  
All sons! yea, and princes! a kingdom ensues;  
The kingdom he promis'd, the kingdom is ours:  
How high is that dignity, he only knows,  
Who, dwelling in kindness, his kindness bestows.

But children, though heirs, yet we cannot enjoy,  
Till fully prepared for fulness of joy;  
We live in this nurs'ry a competent while,  
To be thoroughly purg'd of superfluous guile.  
Advancing in stature, advancing in grace,  
He gives us a lesson, and smiles in our face;  
If hardly put to it, all tender his bowels,  
He kindly will show us, and call us his jewels.

Yet, if any shameful foul deed he espies,  
Love burns in his bosom, but wrath in his eyes;  
Compassion calls loudly the scourges to rear;  
Aloft fly the scourges high-trembling in air.  
If humbled in spirit, we stand all-abash'd;  
The darlings are spar'd, the iniquity quash'd;  
That hateful, yet, if we go on to espouse,  
With blows quick he plies us, redoubled on blows.

Say, why to his chosen chastisement he gives?  
There's none of his chosen pollutionless lives;

If

204 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

If none of the sinful, the hateful, will we,  
No more of the wrathful, the mournful, will he.  
How sadly besieged, encompassed round,  
We live in this wilderness, fetter'd and bound!  
O liberty, liberty! who will give thee?  
O thanks be to Jesus! thro' Jesus we're free!

O Jesus, thou sawst us most fiercely pursu'd,  
Pursu'd by the dragon, while hell all halloo'd;  
The dragon threw after a swallowing flood;  
But full in his face thou expos'dst thy blood;  
And, dying, thou slewst him by yielding to death;  
Hosanna to Jesus, the breath of our breath!  
Demolishing death, lo, thou hung on the tree,  
And left an example for following thee.

The royalty of heaven, ally'd to the cross!  
Conspicuous example of loyalty to us!  
Who dwelt in the light, the Creator of all,  
Deep-humbled in dust, high-exalted our fall,  
O where now thy arrows and quiver, O God?  
All-empty'd thy quiver, thy arrows bestow'd!  
All-empty'd on him, no one arrow was lost!  
He sustained our cause, and he yielded the ghost!

All highly exalted, now therefore he reigns;  
Above all dominion he ever remains:  
How low he was humbled, was humbled for thee,  
How highly exalted, so high shalt thou be,  
Thus aiming and bending the lower the bow,  
The high-pointed arrow the higher will go;  
So, bended and aimed for heav'nly abode,  
We're sent aloft, springing and soaring to God.

The poor bird imprison'd, all flutt'ring her wings,  
Escap'd from her cagings, to heaven she springs;  
So flight'ring, so rapid, so trembling, so keen,  
On our manumission our soul shall take wing.  
Yet, O my beloved, we know not at all  
What blessings the sons of redemption befall;  
But see him a-coming in clouds of the air,  
And we shall resemble him, so glorious, so fair.

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## CXLIV. PRAYER.

**H**OW swift flies the pray'r that's wing'd by the  
 How veh'ment, expecting, accepted! [Spirit!  
 Insisting on righteousness, blood, and pure merit  
 Of Jesus pleas, never rejected!  
 As flies all a-trembling, pursu'd by the hawk,  
 The dove, and she flies to her dove-cot;  
 So flies the soul speedily, guilt at her back,  
 Nor rests she till high all above got.  
 Keen-sight'ring, high-panting, she hies to the  
 All-breathing submission, she down falls; [throne;  
 The Lamb that was slain, well-regarding her moan,  
 In mercy upon her he soon calls.  
 His tender compassions come flowing upon her;  
 Her stains of pollution evanish;  
 He fills her with gladness, a vessel of honour;  
 And, says he, 'All sadness I banish.'  
 She drinks of the pleasures encircling the throne,  
 And dwells upon high hallelujahs;  
 Her passions, all joy, to the Lamb cry, and run,  
 'We'll never betray thee, as Judas.'—  
 O faithful and humble, rejoicing in God,  
 Her passions, her all, in thy keeping,  
 All-blameless, preserve her to thy own abode,  
 Where sin cannot enter, nor weeping.

## CXLV. HOPE.

**H**OPE, sure Hope! my hidden treasure,  
 Wilt thou ever leave my heart?  
 Thou, my source of sweetest pleasure,  
 Can I live if thou depart?  
 Far away be ill foreboding,  
 Thus I hug thee to my breast!  
 Dwell thou here as dove pursu'd in  
 By the vulture to her nest.



206 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Soft and downy be thy dwelling,  
Feather'd well with tender love;  
Evil bird of prey, rebelling,  
Ne'er a wing shall at thee move.  
Thou and I, in union decent,  
Lovingly will pass the way;  
Hardest ways with thee seem pleasant;  
Night by thee is turn'd to day.

CXLVI. THE FLOOD.

**A**S musing on more than a thousand of things,  
My spirit away with me suddenly springs;  
She flew to the ages beyond Noah's flood,  
And saw all besides him vain, haughty, and proud.  
All keen mighty hunters of shadows and clouds,  
Pursuing thro' vallies, and mountains, and woods;  
No stopping, no staying, mad whirlwinds, they  
Impetuous, resistless, as th' hurricane blew. [flew,  
All laughter, and lewdness, and mirth, now they  
seem; [they teem;  
Now with slaughter, and carnage, and havock,  
Lo, plagues upon plagues to reclaim them are  
sent; [rent.  
And they run up the sword, tho' their bowels be  
As wild beasts, when stricken, enraged the more,  
'They gnaw on the weapon, and suck up their gore;  
Now empty'd the quiver, in single blows spent,  
The flood-gates of vengeance against them get vent.  
Unhing'd in a twinkling, the heavens give way;  
To night, instantaneous, is changed the day;  
Loud-rushing, the deluge descends in the storm,  
And sweeps away all, from the prince to the worm.  
What hideous yellings, and terrors of death,  
Ly smother'd in whelming wide oceans of wrath!  
The hidden foundations, th' unsearchable deep,  
Dash'd high to the heavens, no boundaries keep.

Tumultuous,

Tumultuous, roaring, and eddying, boil  
 The tempest waters, thick-mingled with soil;  
 Dash'd to and fro, wheeling, afloat on the tide,  
 Men, cattle, and forests, promiscuously ride.  
 But Noah, the patriarch, singly preserv'd,  
 Who God, with his family, faithfully serv'd,  
 The wave-carried ark of appointment up-bore,  
 Till the waters asswaged were sunk in their shore—

Thus, vengeance broke loose, thro' the breach of  
 the law,

Tremendous o'erflow'd us! we could not withdraw;  
 No mortal, no angel, the torrent could stem;  
 Our barriers opposing, went down with the stream.  
 Now death inevitable, seal'd with amen,  
 Was swallowing up all of the children of men;  
 When lo, inexpressible! wing'd with desire,  
 The Son of God flew, and extinguish'd the fire.

The vengeance was fire, and it burnt up his soul;  
 But this he endured, that we might be whole;  
 He drunk up the wrath, and he drunk to our  
 peace;

He died, and bequeath'd us salvation and grace,  
 Yea, lo, I behold him arisen and crown'd,  
 With glory ineffable compass'd around;  
 His testament cannot but fully obtain;  
 His own full executor now he doth reign.

## CXLVII. THE JUDGMENT.

**H**AVING the mountains from their vast founda-  
 tions,  
 Filling the world with dire tumultuations,  
 Raising the dead from silent habitations,  
 Loudly resoundeth  
 Voice of the trumpet, dreadful and amazing;  
 All in fierce flames around the wide world blazing;  
 Hark ye! be humble, proud heart, all-abasing,  
 Pride it confoundeth.

208 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Jesus, behold him gloriously shining,  
Bending the skies down, cloud-charioted, leaning  
Forward, all-eager, holy judgment keen on,

Angels beholding;

All emulation to perform his orders,  
Swift fly the angels forth to all the borders  
Of his dominions. Faithful true recorders,  
Books are unfolding.

Thrones being builded, builded for the purpose,  
Off in an instant, heaven with the earth goes,  
All in a tempest; for on them his breath blows;  
Place for them none is.

Lo, his ambassadors now a-returning;  
Onward advancing, his bowels fall a-yearning,  
Viewing with them the blest sons of his mourning:  
Mourning now gone is.

Love from his countenance directly beaming,  
Shine they illustrious, with joy all a-gleaming;  
Sun-like, around him press, circling and streaming,  
Bold and victorious,  
Saints bright embodied, keen, keen exploring;  
Cherubim, seraphim, rapt'rous adoring;  
Great principalities their ardors pour in;  
High all and glorious.

Loftily waving, flies the banner royal;  
Silent and pausing, see the army loyal,  
Spring at their sentence, leaping full of joy all!  
'Yours is the kingdom.'

Sweet hallelujahs sounding, all aloft fly;  
Gladness to transport in an instant wrought high;  
Full on the right-hand, wheeling, they are brought  
Judging to give doom— [high;

Doom on the godless, haughty, proud, rebelling;  
Dash'd with a blow, they sink down, sadly yelling,  
Hopeless, confounded; hot hell must they dwell in;  
Guards quick inclose them.

Ah me! how ghastly hideously screaming,  
Look they, when seeing furiously streaming,

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# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 209

Brimstone and fire! the Judge says, 'Throw ye  
Vengeance o'erflows them. [them in.]'

## CXLVIII. *Let not your Hearts be troubled.*

John, xiv. 1.

**A**WAY, away with blasting dews,  
That dwell in barren soil,  
That prey upon the tender boughs,  
And all the blossoms spoil.

The blasting dews are doubts and fears:  
About your Father's love;  
Banish your doubts, dry up your tears;  
His purpose cannot move.

Believe, he locks you in his breast;  
I know you do believe:  
He keeps you well, his jewels blest;  
No creature can mischieve.

The high Creator is your God;  
Behold, he reigns in love:  
He sent me from his blest abode,  
To send you all above.

Within my Father's dwelling-place,  
Full many mansions are;  
And I, the Son of all your peace,  
Am his appointed heir.

Those tabernacles of his joy,  
To me he will dispose;  
My pow'r and skill I will employ  
On them for your repose.

I go, ev'n now, mov'd with desire,  
My promise to fulfil;  
My bosom glows with keenest fire,  
To do my Father's will.



210 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

I go but for a moment's stay;  
My spirit wings my speed:  
I only go to pave the way  
For you, my chosen seed.

And, as I go, I come again  
To take you up with me;  
In brightest glory you shall reign,  
Where-e'er your Lord shall be.  
The *where* you know, you know the way—  
' O Lord, how is it so?  
' The place itself we cannot say,  
' Much less the way you go.—

I am the Way, the Truth, the Life,  
The only Way ordain'd;  
The Father's love by this belief  
Can only be regain'd.  
Excepting me, th' accepted One,  
Who yield for you my breath,  
And with my blood the wrath atone—  
All's wandering, error, death!

CXLIX. HUMILITY.

**H**UMILITY, sweet precious grace!  
All looking mild and lowly,  
Love smiling in her lovely face,  
Came gliding to me slowly,  
' Behold, behold thy Son,' I said—  
' Behold thy guardian angel,'  
Replied the celestial maid,  
And gave me an evangel.  
Th' evangel opens to my view  
Clear truth, and no opinion;  
She all into my bosom flew,  
And shew'd to me the meaning.

Off

Oft had I view'd, but never seen,  
The lowliness of Jesus;  
Why he was humbled all so mean,  
Remain'd a puzzling thesis.

She press'd my spirit with her hand,  
And blew upon my vision—  
I saw the Son, on high command,  
Come down to heal division.  
The yielding heavens gave him way;  
It was his Father's purpose  
To give him universal sway,  
And banish vain usurpers.

Vain usurpers, banish'd, flew,  
Like whirlwinds in a tempest,  
Before the burning bolts he threw;  
So fled they from his camp fast.  
Hosanna to the Prince of Peace,  
Hosanna in the highest;  
If thou rebel against his grace,  
He frowneth, and thou diest.

Lo, see the proud tumultuous ones,  
With maddest envy swelling,  
High principalities and thrones,  
Whose fierceness call'd for quelling;  
Fast-bolted, deep within the pit,  
In spite of all their raging,  
Their bridled jaw-teeth gnaw the bit;  
Their pain feels no asswaging.

Oh, had they but contented been  
Alone to have rebelled,  
Alone they had his fury seen,  
Alone they had been quelled!  
But ah! in man too sin began,  
By their seducing Adam,  
Who eat the fruit against the bann,  
Because the serpent bade him!

212 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Invenom'd pride began to swell,  
And rage within their spirit;  
On pride destruction sudden fell;  
Why did the man come near it?  
For pride the second Adam came,  
All humbled down, the lowest;  
Fair Innocent, atoning Lamb,  
Our guilt thou undergoest!

For pride of ours, the whelming flood  
Of vengeance fill'd thy soul;  
Proud water-spouts out o'er thee flow'd;  
Her horrors hell did roll!  
All-sad, thou 'Eli, Eli\*', cry'd,  
Yea, 'Lama sabachthani†?'  
Then, yielding up the Ghost, thou dy'd,  
And rose the life of many.

Advanced to thy peerless throne,  
God over all thou reignest;  
God's ever-blessed Heir and Son,  
Thou evermore remainest.  
Thy Father rais'd thee by his pow'r,  
And thus exalted highly;  
Because that thou didst, in thy hour,  
Submit thyself entirely.

Aloft, my soul, thy praises send,  
And vie with high dominions;  
The higher thou thy praise intend,  
The lower self-opinions.  
Self-opinions! weak and vain,  
Must sink, but cannot raise ye;  
If drowning in the swallowing main,  
Would grasped bubbles ease ye?

Bear boldly for th' eternal Rock,  
Self-yielding as a willow;

\* My God, my God.

† Why hast thou forsaken me?

Then

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 213

Then boldly brave the fiercest shock,  
 And laugh at ev'ry billow.  
 Humility is the best buoy,  
 Created things will leave ye;  
 Humility will give you joy  
 In him who can relieve ye.  
 Humility's the feather'd wing,  
 To paradise that soareth;  
 Humility will soar and sing,  
 When loud the tempest roareth.  
 The fiercest tempest pour'd and roar'd  
 Against the blessed Jesus;  
 Humility his path explor'd,  
 And wing'd his way to save us.  
 To set a pattern, he came down,  
 Among us meek and lowly,  
 Humility to give his own,  
 And glorify them wholly.  
 All humbly, then, yourself deny;  
 His glory he will show ye;  
 If you deny humility,  
 He'll never, never know ye.

## CL. H E A V E N.

**L**IGHTLY bounding as a roe,  
 Leaps my heart within my bosom,  
 Heaven, when I think on you,  
 All my hopes begin to blossom.  
 Lo, evanish as a dream,  
 Vapours, damps, and melancholy;  
 The Sun of glory's cheering beam  
 Chafeth madness, froth, and folly.  
 Fairy-fancies, in a ring,  
 Nightly-skiping, would persuade us

They



# 214 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

They substantial blessings bring;  
But awake we find them shadows.—  
Drousy mortals, ho, give heed,  
Look with me, and see them flying!  
Half your earthly joys are dead;  
All the rest are quickly dying!—

What! asleep yet! see the flames  
All thy house and goods invade!  
Save thee will thy hugged dreams,  
Sluggard! stirb'ring on thy bed?—  
Lo, the deathful smould'ring smoke  
Smothers him and all his visions;  
Ere the fire his slumbers broke,  
Soul and body felt divisions.—

Hapless creatures! you're deceived  
With the grossest of delusions!—  
But, my spirit, thou, relieved,  
Triumphst o'er the dark confusions.  
All-rejoicing, thou art bold,  
Free from all that e'er displeases—  
Canst thou see, and yet be cold?  
Cold! and see the blood of Jesus?

Jesus' blood hath pay'd the way,  
Pav'd it all with choicest blessings,  
Blessings now and blessings ay,  
Pav'd the way to full possessions.  
Here we taste some pleasant drops,  
Dwelling in the land of Goshen,  
But we've full assured hopes  
That we'll swim in love's wide ocean.

## CLI. CONTENTMENT.

O My joy! O my joy!  
O my joy! a pleasant vein!

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All so sweet ! all so sweet !  
In my bosom ever reign !  
Sweet Contentment ! thee I sing,  
O the blessings thou dost bring !  
Happier than the reigning kings,  
He in whom Contentment springs !

Springs Contentment in my breast,  
Lulling all my soul to rest ;  
Adam thus in pleasant hour,  
Slumb'ring in his virgin-bow'r,  
Felt unusual thrilling joys,  
While creating Love employs  
Special skill in forming Eve,  
Who his bosom ne'er should leave.

Eve, the queen of Adam's loves,  
Eve, the spring of all that moves,  
Sing the blest, the happy pair ;  
Yet they fell, though formed fair.  
Evil, in an evil hour,  
Smote the root, and smote the flow'r ;  
Then they sunk like Jonah's gourd ;  
A veh'ment heat upon them pour'd ;

Pour'd on them, and pour'd on us,  
Smitten all with equal curse.  
Where is now the holiness ?  
Where is now the bold address,  
Bold address of holy man ?  
How their praises upward ran !  
Glory shining all above,  
Shedding down the beams of love.

Yes, the bold address to heav'n,  
Yes, the holiness is giv'n,  
Ev'n the holiness of God ;  
In God I have a firm abode ;  
No danger of a second fall ;  
For God and love enwrap me all,

Enwrap

216 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Enwrap me now and evermore;  
Planted grace begins to flow'r.

Grace in flow'r is glory bloom'd;  
Glory's all perfection summ'd;  
Very soon I'll fully know  
All the state to which I go;  
Now, I cannot comprehend  
What's the heav'n to which I bend;  
But Contentment doth meanwhile  
Lift my head, and make me smile.

Care I how the world goes?  
(Though I live among my foes):  
Ev'ry thing goes mighty well,  
Moving wheel within a wheel.  
I'm a prince in foreign land;  
Why should I dejected stand,  
Because my dignity bereaves  
Me of dominion among slaves?

God, my Father, reigns above;  
God my Father, in his love,  
Sent me to his nursery-room;  
'Twas meet I should be nurs'd from home;  
Then he'll take me back again,  
And make me on his throne to reign;  
Thou, Contentment, wilt support  
My vessel to the loved port.

Should the tempests roar and rage,  
Thou, Contentment, wilt assuage;  
Should the monsters of the deep  
Rise and wheel with dreadful sweep,  
Thou, Contentment, wilt confound,  
And chain them in their proper bound;  
Should the swallowing whirlpools play,  
Contentment, thou wilt stem their way.

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Lo, night's shadowy frownings come,  
 And o'er-cast the heav'ns with gloom;  
 Thou, Contentment, draw'st the vail,  
 And bidst the Sun of glory hail:  
 Hail, Contentment, hail to thee;  
 Thou'rt a beam of light to me;  
 Guide me upwards on my way  
 To th' eternal Spring of day.

Upwards on my way I climb;  
 Low'ring skies, and shadows dim,  
 Banish'd all the bless'd realm,  
 Flooding glories overwhelm;  
 Saints and angels swim, and sing  
 Hallelujahs to their King,  
 Swim in pleasure, sing, adore,  
 All in raptures evermore.

## CLII. The POWER of TEMPTATION.

**F**URIOUS, mingling sleet and snow,  
 When the sea-winds sweep the plains,  
 Whirlwinds whirling to and fro,  
 Wild confusion lawless reigns;  
 So, Temptation, sent from hell,  
 When it rages in my breast,  
 All my passions then rebel;  
 O how far am I from blest!

See the huge rough-bristling bear,  
 New-bereaved of her whelps;  
 See her foam, and gnash, and tear,  
 Hearing still their wailing yelps:  
 So, mad Anger high-inflam'd,  
 Fiercely breaking all her reins,  
 Bursts away, a beast untam'd,  
 Laughing at the strongest chains.



218 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Lo, the skies to darkness turn,  
 Pouring in a deluge down;  
 All the summer-glories mourn,  
 Blacken'd in a sable gown;  
 So, my soul, befabled all,  
 Changes love for deathful lust;  
 Quite disabled by her fall,  
 She lies grov'ling in the dust.—

Have you seen the blowing bells  
 Blooming on the pleasant flow'r;  
 While her juicy freshness swells,  
 Caterpillars quick devour:  
 So, my bud-nipt heav'nly joys  
 Drop away, and strew the ground,  
 When a lawless pleasure cloy;  
 Lawless pleasures fore confound.—

See the keen invenom'd frosts,  
 As in iron firmly lock,  
 From sea to sea our wintry coasts,  
 And all the plowman's labours mock!  
 So, exasperating Sin  
 Binds my heart in hardest steel;  
 No compassions flow therein;  
 No soft pity there I feel.—

View the scorched desert fields,  
 While the sultry heat descends;  
 Earth no moist refreshment yields,  
 Though the burning heat offends:  
 So Temptation, if she beat  
 Her impressions on my soul,  
 Grief, repentance, leave me quite  
 A filthy, lorn, remorseless fool.—

Vanish, ev'ry fiery dart;  
 Sad Temptation, vanish thou;  
 Banish'd, banish'd from my heart,  
 Disappear as early dew.

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O my God, to thee I fly;  
 Thy compassions let me have:  
 If thou leave me, lo, I die;  
 Save me, save me, quickly save.

Cause the Sun of glory shine,  
 Like clear heat on dewy fields,  
 In a season fair and fine,  
 When the morning pleasure yields.  
 He my darkness shall dispel,  
 Good affections cause to flow;  
 Ev'ry evil passion quell;  
 Eden-like, then I shall blow.

O, already now I feel,  
 Feel his influences kind;  
 Feel them in my spirit well,  
 Light'ning, strength'ning all my mind!  
 O, how weak a heart was mine,  
 When Temptation could me move!  
 Now, my God, I'm wholly thine:  
 Bind me in thy chains of love.

## CLIII. The RAGING SEA BECALMED.

**M**AD tempestuous passions roar,  
 Sounding billows lash the shore,  
 Banish'd calms I now deplore;  
 My soul is all a raging sea;  
 A raging sea of sin and shame,  
 Sin and shame of ev'ry name,  
 Flooding over ev'ry dam,  
 Driving poor unhappy me:

Loose they broke beyond their bounds,  
 Carried me within their mounds;  
 Sin oppresses, shame confounds:  
 'Save me, Lord, before I sink!'—

220 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Was it thou, my Lord of peace,  
Caus'd devouring death to cease,  
Snatch'd me from the fatal place,  
Falling in the very brink?

Dwell thou ever in my mind;  
Thine is all to love inclin'd:  
'Peace,' thou saidst, and, lo, the wind,  
Lo, the winds and seas obey.  
Never more oppos'd be,  
Motion in my heart to thee;  
All within me, bend the knee,  
And own thy universal sway.

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CLIV. The CHOICE of a WIFE.

**I**T is not a shape, nor a set of fine features,  
That to my affections commends the dear crea-  
tures;

Good-nature; good-humour, with modesty join'd,  
These, these be the portion of her whom I find!  
But religion alone is the salt of the Spirit,  
And the lustre of ladies, if ladies will hear it;  
Their roses, their lilies, their beauties in blossom—  
O may such a one be the wife of my bosom!

---

CLV. The DRAMA FINISH'D.

**L**OOKING up with eager eyes,  
Catch the moment as it flies,  
Ere the Lord fold up the skies,  
And display the drama finish'd:  
Then shall ev'ry former thing,  
Whether it did laugh or sing,  
Be oblig'd to leave the ring,  
When the drama all is finish'd.

Heav'n

Heav'n and earth shall pass away,  
As the wind, on windy day,  
Drives away the wither'd hay,

When the drama all is finish'd.  
Hear the blessing from on high;  
' Come, ye faithful, come ye nigh;  
' Dwell with me above the sky,  
' Blessed'—when the drama's finish'd.

Hear the doom in dreadful tone,  
Doom of ev'ry godless one;  
' Ye, into the fire begone,  
' Cursed'—when the drama's finish'd.

Haste, fulfil thy purpose, Lord,  
Written in thy holy word;  
We, thy saints, with one accord,  
Long to see the drama finish'd.

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CLVI. LOW AMBITION.

**I**N my former days of folly,  
Low ambition, on her wings,  
Bore away my spirit wholly,  
Mad-pursuing earthly things;  
As the eagle's spirit sends her  
Swiftly after eagle's prey,  
So my spirit was a ranger,  
Ranging, preying, day by day.

Much she loved to be dwelling  
On the craggy banks of pleasure;  
Stooping down to drink, she fell in,  
And of the deep became a seizure;  
Then she sunk beneath the eddy,  
Roll'd away below the stream:  
So it fares with all the giddy;  
*Pleasure-sippers fall in shame.*



## CLVII. THE WORLD.

WHAT canst thou give, what canst thou hold,  
 What canst thou do to me? [O world?  
 From thy excellency thou'lt soon be hurl'd,  
 And all thy boasts with thee;  
 But I shall live, and see thy funeral-blaze,  
 Nor ever drop a tear;  
 When thou art gone, then I shall get the bays,  
 Upon my head to wear.

O haste thee, haste thee, ling'ring world, O  
 And do no more delay: [haste.  
 I want no more of thee, but see thee breathe thy  
 And, then, farewell for ay. [last;  
 O welcome, welcome, welcome heaven, to me!  
 My dust, begone, begone;  
 And let me with my own Emmanuel be!  
 And see him on his throne!

## CLVIII. GOD my FATHER is my GUIDE.

GOD, my Father, guide my youth,  
 Fill my heart, and fill my mouth,  
 With that holy word of thine,  
 Till I all in glory shine;  
 Shine in glory, like the sun,  
 When my race is fully run,  
 Race of faith, and race of love,  
 In thy purest light above.

CLIX. PA-

## CLIX. PATIENCE.

ENTRENCHED deep within my veins,  
 Pain me enwreathes in hardest chains,  
 While mournfully my soul complains,  
 O pain! O pain! O pain!  
 But hail, sweet Patience, hail to thee;  
 Thou, blandient lenitive, (to me  
 A present help), dost kindly free  
 From fiercest gripes again.

Op'ning the prospect of the skies,  
 The dusky vapour quickly flies,  
 Thou enlight'ning all mine eyes,  
 Like honey on the rod;  
 The rod of Isra'l's princely Son,  
 Who, fore fatigu'd, the battle won,  
 But hunger batt'ling him anon,  
 Sweet honey came from God.

He saw, he tasted, vigour flew  
 Thro' all his heart and limbs anew;  
 His en'mies fled, as morning dew  
 Before the beaming sun.

O Patience, thou my sun so bright,  
 Fillst all my soul with shining light;  
 Where are ye all, ye shades of night?  
 Heav'n, heav'n is begun!

What glories burst upon mine eye!  
 How blest'd a creature now am I,  
 Beholding all below the sky!

Beholding, I adore;  
 Adore the high eternal King;  
 His praise celestial armies sing,  
 By millions flaming all on wing,  
 And so for evermore.

224 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

I see my tabernacle made,  
A glory that shall never fade;  
And there, a sun without a shade,  
How glorious I shall shine!  
Shine in my Father's dwelling-place,  
And drink the raptures of his face,  
Ravish'd to silence with the grace;  
My glory's all divine!

My glory is not mine, but his,  
And therefore all-divine it is;  
What high excess of joy and bliss  
His saints do all enjoy!

Enjoy ye then, enjoy ye now;  
For it was pre-ordain'd for you,  
Before the light from darkness flew,  
Or evil to destroy.—

The evil came, and reign'd a while;  
The evil reign'd through serpent's guile;  
Th' eternal God of love did smile,  
And spoke unto his Son—

‘ Behold, the serpent has deceiv'd,  
‘ And man, our image, is mischief'd;  
‘ But man, I swear, shall be reliev'd.—  
‘ My Father's will be done!

‘ Thy Son is all impatient fire,  
‘ Till he fulfil thy kind desire;  
‘ Upon our foes I'll pour thine ire,  
‘ And man I will relieve;  
‘ I'll do thy work, I'll do it all;  
‘ I'll give thy Spirit to great and small;  
‘ And he shall make them hear thy call,  
‘ Whom thou to me shalt give.—

The Father and the Son combin'd;  
In one amen the Spirit join'd;  
The Godhead, all to love inclin'd;  
Sent death upon the man;

The

The death was but a foil to life,  
 As peace enhanced by the strife;  
 The glory by the sad mischief;  
 But death, like fire, he ran.

He reft the infant from the breast,  
 The bleeding parent's bosom preft,  
 And all from each the soul to wrest;  
 So cruel was his rage!

He tofs'd them on an ocean wide;  
 On ev'ry wave dark horrors ride;  
 Destruction roars on ev'ry fide;  
 Undash'd escapes no age.

The flouncing leviathan wheels,  
 And all the shoal his fury feels,  
 He sweeps off millions at his meals;  
 And yet he gapes for prey.

But lots are cast; the lot befel  
 The man who never did rebel,  
 The raging death alone to quell,  
 And death by death to flay.

With pow'r declar'd the Son of God,  
 The first that rose from death's abode,  
 He life to all his own bestow'd;

They rose again in him;  
 In him ascended up on high,  
 In him they reign above the sky;  
 And, where he is, he'll bring them nigh,  
 Array'd in glorious trim.

As spring all nature's charms renews,  
 Distilling soft refreshing dews,  
 In verdure clothing all the boughs,

The whole creation smiles;  
 The little birds, on cheerful wing,  
 Light-leaping, through the branches sing,  
 And hail the universal spring;  
 No blast their hope beguiles:

So,



226 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

So, in the resurrection-day,  
The sin and death fly all away;  
The Son commands, they must obey;  
He speaks, and it is done.  
His Spirit falls in dewy show'rs;  
And, raising from the dust his flow'rs,  
On them he all his glory pours;  
They blossom ev'ry one:

For lustre, as the drops of dew,  
Bright glitt'ring, trembling to the view,  
In numbers vying with them too,  
Shed from the morning's womb;  
The Sun of glory shines on them;  
In beauty they resemble him;  
Without a spot, or shadow dim,  
As paradise they bloom.

In paradise they bloom and glow,  
Where living pleasures ever flow;  
And breathing loves upon them blow,  
The breathing loves of God.  
A moment more, and, Patience, thou  
My friendly sweet companion now,  
The full redemption shalt me show,  
In heav'n my own abode.

CLX. The

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## CLX. The SAINTS HOPE in DEATH.

**T**O cheer up your hearts, I would have you  
to know,

That they, O my brethren, to dust who down go,  
Asleep in the Lord, are at rest from their sin;  
And at rest from their sorrows, his kingdom within.  
The Forerunner enter'd, he enter'd for them;  
Praise God for the joy they enjoy now with him,  
Escap'd ev'ry yoke, and escap'd ev'ry load,  
All singing, rejoicing, triumphant in God.

O weep not for them, but leave weeping to slaves,  
Whom death of their god and their comfort be-  
reaves;

In darkness they live, and in darkness they die:  
No marvel at all, if as Micah they cry;

'You have taken my gods away, what have I more?'

Thus quite inconsolable they may deplore;

But should God's own elected too cherish such  
grief, [chief?

As if death were to you the most dreadful mis-

Pray, when did the husbandman ever complain,  
That the harvest too early brought forward his  
grain?

He manureth, he ploweth, he soweth in hope,

Then gladly receiveth his plentiful crop:

Ev'n so, the beloved and blessed of heaven,

To whom in compassion dismissal is given,

They sowed in tears, but they reap now in joy,

And a harvest of glory with God shall enjoy!

His money no miser will ever refuse;

O God's generosity, then, don't abuse!

While here in the body, on int'rest we live;

The dead both their int'rest and principal have.

No mercy's the less that it comes to us soon;

No hireling is griev'd for his time being done;

Nay, longing, impatient, he chides the delay,

And cheerfully haileth his jubilé-day.

228 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Bound to sorrow, we serve an apprenticeship sad;  
To wish then for chains and correction is mad;  
Our brethren departed are *set up* above; [love.  
Their employment is praise, and their payment is  
Will the slave be discourag'd, when ransom'd and  
freed, [bleed;

With cru'lt'y and blows when his sides no more  
When he hears the lash sounding no more o'er  
his head?

No more should your spirit be griev'd for the dead.

Behold, they are safe, yea, and happier than thou;  
And should thy heart break then for strength of  
their bow?

Their battle is over, their victory won;  
A mighty cause, truly, to make thee undone!  
Unto them by their fall exaltation was given;  
They fell to the ground, and were lifted to heaven:  
Why shouldst thou envy them, because they are  
crown'd?

Losing sight of their foes, their Redeemer they  
found:

They lean on his bosom, they drink at his eye,  
Whole heavens of raptures that never shall die;  
Hallelujahs upon hallelujahs arise;  
The fatigues of the race ly *dead-sunk* in the prize.  
For God is unsearchable, and he is theirs:  
Farewell to their watchings, their fastings, their  
prayers;

Their scanty proportions, their wearisome days:  
His love is their portion, their transport, their  
praise.

The mountainous billows may ride on the floods;  
The floods may arise up, and fly with the clouds;  
Wrought high thro' the ether, as hell they may  
roar;

Our friends, the deceased, are safely ashore.

CLXI. GOD WELL-PLEASED IN HIS BE-  
LOVED.

**THOUGH** waves of tribulation roll,  
(*Why shouldest thou, my soul, be moved?*)

And rock the earth from pole to pole,  
*My God is pleas'd in his Beloved.*

Though stormy wars around thee blow,  
(*Why shouldest thou, my soul, be moved?*)

Though thousands to the sword should go,  
*My God is pleas'd in his Beloved.*

Though famine should thy life assail,  
(*Why shouldest thou, my soul, be moved?*)

Though all the world around thee wail,  
*My God is pleas'd in his Beloved.*

Though bitter troubles on thee seize,  
(*Why shouldest thou, my soul, be moved?*)

Death, death will put an end to these;  
*My God is pleas'd in his Beloved.*

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CLXII. CHRIST'S RESURRECTION A  
PLEDGE OF OURS.

**BELIEVE** ye Jesus died and rose,  
And that he slew the monster death;

By death triumphing o'er our foes,  
That robbed us and him of breath?

By death he slew the devil too,  
(The terrors of each faithless mind)

Who had the power of death and you;  
He only left their ghosts behind.

Those ghosts indeed will seize and gripe,  
And squeeze within the burial-press;

The tender grapes for glory ripe;  
But, to the place of happiness,



230 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

The spirit runs a precious juice,  
Free from all dreg and sediment;  
Death only opens up a sluice,  
To drain them pure, and give them vent.

Nor let the heav'nly wines repine,  
For all their squeezings and hard pain;  
For over Jesus, the True Vine,  
Both death and wrath did pow'rful reign:  
That we might rise to God's abode,  
Oppressed in the inmost soul,  
Wrath-trodden in wine-presses of God,  
The anguish o'er his soul did roll.

Yet first we suffer pain and toil,  
To press out and extract the spirit;  
Refining now, in vat we boil,  
While tribulations often stir it.  
The liquor's naught without the yeast;  
Fine metals must the fire endure;  
Thus we attain celestial rest,  
Being purify'd as he is pure.

The Shepherd, having purchas'd grace  
Eternal by his streaming blood,  
Did enter into perfect peace,  
And grace on all his flock bestow'd.  
He is the Way, the Truth, the Life;  
The dead with him are enter'd in;  
In him they sleep, at rest from strife,  
And all this world's tumultuous din.  
The Lord, the Shepherd, mighty God,  
Descending to the judgment-field;  
Behold him riding on a cloud;  
The bending skies beneath him yield.  
Cheer up your hearts, cheer up, and sing;  
Our glory, lo, is all in bloom!  
See, all the saints are with the King;  
He comes to bring his children home.

CLXIII. The

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CLXIII. The MANNER and EFFECT of the  
LORD'S COMING.

WE of God's own commission ambassadors are,  
And this is the message we have to declare;  
Give heed to the purport; it cometh to you,  
And bringeth his purpose disclosed to view;  
That they who are saints in the body alive,  
Remaining on earth, when the Lord shall arrive,  
Shall not get the start of the saints in the skies,  
When the trumpet shall sound, 'To the judgment  
' arise.'

For the Lord shall descend; and the trumpet shall  
Re-echoing loud the creation around; [sound,  
And God's highest trumpet shall swell with the shout  
Of Jesus, and all his archangels about;  
The rocks and the mountains, like Jericho-wall,  
All crumbling to powder, shall instantly fall;  
The dead, long-imprisoned, shall burst from the  
earth,  
And break up the bars of the dungeon of death.

How joyful and glorious they spring to the skies!  
For the dead in the Lord must the soonest arise;  
Resembling in number the drops of the dew  
From the womb of the morning, they issue to view;  
As streams of light flowing, they flow round the  
Sun,

The Sun of their glory, impearling his crown;  
Then they who remain yet alive, being God's,  
Shall be caught up together with them in the clouds.

Then, then, in a body, all heavenly fair,  
We meet our Redeemer, the Lord, in the air.  
In dust he was humbled, and carried the cross,  
To carry us highly exalted up thus.  
In bodies of light, representing the sun,  
We shine in his glory, we shine ev'ry one;  
We shine with the Lord, and we shine evermore;  
Thus refresh one another, and Jesus adore.

## CLXIV. The TIMES and SEASONS CONCEALED.

NOW concerning the times and the seasons  
decreed,

The Father, my brethren, would have us at ease;  
That we from anxiety perfectly freed,

Contented, and patient, may finish our race.

You know, of the Spirit abundantly taught,

That the day of the Lord, like a thief in the night,  
Approach like a whirlwind, with vengeance full  
fraught,

With pain on the head of the wicked to light.

Amusing their fancies with follies and dreams,

They think but of peace, and of safety they cry,  
Out-stretching themselves on their beds, while the  
flames

Round their habitations, high-raging, do fly:

Lo, all in a moment, their imminent doom,

Sad, heavy, impending, in act to fall down,

With dreadful destruction doth suddenly come,

Slung away from above, as a mountain of stone.

While they wallow in pleasures, and riot away,

All madly distracted, ungovern'd, and wild,

Their anguish upon the determined day

Shall seize them, as travail a woman with child;

There's no possibility of an escape,

No shifting aside from the day of the Lord;

The dreadful experience of this, in their sleep,

Found the haughty Egyptians, who laugh'd at  
his word.

But you, O my brethren, the Isra'l of God, [day;

Are escap'd from the darkness, the sons of the

He made you a passage to pass through the flood;

His countenance shining directed the way;

The blackness and darkness of Sinai are gone;

The sound of the trumpet hath died away:

Amen to the Lamb in the midst of the throne;

Amen to his coming on that happy day.

CLXV. The

## CLXV. The CHILDREN of LIGHT.

**A**LL hail to the children of light,  
All hail to the sons of the day;

Farewell to the darkness and night,

We'll sing with a joyful lay.

Away with ye, revelling, wine,

With drowfiness, surfeit, and sleep;

Possess of the Spirit divine,

We'll watch, and sobriety keep.

The sleeper sound sleeps in the night,

In heaviness slumb'ring till day;

The drunkard avoideth the light,

To darkness he flieth away.

But we, being children of love,

Enlighten'd with heav'nly grace,

Aspiring to joys above,

Should trample on sin as the grass.

Our life is a warfare with sin,

And sin is a vigilant foe;

If we would the victory win,

We must in sobriety go;

We'll beat all our enemies small,

And joyfully hold on our path,

If our hearts as a fortify'd wall,

Are fortify'd round with our faith,

Our path is before us, behold,

For us he appointed a race;

To run for the prize be ye bold,

And let your love quicken your pace:

The prize is a glorious crown;

Contend for salvation, contend;

With hope your companion hold on,

Rejoicing, hold on to the end.



God never appointed to wrath  
 His darlings, the sons of his love;  
 But he gave his own Son to the death,  
 The death from us all to remove:  
 Now, therefore, awake or asleep,  
 We live still together with him;  
 His love in sweet fellowship keep,  
 And your glory shall never grow dim.

CLXVI. CHRIST'S RESURRECTION. 1 Cor. xv.  
 1.—12.

**G**LAD tidings of joy now to you I declare;  
 I beseech you, my brethren, give ear, O  
 No secrets among you my embassies were, [give ear;  
 As witness your eagerness, crowding to hear:  
 What you heard you believed, and therein you stand;  
 Nay, therein are fav'd, if in mind you retain  
 The gospel I preached by Jesus' command;  
 Unless both your faith and my preaching be vain.  
 For this I deliver'd to you first of all,  
 What I had received from Jesus the Lord;  
 That he for our sins did a sacrifice fall,  
 According to holy authentic record;  
 And that he was buried, and up again rose  
 The third day thereafter, as Scriptures foretold;  
 And that he was seen of the twelve whom he chose,  
 But was seen first of all by Cephas the bold.  
 Yea, and after that, too, by five hundred and more,  
 Seen at once of them all, brethren faithful and  
 true;  
 The most part of whom are alive to this hour,  
 Though some to the world have bid an adieu;  
 Then seen of James afterwards, then of them all,  
 His apostles and witnesses whom he sent forth;  
 Then last of them all, he was seen of me Paul,  
 Of all most unworthy, a posthumous birth:

For

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 235

For I am the least of all those whom he sent;  
 An apostle of Jesus unmeet to be call'd,  
 The lambs of his flock, who so lion-like rent,  
 And all to the prison his disciples haul'd;  
 But I by the grace of God am what I am;  
 And the grace he bestow'd on me was not in vain;  
 A chosen dear vessel, of mercy I came;  
 For he seal'd me his own, and my heart said amen.  
 I have labour'd abundantly more than they all,  
 And yet I disclaim all the labour I do;  
 Disclaim it to-day, and disclaim ever shall, [thro'.  
 'Twas his grace which was in me that carried me  
 Now hear the conclusion and scope of the whole,  
 (For whether 'twere they or I matters not much),  
 Let Christ's resurrection your spirits console;  
 For such was our preaching, your credit was such.

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CLXVII. If CHRIST be not RISEN, there is no  
 RESURRECTION. 1 Cor. XV. 12.—21.

**P**ROCLAIMED aloud by the heralds of heav'n,  
 God's only Begotten, the first from the dead,  
 Christ Jesus the Son, and the Prince to us giv'n,  
 Our Lord, Representative, Saviour, and Head;  
 How come some among you so boldly to say,  
 There's no resurrection for which we may hope;  
 But our bodies, dissolved and crumbled to clay,  
 From their dire desolation shall never get up?  
 But, O my dear brethren, beware of this point;  
 A spot of damnation among you it is;  
 The salvation of God it does wholly disjoint,  
 And plunge irremediably in the abyss:  
 For, if our resurrection be all a mere dream,  
 False imagination, a flash in the air,  
 Then Christ still lies dead in corruption and shame,  
 And proves an impostor, discover'd and bare!  
 For, if Christ be unrisen, our preaching is wind,  
 And so is your faith a delusion indeed,

An

236 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

An idle deception, amusing your mind, [dead  
Till, damn'd in the dungeon, you mourn with the  
Yea, and verily then, but deceiving the world,  
Ev'n we the apostles, apostles of God,  
Betraying you all, would by Satan be whirl'd,  
Notorious liars, to Satan's abode;

Notorious liars, convicted and caught,  
Because we have preached, and preached aloud,  
Declared with boldness, and openly taught,  
A falsehood against the most high mighty God;  
With strongest assurances still giving out,  
That God by his power had rais'd indeed  
The Lord, whom he rais'd not, (a terrible plot!)  
If indeed there were no resurrection of dead!

For, if there be no resurrection at all,  
Then neither is Jesus arisen again,  
The Head and Example to all, great and small,  
Who, bless'd in his kingdom, his members shall  
reign;

But his kingdom and members are all a deceit,  
If in truth and reality still he be dead!  
Our gospel is all a mere absolute cheat!  
And so your blief but a withered blade!

You are still as you were, yet ingulfed in guilt,  
The sprouts of your glory shall never arise,  
If Jesus, your Root, now within the earth spilt,  
All moulder'd to ashes, in rottenness lies!  
Yea, and all his ingrafted are wither'd away,  
Their blossoms like smoke blown away in the air;  
Who dy'd in the hope of exchanging their clay,  
And finding their bodies as his body fair.

If we in this world alone have our hope,  
Our hope in the Lord, and expecting no more;  
Baptiz'd with his baptism, drinking his cup,  
The most wretched of all men, then we may de-  
But Jesus now risen, the first of the field, [plore!  
Full blooming in glory, the Flow'r of the spring,  
The dead, all arising with Jesus, shall yield  
A glorious crop to Jehovah our King.

CLXVIII DEATH

## CLXVIII. DEATH and LIFE both by MAN.

1 Cor. xv. 21.—24.

**E**VER cheerful, sweet, and gay,  
 Light and pleasant be my soul;  
 What tho' Adam he gave way,  
 Making shipwreck of the whole;  
 Stormy billows from the deep,  
 Ere we knew the light of heav'n,  
 Overwhelm'd us in our sleep;  
 But our odds shall all be even.  
 Christ, the second Adam, came  
 To repair our ruins all;  
 Innocent and holy Lamb!  
 Leaping at his Father's call;  
 Springs into the deepest shades  
 Of the roaring lion's den;  
 There his pierced bosom bleeds,  
 There he died, the life of men;  
 There was bury'd, thence he rose,  
 High triumphing evermore,  
 Over all our deadly foes;  
 O redeeming love adore!  
 We all rose again in him;  
 He ascended up on high,  
 Leading to the happy clime  
 All his saints, above the sky.  
 Yet we dwell a little while,  
 Here, sojourning upon earth,  
 Full of sorrow, trouble, toil,  
 Till defunct we're carried forth;  
 So our glorified Head  
 Set a pattern for his friends;  
 So he lived, so he died,  
 So his kindness he commends.

Shame



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Shame and guilt by Adam came,  
 Guilt and shame o'erspread us all;  
 Righteousness by God's own Lamb  
 Blotted out old Adam's fall;  
 Adam's fall, the source of death,  
 Death a debt we could not pay;  
 Jesus bore away the wrath,  
 Brought the resurrection-day.

Ev'ry thing in order due,  
 So the purpose is fulfill'd;  
 First the root, and then the bough,  
 First the father, then the child;  
 Jesus is the Olive good,  
 Father of eternity;  
 Lo, he has, and so he shou'd,  
 Always have th' excellency.

How he travell'd in his might!  
 The great Shepherd of the flock,  
 Pointing out the path-way right,  
 All opposing barriers broke;  
 Ent'ring first into the fold,  
 He prepares our proper homes;  
 Then we enter, young and old,  
 All in glory, when he comes.

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CLXIX. THE KINGDOM DELIVERED UP TO THE  
 FATHER. 1 Cor. xv. 24.—29.

**T**HE Lamb that was slain, lo, behold him on  
 high,  
 Victorious, reigning in midst of the throne,  
 Advancing the period, the period is nigh,  
 Of full restitution of things ev'ry one.  
 The end and the purpose shall then be display'd,  
 When every rule, authority, power,  
 Dominion and kingdom, subdued are laid,  
 Deliver'd up wholly, the Father before.

For

## SPIRITUAL SONGS. 239

For over the kingdom he must persevere,  
 Destroying the rebels and enemies all,  
 Till absolute victory shout in his ear,  
 ' See Death, the last enemy, vanquished fall !'  
 For such was the certain eternal decree,  
 That God's own Anointed, his Son and his Heir,  
 Shall reign till his en'mies all trodden down be;  
 Peace, peace everlasting the end of the war.

Now the fulness of Godhead in Jesus, the Man,  
 For he dwelt in the dust, (the predestinate Lamb),  
 Performing the purpose, shall finish the plan;  
 But in all this, 'tis certain, a Servant he came.  
 When his mediatory work shall be done,  
 His foes all subdued, to dust beaten small,  
 Then the kingdom's delivered up by the Son  
 To the Father, that God may be all and in all.

CLXX. HOPE of the RESURRECTION the AN-  
 CHOR of the SOUL. 1 Cor. xv. 29.—35.

**W**AS not Jesus appointed Example and Head  
 Of all the beloved election;  
 The Lord of the living, the Lord of the dead,  
 The Pattern of our resurrection?  
 But, if there be no resurrection at all,  
 Why were we baptiz'd with the Spirit;  
 Baptiz'd in his death, yea, and told that we shall  
 With Jesus the kingdom inherit?

If the body of Jesus be dead in the earth,  
 The Spirit must surely deceive us;  
 Our share in his death, and the spiritual birth,  
 If a fable, can never relieve us!  
 But shall we blaspheme, and imagine the Spirit  
 Will father unto us a fiction; [merit,  
 That the blood, and the righteousness, glory, and  
 Of Jesus are all but in diction!

And

240 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

And shall we imagine the Spirit will plunge  
 Our pupilage into confusion;  
 So gripe us, and tosse us, and drag us, and twinge,  
 Confusion pursuing confusion?  
 With jeopardy treading on jeopardy's heels,  
 We follow the Spirit in anguish;  
 The Spirit well knoweth what our spirit feels,  
 How sadly distressed we languish.

I verily do, O my brethren, protest  
 By your present rejoicing in Jesus,  
 In which, I assure you, my spirit is blest,  
 That deaths do continually seize us.  
 If lately at Ephesus fought I with beasts,  
 Or men in the fashion of monsters, [feasts,  
 What advantage have I, in the midst of their  
 The jest and derision of songsters?

What advantage have I, if the dead be not rais'd,  
 Daily gnaw'd on, and prey'd on by sorrow?  
 The licentious carouser is more to be prais'd,  
 'Eat and drink ye, for die we to morrow!'  
 A gangrened member will ruin the body,  
 Unless it be speedily lopt off;  
 Then wou'd ye be saved, my brethren, wou'd ye!  
 Let the joint of infection be knock'd off:

For be not deceived; deceivers abroad,  
 They go but abroad to deceive you;  
 Bad communications corrupt manners good;  
 Beware, that they may not bereave you:  
 Nay, bereaved already, and sadly deceived;  
 Awake unto righteousness; sin not;  
 For some in the truth have not truly behaved;  
 To shame you, my speech is designed.

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CLXXI. As SEEDS sown and springing, so the  
 RESURRECTION. I Cor. xv. 35.—39.

**B**UT after what fashion, pray, come the dead  
 Some idle objector replies; [up?  
 What

What kind of a body, we pray, may they hope,  
When they in their time shall arise?  
Thou fool! in the season when you go to sow,  
And scatter your seed in the fields,  
It dieth before it shall quicken and grow,  
Else no bountiful blessing it yields.

Moreover, concerning the seed which thou sowest,  
Thou sow'st not the body that shall be;  
But absolute grain in the ground thou bestowest,  
Again which thine eyes never shall see;  
But God gives a body to each kind of seed,  
In methods to God only known;  
According as he in good pleasure decreed,  
And to every seed giveth its own.

---

CLXXII. The GLORIFIED BODY a KIND by  
itself\*. 1 Cor. xv. 39—42.

**A**LL flesh is not the same in kind or size;  
Of man, of beast, of fish, and bird that flies,  
Are different kinds, according to their nature,  
Of different beauty, figure, use, and feature.  
Some bodies of celestial mold do shine,  
Whose form and texture, beautiful and fine,  
No vestige bear of an impaired bloom,  
All dazzling lustrous from the heav'nly loom:

And, glow-worm-like, some bodies scanty gleam,  
Of homelier fashion, and terrestrial frame;  
Both, for their own peculiar states and times,  
In the celestial or terrestrial climes.  
Thus in the heavens, the whole is figur'd there;  
Bold, princely, royal, bridegroom-like, and clear,  
The sun in blazing majesty is seen,  
The moon in modest glory as his queen.

\* There is a variety of kinds, and a variety of glory among the creatures; why should there not be such a kind and glory as that of the glorified body, in the resurrection?



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Differing amongst themselves, the stars appear;  
One star seems less, another seems more clear;  
According to the holy wise design  
Diversify'd, their twinkling glories shine:  
So is the resurrection of the dead,  
Sown in the earth, to spring a fruitful seed;  
According to the pre-ordained grace,  
A glorious harvest to the Prince of Peace.

---

CLXXIII. The GLORY of the RAISED  
BODY. 1 Cor. xv. 42—44.

ALL in glory sweetly blowing,  
Blooms the lily of the vale,  
Pains repaying for the sowing;  
But the valley-lilies fail:  
Never fails the body, springing  
Fair, in resurrection-day;  
Full of laughter, mirth, and singing,  
After having died away.

Sown it is in deep corruption,  
For the vermin to devour;  
Life, abhorring interruption,  
Wrests it from the vermin's pow'r.  
Sown it is in sad dishonours,  
Sad dishonours o'er it reign;  
Recreating love exoners,  
Rais'd in glory up again.

Like a shadow, or a likeness,  
Crush'd to death before a fly,  
It is sown in very weakness,  
But springs powerful to the sky:  
Sown it is a nat'ral body,  
A dull, heavy, lumpish clod;  
But, refin'd, the substance muddy  
Spiritual is rais'd by God.

CLXXIV. The

CLXXIV. The NATURAL BODY and the SPIRITUAL. 1 Cor. xv. 44—46.

FULL blazing upon us from under a cloud,  
Which lately did from us his heav'nly rays  
In glory emerging, behold how the sun, [shroud,  
(Though clouds follow clouds), like a bridegroom  
doth run:

Lo, the clouds of his vailings evanish'd away,  
The glooms and the horrors are fled from the  
Ev'n so is the spiritual body of man, [day;  
Succeeding instead of the natural one:

For a spiritual body, and natural too,  
Claim boldly in each of us their proper due;  
Advancing in order, as day upon night,  
The spiritual putting the nat'ral to flight:  
For so it is written in holy record,  
First Adam was breathed into by the Lord;  
A living soul he, and so were all his seed;  
But the Second's the Spirit that quickens the dead.

CLXXV. The NATURAL BODY before the SPIRITUAL. 1 Cor. xv. 46—51.

COMPOS'D of earthy substance, thick, and gross,  
Adam the first caus'd all our woes and loss;  
The second Adam is the Lord from heaven,  
By whom alone the heav'nly blessing's given.  
As is the earthy, so the earthy ones;  
As is the sp'ritual, so his sp'ritual sons;  
First earthy, then the spiritual succeeds,  
As fairest flow'rs from dead corrupted seeds.

As we have fall'n, the represented seed,  
And born the image of our earth head;  
So we shall stand before the Holy One,  
And bear the image of the heav'nly Son.  
Now this I say, that flesh and blood can ne'er  
The glories of God's heav'nly kingdom bear;

244 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Nor this corruption, wherein now we dwell,  
Of incorruption bear his royal seal.

CLXXVI. WE SHALL NOT ALL DIE. 1 Cor.  
xv. 51—54.

**L**O, behold, now a myst'ry to you I display;  
We shall not all die, but, upon the last day,  
We all in a moment, in twinkling an eye,  
Shall be chang'd, and away quickly fly to the sky;  
At the trump of the Lord, for the trumpet shall  
found,

The last trump of God, unto hell's lowest bound;  
The dead, incorruptible, then shall arise,  
And we shall be chang'd to celestial guise:

For this clay corruptible, wherein we dwell,  
This ruin'd, polluted, incrustating shell,  
With life incorruptible must be array'd,  
And mortality with immortality clad.

CLXXVII. GLORY and IMMORTALITY.

1 Cor. xv. 54—58.

**W**HEN this corruption is laid down,  
And incorruption clothed on,  
When rags of mortal flesh are gone,  
For an immortal glory;  
Fulfilled all the holy word  
Of the infallible record;  
Then welcome, welcome to the Lord,  
The Lord of all our glory.

In victory is swallowed  
The death wherein we wallowed;  
His holy name be hallowed,  
Who reigneth all in glory.

O death, where hast thou left thy sting?  
 And thou, O grave, victorious king,  
 To sin may now thy triumphs sing,  
 Bereaved of thy glory.

Now thanks to God be thro' his Son,  
 Who hath for us the vict'ry won;  
 And made us kings and priests in one,  
 To reign with him in glory.  
 In faith and love let us obey,  
 Still trust in God, nor from him stray;  
 We know he will his grace repay;  
 Our Lord is King of glory.

We'll praise the Father in his way,  
 Then gladly welcome Jesus' day,  
 When old things all shall pass away;  
 All things are new in glory.  
 Methinks, already now I see  
 The King of glory come for me;  
 And I shall glorious be as he,  
 When viewing all his glory.

## CLXXVIII. IMMORTALITY. 1 Cor. xv. 55-

O Grave, where is thy victory?  
 O death, where is thy sting?  
 Abolish'd, ye transfixed ly,  
 By our Almighty King.  
 Thy venom from the fiery law,  
 Fierce viper! Sin, thou suckt;  
 But he to pieces dash'd thy jaw,  
 Thy sting away he pluckt.

Aloft let hallelujahs fly,  
 Let loud hosannas ring,  
 To Him who reigns above the sky;  
 To Him the vict'ry sing.



246 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Sing, ev'ry faint, triumphing o'er  
Thy ev'ry deadly foe;  
Against thee they triumph no more;  
Accurst, to hell they go.

Their prison-gates upon them barr'd,  
They can no more return;  
In chains of darkness fasten'd hard,  
They pine, they twist, they mourn.  
The burning surges o'er them roll,  
And wheel them to and fro;  
The torments of their inmost soul  
Shall no remission know.

Despairing, they blaspheme and roar,  
And gnash their teeth again;  
While fresher floods of vengeance pour,  
Increasing pain on pain.  
Behold the portion of their cup  
In the abyss below;  
The indignation swallow'd up,  
Re-swallows up the foe.

But ye, the ransom'd of God,  
The children of his love,  
With God shall dwell in his abode,  
And all his blessings prove.  
O steadfast, therefore, ever stand,  
Obedient to your King.  
Immoveable in his command,  
Till your reward he bring.

Behold, he comes, the God of love,  
I hear his trumpet sound;  
He'll glorify us all above,  
With palms of vict'ry crown'd.  
O Grave, where is thy victory?  
O Death, where is thy sting?  
Caught up above you and the sky,  
In God we dwell, and sing.

CLXXIX. *In the Beginning was the WORD.**John i. 1, &c.*

**B**EFORE the sun began to roll  
 His glory thro' the vaulted sky,  
 Or elder night possess'd the pole,  
 Or ancient time began to fly;  
 Of old, from everlasting, was  
 (To everlasting still the same)  
 The WORD, the First Eternal Cause,  
 Possess'd of all JEHOVAH's name.

Creation issu'd from his will,  
 And heav'n and earth before him stood,  
 In form and fashion, by his skill,  
 With all their hosts pronounced GOOD:  
 He said, and lo the same was done,  
 O LIGHT, BE THOU! and light there was;  
 He set the light in thee, O sun,  
 And bade thee shine by sov'reign laws.

In him was life; the life was light,  
 The light of men for evermore:  
 The glory of his Godhead bright,  
 Reveal'd in flesh, we all explore;  
 The glory of the Peerless One,  
 The Father's character expresses,  
 In whom the Godhead fully shone:  
 (Nor in the image was it less).

We of his fulness, ev'ry one,  
 Have now received grace for grace,  
 Who glory in th' Eternal Son,  
 And trace the Father in his face:  
 We trace the Father in his face,  
 And catch his likeness all divine;  
 For he's the type of all his race,  
 Who shall in light eternal shine.

CLXXX. CHRIST

CLXXX. CHRIST JOINING HIS TWO  
DISCIPLES. Luke xxiv. 13—37.

**A** MAZED, on their dreary way,  
With heavy heart and heavy pace,  
Repeating oft, 'O woful day!  
And sighing sad, with many alas!  
A pair of weary ones there walk'd,  
Leaving behind Jerusalem;  
And walking onwards, still they talk'd  
Of Jesus' death, that mournful theme.  
Scarce had they walk'd a mile or twain,  
With warry eyes, deep sorrow prest;  
Recounting all their woes again,  
And uttering what their griefs suggest;  
When, lo, the Lord himself drew nigh;  
'All hail, my fellow-trav'lers, hail;  
(With kind salute they heard him cry),  
'And why, my brethren, do you wail?  
'What is the matter fills you so,  
'And makes you both so sadly mourn?'  
But all the while they did not know,  
Who sooth'd them on their way forlorn;  
Thou must a stranger be indeed,  
They said, in our Jerusalem,  
Who askest why our spirits bleed,  
Brimful of such a tragic theme?  
'What tragic theme?' replied he,  
'What tragic theme, pray, do you mean?'  
Said they, For Jesus mourn do we,  
For Jesus Christ the Nazarene;  
A prophet bold in word and deed,  
In sight of God and Isra'l all;  
But now, alas! he's cold and dead;  
Our eyes did see the mighty fall;

A sacrifice to cruel rage,  
 They caught, they bound him in their spite;  
 His murder only could assuage  
 Their thirst of blood who hate the light;  
 Condemning first without a cause,  
 They wreakt on him their bitterness;  
 For keeping all God's holy laws  
 They nail'd his body to a cross.

But we suppos'd the period come,  
 Foretold from ages long ago,  
 To bring the chosen Isra'l home,  
 According as the Scriptures show;  
 We saw, we lov'd him, and we deem'd  
 He from the Father's bosom came,  
 Who should have Israel redeem'd,  
 The very Christ, God's chosen Lamb.

But what surpriseth most of all,  
 Is that which happened to-day,  
 In course the third which now doth fall  
 Since all these things were on the way;  
 Some women of our own had gone  
 This morning early to the tomb,  
 To vent their grief and tears and moan,  
 But soon returned trembling home;

They told us they had angels seen,  
 Assuring Jesus was alive;  
 Ourselves, to know the truth so keen,  
 At the sepulchre next arrive;  
 The women had indeed been true,  
 As far as all our search could go;  
 The Lord appeared not to view,  
 But all they said appeared so.

In soft compassion, then, the Lord  
 Began to chide their unbelief;  
 'O slow of heart to hear the word!  
 'The word believ'd had quench'd your grief.  
 'Messiah,



250 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

‘ Messiah, ought he not to have,  
 ‘ According to the prophets all,  
 ‘ Endured thus, and thus to save  
 ‘ His people’s life by his own fall?’

Expounding then the sacred page,  
 He bade the shades of darkness fly,  
 From Moses down, thro’ ev’ry age,  
 And brought the meaning to their eye;  
 He shew’d them all himself concerning:  
 The men astonish’d stood amaz’d,  
 And marvell’d at his quick discerning,  
 While he their drooping spirits rais’d.

The ev’ning now advancing on,  
 Led them to their desired place,  
 And Jesus would have further gone,  
 But they constrain’d him ne’ertheless;  
 Within the hospitable walls  
 Arriv’d these three among their friends;  
 Behold the scene that now befalls,  
 And in surprizing manner ends.

Lo, as they sat in wonted guise,  
 And Jesus bless’d and brake the bread,  
 He smil’d, and opened their eyes,  
 Then in a twinkling vanished.—  
 ‘ How hotly burn’d our hearts!’ said they,  
 Recovering from their first surprise,  
 ‘ While walking with us by the way,  
 ‘ He Scripture open’d to our eyes.’

They said, they rose, they ran, they flew,  
 Then quickly for Jerusalem,  
 To tell the tidings glad and true,  
 That Jesus had appear’d to them.  
 They found their brethren all together;  
 ‘ Lift up your heart, lift up your head!’  
 ‘ Now blooms the flow’r that late did wither;  
 ‘ The Lord is risen from the dead!

‘ Alive

‘ Alive indeed ! our eyes have seen him ;  
 ‘ He walked with us by the way : ’  
 They spoke of all that pass’d between them,  
 And how he did himself display  
 In breaking of the bread, and how—  
 But, lo, before they could proceed,  
 Jesus himself stood full in view,  
 And, ‘ Peace be to you ! ’ mildly said.—

## CLXXXI. FALSE HOPE and TRUE HOPE.

A H, Pleasure ! now I’m sick of you,  
 Your blandishments are all in vain ;  
 You cannot smooth the writhed brow,  
 You cannot sooth the tort’ring pain :  
 Away, away, false flatt’ring Hope,  
 False flatt’ring Hope of sinful joy ;  
 Too long you’ve made me blindly grope ;  
 Decoying first, you then destroy.  
 Your dazzling rays first strike me blind,  
 Then strangely move me to pursue ;  
 Touchless and viewless as the wind,  
 The phantom flies and mocks me too :  
 ‘ Hold, hold ! ’ I cry, ‘ I have you now ! ’  
 But, lo, down headlong in a pit  
 Falling, my bones are bruised by you,  
 And you are never caught yet.  
 You raise me up—another glance  
 Of gladness thrills thro’ all my heart ;  
 My spirits spring and buoyant dance,  
 Wrought high to madness thro’ your art.  
 Infernal magic ! sprung from hell,  
 To hell soon may you curs’d descend,  
 And leave my breast in peace to dwell,  
 Till I shall know my latter end.

My

252 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

My latter end! ah, little known!  
 I've only minded present things;  
 My garden's robb'd, my pleasure's flown;  
 O where are now my living springs?  
 My living springs! what would I give  
 To have you once my own again?  
 Drinking, in raptures I would live;  
 The tempter me should tempt in vain.

The tempter! blasted be the name!  
 He spoil'd, he spoil'd me of my God;  
 In guile he cover'd me with shame;  
 He drew me down to his abode,  
 His dark abode, to live in death,  
 Doom'd to eternal misery,  
 Under intolerable wrath,  
 Dying to die, yet never die.

Dying to die! O man, behold,  
 Behold thy fair inheritance,  
 By sin bequeath'd to thee of old;  
 You pass to darkness thro' a trance;  
 Dark is the trance thro' which you pass,  
 The chambers dark in which you dwell;  
 Thy chains are forg'd of strongest brass;  
 The sons of sin are sons of hell.

In sin conceiv'd, they dwell in sin,  
 By nature children all of wrath;  
 O better had they never been,  
 If as they live they yield their breath!  
 A-whoring from the very womb,  
 From life they wander quite astray;  
 A-whoring to the very tomb,  
 They nought but divers lusts obey.

Ah! divers lusts! for wisdom shews  
 The motto of the carnal heart,  
 (And, which no mortal dare refuse),  
 'Thou enmity against God art.'

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# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 253

All that is born of flesh is flesh;  
 Except thou shalt again be born,  
 Celestial love shall ne'er refresh  
 Thy heart, of ev'ry hope forlorn.

Bereft of hope! how shalt thou pine,  
 In dreary howlings pine away!  
 In beams of glory never shine!  
 Nor see a peep of coming day!  
 Canst thou evite the sentence past?  
 Canst thou escape thy dreadful doom?  
 Thy judgment as thy guilt stands fast;  
 And still thy wrath is wrath to come.

No action that thou e'er canst do,  
 No suff'ring that thou e'er canst bear,  
 Will 'bate at all the sum that's due,  
 Or make thy mis'ry less severe:  
 Bound over, as the fallen spirits,  
 Who fell from heav'n, from truth, and love,  
 To suffer all thy just demerits,  
 Due from the jealous God above.

The jealous God hath lifted high  
 His great almighty hand, and sworn,  
 ' Deeds of the law shall justify  
 ' No flesh that lives of woman born.'  
 ' But now, behold, without the law,  
 ' The righteousness of God is come;  
 ' What all the prophets darkly saw,  
 ' Saw from afar, is now brought home.'

Lift loud your voice, sing and resound  
 The mandates of the mighty King;  
 The righteousness of God is found!  
 And joy to sons of men doth bring!  
 The righteousness of God believ'd,  
 Is righteousness and peace to thee;  
 No sooner known than thou'rt reliev'd  
 From guilty fears, thy breast is free.



254 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Praise to the Father and the Son,  
And praise be to the Holy Spirit;  
That as the sin and death by one  
Reign'd over all by just demerit,  
So grace, thro' Jesus, glorious reigns,  
By justice, to eternal joy.  
Avaunt ye, sin! avaunt ye, pains!  
O'erflowing loves my tongue employ!

O'erflowing loves employ my tongue;  
And shall I then in sin remain?  
Because the grace of God is sung,  
Shall I for sin God's grace disdain?  
Ah, no! how can I live in sin?  
To sin long since I dy'd, and rose  
In Christ, whose love my soul hath won;  
Who lives in sin Christ's love foregoes.

Forego Christ's love! how can it be,  
When he hath borne the sin and wrath?  
He bore them both away from me;  
That I might live, he tasted death;  
That I might be espous'd to him,  
He kindly did my cause espouse;  
Gave me the glory, took the shame;  
Lord, shall I then thy love abuse?

Thy love abuse! forbid, my God,  
O leave me, leave me not alone;  
Thy Spirit's free, thy Spirit's good,  
Thy Spirit guide me to thy throne;  
Thou art my light, my life, my peace,  
My strength, my joy, my hope, my crown;  
Th' o'erwhelming glory of thy grace  
Shall ev'ry sin and sorrow drown.

CLXXXII. *That*

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CLXXXII. *That which was from the Beginning.* 1 John i. 1, &c.

**B**EFORE the land and flowing sea,  
 Before the world began to be,  
 He who on all their life bestow'd,  
 The self-existent God is shew'd;  
 Our ears have heard, our eyes have seen,  
 Surpriz'd we view'd his godlike mien;  
 Our hands have touch'd, and lo, behold,  
 The Word of life we now unfold.

The Life to us was all disclos'd,  
 Who with the Father high repos'd;  
 Our eyes have seen, and lo, behold,  
 The Life to you we all unfold.  
 That which from the beginning was,  
 Before creation came to pass,  
 The bless'd, the lov'd Jehovah's name,  
 Wide-publishing, we loud proclaim;

Proclaim to you, that you may have  
 A fellowship with us, and live;  
 We live, of fellowship possess,  
 With God the Father and his Christ;  
 These tidings, then, to all mankind,  
 Our yearning bowels do greeting send;  
 That you, brimfull of heav'nly joy,  
 May all your pow'rs in praise employ.

This then the message we have heard  
 Of him, and now to you declar'd,  
 That God is light, all shining clear,  
 In him no darkness doth appear;  
 The Sun of glory glorious shines,  
 The eye that sees him ne'er repines;  
 The shadows all are blown away,  
 The Holy Ghost hath shown the day.

256 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

If unbelief have the dominion,  
While we pretend to his communion,  
We walk in darkness all the while,  
No love, no joy, no hope, doth smile:  
We make a sad notorious lie,  
Nor with the truth at all comply:  
The truth believ'd is full of grace,  
Of works, of love, of joy, of peace.

But if we walk in light, as He,  
In fellowship with him, we're free;  
In his beloved Son well-pleas'd,  
The blood of Christ hath us releas'd.  
The blood of Jesus shower'd on sin,  
Dissolves the guilt that lies between;  
And makes a way for shining grace  
On us to shine with open face.

If we shall say we have no sin,  
We much deceive ourselves therein,  
And forge a lie with faithless hand;  
And how shall liars guiltless stand?  
But if we will our sins confess,  
(The father will allow no less),  
His faith and justice have their due;  
Both faith and justice for us now.

Both for us now, and evermore,  
The Lamb of God blots out the score;  
The merit all is due the Lamb,  
From him our righteousnesses came.  
If we shall say we have not sinn'd,  
Against the Lamb we stand combin'd;  
We call him liar, when asham'd  
Of him, for which we're justly damn'd.

CLXXXIII. LOVE

CLX

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CLXXXIII. LOVE NOT THE WORLD. 1 John  
ii. 15—18.

**O** Love not the world, nor what is therein;  
If any man love it, to him it is sin;  
To him 'tis a Babel-confusion and ruin;  
He loves not the Father, but his own undoing.  
All that's in the world's mere odious trash,  
The lust of the eyes, pride of life, and the flesh;  
Away, away all! these are not of the Father:  
All, all of the world!—thus blown off like a feather.

The world! pray what is it? a dream of the night!  
A glow-worm that gleameth and yieldeth no light!  
Behold, how it passeth away like a shadow,  
And leaves the poor trifler that weds it a widow.

CLXXXIV. MARY MAGDALENE.

**M**Y spirit in me fore amaz'd,  
I gaz'd, and trembled as I gaz'd;  
Dazzling my eyes, a heav'nly vision,  
Sailing on wings with soft elision,  
The vision all a blaze of light,  
In silence of the middle night,  
Advancing, mildly spoke and smiled;  
The air was all with fragrance filled.

Courage into my bosom flew,  
My fears fell off as morning dew;  
'Wash'd pure, behold a perfect spirit,'  
The vision said, 'through blood and merit';  
'Maria Magdalene my name;  
'All glory to the Holy Lamb,  
'From whom we have a full remission;  
'To thee I come by his permission.



' Beware, and flee from youthful lust;  
 ' Thus says the Holy One and Just,  
 ' Revere his Spirit dwelling in you;  
 ' Satan hath sought you all to winnow:  
 ' As chaff before the tempest flies,  
 ' So carnal minds that follow lies;  
 ' From sin who will their pleasure borrow,  
 ' With sin they must ly down in sorrow.

' Repent, repent, else you'll repent,  
 ' In dragon's fangs, the grace mispent,  
 ' If to your shame you must be going,  
 ' And to the flesh have all your sowing.  
 ' Begone, thou dry enkindled wood,  
 ' Extinguish thee in Jesus' blood.'—

She viewless grew, I grew amazed,  
 My troubled spirit all abased.

O Jesus, Jesus, wash me clean,  
 As I had ne'er polluted been;  
 Cast out, cast out the unclean spirits;  
 Nothing unclean thy love inherits;  
 O set a guard on ev'ry sense,  
 And, freeing me from all offence,  
 My spirit warm with pure devotions;  
 And seal me thine with all my motions.

I see, I see thy holy seal;  
 'Thy Spirit all within me feel,  
 My humbled heart spiritualizing,  
 Where sin before was carnalizing;  
 Go on, go on, O Spirit good,  
 And banish ev'ry motion lewd;  
 Subject me all to thy dominion,  
 And bless me with thy full communion.—

' Amen, amen, be not afraid,  
 ' But follow me,' the Spirit said.—  
 Amen, amen, my heart replied,  
 Under his hand now self-denied;

Now

Now sprinkled with the water clean,  
 I see how great my sin has been;  
 My sin is evermore before me;  
 In dust and ashes I abhor me.

## CLXXXV. DEATH and the LADY\*.

**D**EATH! Death! O fair lady, see Death  
 coming on: [moving:  
 Though thou'rt kind and loving, yet swift is he  
 He may be up with thee to-morrow ere noon,  
 Or next day, or next hour, or who knows how soon?  
 Consider, consider, thy beauty must fade,  
 Thy beauty bright-shining; in vain is repining;  
 Thy glory will leave thee, when once thou art dead;  
 Thy body grow heavy and lumpish as lead.

The spirit now actuates those pretty limbs,  
 In dance lightly-moving, glad motions approving,  
 Must then go and visit th' invisible climes;  
 O may she along with her carry no crimes!  
 Tho' sweet were thy music as raptures of heav'n,  
 Soft-trembling, high-swelling, no false sound re-  
 belling,

On festivals when hallelujahs are given, [driven.  
 Yet, charm'd by thy voice, Death away won't be

\* The following, it is apprehended, is fully as just and edifying an account of the matter, as that which uses to be given by those lewd idolatrous flatterers, who address the sex as if they were indeed so many female divinities, calling them goddesses, and what not other stuff!—If you think the irony too bitter, or the style, which is borrowed from the current mode of love-song phrase, over light and airy, remember how Elijah taunted the priests of Baal; 'Cry aloud: 'for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or 'he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must 'be awaked.'—O ladies, ladies, how can you doubt but you also 'shall die like men, and fall like the meanest of the 'people!'

Though

260 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Though sweeter and redder than lily or rose,  
Thy roses sweet-growing, thy lilies full-blowing,  
In youth's blooming pride now thy pulpy cheek  
glows,

Remember it, Madam, the worms are no beaux!  
Out-rubying rubies, or finer than these,  
Tho' pure be the ruby, and purer tho' thou be,  
Thy lips and thy mouth all of beauty a blaze,  
The worms kiss the ladies, displease ye, or please.

The pompous parade of thy simpering mouth,  
In shining rows standing, our wonder commanding,  
Thy teeth, now the glory and pride of thy youth,  
Though hard, they must yield to the worm's ra-  
pid tooth!

Though smiles, yea and Cupids, ten thousand  
times ten,

In beauty be seeming, with gladness all gleaming,  
Play wanton, and fally on that dimpled chin,  
The worms are not amorous courteous young men.

Those nostrils, inhaling whole clouds of perfume,  
With pleasures contented, and things the best-  
scented,

Must quickly be gone to regale in a tomb;  
Ye daughters of beauty, go think on your doom.  
O think, if your glory be wrapt in a skin,  
No sooner it kindles, but quickly it dwindles;  
When life is extinguish'd, pray, what is it then?  
To base putrefaction all turned again.

All real perfection is lodg'd in the mind;  
To heaven espoused, you shall be well used;  
Be humble, be modest, be holy, be kind;  
Then hail to the daughters for heaven design'd!  
When life's breathing engines give over to move,  
The angels are hov'ring, sent from their high  
Sovereign,

To guard you, and bear you to regions above,  
All blameless and fair, to his bosom of love.

Sweet,

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 261

Sweet, sweet may ye sleep, then, within the quiet  
grave,  
Since heav'n you borrow, and glory for sorrow;  
All-kindly your sisters embraces receive,  
Till the dwellers in dust the last trumpet relieve.

---

CLXXXVI. The SOUL of MARY exulting in  
her CHOICE, the BETTER PART, that ne-  
ver shall be taken from her. A PARODY.

OF race divine thou needs must be,  
Since nothing earthly equals thee;  
The Holy Ghost has favour'd me,  
And given me to love thee.

*Now thou art mine own choice;*

*I do love thee, I do love thee;*

*Now thou art mine own choice;*

*How dearly do I love thee!*

One thing thou all-peculiar hast,  
That they who know thee, all are blest,  
And dwell in everlasting rest;

Because 'tis theirs to love thee.

*Now, &c.*

To merit I no claim can make,

But that I love, and, for thy sake,

Whate'er thou sayst I undertake;

So dearly do I love thee.

*Now, &c.*

My passion, constant as the sun,

Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,

Till time my thread of life have spun;

Which breathing out, I'll love thee.

*Now, &c.*

Like



262 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Like bees that suck the morning-dew,  
From flow'rs of sweetest scent and hue,  
So does my spirit dwell on you;

Because I dearly love thee.

*Now, &c.*

So long's I have the use of light,  
I'll on thy beauties feast my sight,  
Ay dwelling on them with delight;  
They dwell in light who love thee.

*Now, &c.*

How fair and pleasant is thy face!  
Thou beamest all with heav'nly grace,  
A shining sun of love and peace;

How blest are they who love thee!

*Now, &c.*

Dwell thou within this breast of mine,  
Thou and thy glories all-divine,  
And make me fruitful as the vine,  
In works of them who love thee.

*Now, &c.*

Death's on the wing, and will not stay;  
Death soon brings on the joyful day;  
For he will come without delay,  
And blest them all who love thee.

*Now, &c.*

Methinks the chariot-wheels I hear  
Of thee, my Saviour, drawing near;  
My soul's all list'ning in my ear,  
The soul that dearly loves thee.

*Now thou art mine own choice:*

*I do love thee, I do love thee:*

*Now thou art mine own choice;*

*How dearly do I love thee!*

CLXXXVII. The

CLXX

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CLXXXVII. The WORD BETTER than GOLD,  
SWEETER than HONEY.

**I** Have seen all the pleasures of hoarded-up treasures,

More fleet than a shadow, fly quickly away;  
Instead of a blessing, they're but an oppressing,  
To have them and hold them one pitiful day;  
But now my breast glowing, with raptures o'erflow-  
I swim in an ocean that knoweth no shore, [ing,  
An ocean of blessing, the good word possessing;  
I'm full, full of treasures that last evermore.

I know well how pleasant, how balmy the present  
Of small honey-workers on fair summer-day;  
Their honey tastes sweetly, yet not so completely;  
But, mingled with bitter, the sweet will decay:  
Unspeakably sweeter, without any bitter,  
The pure word of God is eternally mine;  
My heart it delighteth, mine eyes it enlight'neth;  
I thereby a diadem of beauty do shine.

Dark shadows inclos'd me, and death discompos'd  
me,

When light-flaunting folly my heart did betray;  
But Jesus the prize won, which now I've my eyes  
The darkness is fled, and is lost in the day. [on;  
Substantial possessions, perennial blessings,  
Are laid up in heaven with Jesus for me;  
Thy Spirit doth seal it; thy word is my pilot;  
Blow thy breath in my sails; blow my vessel to thee.

CLXXXVIII. SOLILOQUY of a LOST SOUL  
in HELL.

**B**EREAV'D, bereav'd, I mourn and wail,  
Bereaved of the day;  
The shades of darkness now prevail,  
Prevail o'er me for ay.

What

264 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

What shall I do! my hopes are fled,  
Fled as the morning-dew;  
O Jesus, though thy bosom bled,  
My soul abhorred you.

I was indeed conceiv'd in sin;  
I ow'd my life to death;  
As all men have conceived been,  
By nature all of wrath.  
Yet God is love, and therefore flew  
On wings of love to save;  
His finish'd work he brought to view;  
But this I scorn'd to have.

I thought it all an idle tale,  
As Sodom's sons of old;  
Till he did rain the fiery hail,  
As holy prophets told.  
Self-confident, I could not bear  
To live by Abra'am's faith,  
A righteousness sent through the ear,  
As God's own Spirit saith.

I sought to live by other means,  
The means I could achieve;  
By all the selfish ways and pains  
I tried to believe.  
On pride depended all my hope,  
Though Jesus got the name;  
Self-righteousness had perfect scope;  
I trampled on the Lamb.

He was the only preached Peace,  
That e'er the Scriptures knew;  
But men of Scriptures took the place,  
And hid them from my view.  
O wo to me, and wo to them,  
Who led me thus astray;  
Who led me here to endless shame,  
From Christ the only way!—

## CLXXXIX. A CHILD'S DREAM\*.

**K** NOW ye who I saw last night,  
 Sleeping on my bed, mamma?  
 A shining creature all in light;  
 She seem'd a heav'nly maid, mamma.  
 I met her tripping o'er the dew,  
 Fine as a queen of May, mamma;  
 She saw, she smil'd, she to me flew,  
 And bade me come away, mamma.  
 I look'd, I lov'd, I blush'd a while;  
 O how could I say No, mamma?  
 She spoke so sweet, so sweet did smile,  
 I was oblig'd to go, mamma;  
 For love my tender heart beguil'd,  
 I felt unusual flames, mamma;  
 My infant-fancy turn'd so wild,  
 So strangely wild my dreams, mamma.  
 I was, I was, I know not how,  
 O had you been with me, mamma!  
 Such wonders open'd to our view,  
 As none but angels see, mamma.  
 Methought we wander'd in a grove,  
 A grove in pleasant fields, mamma;  
 In joyful measures on we move,  
 As music rapture yields, mamma.  
 She took me in her snow-white hand,  
 Then led me through the air, mamma,  
 Far higher above sea and land,  
 Than ever eagles were, mamma!

\* If this song is supposed to need any apology, the publisher honestly acknowledges, that he has none other but this to offer; viz. that it is founded, as to the substance of it, upon fact.



256 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

The sea and land, with all their store  
Of rivers, woods, and hills, mamma;  
Indeed they did appear no more  
Than five of doctor's pills, mamma.

I fought, and fought pappa's estate,  
But found it not at all, mamma;  
The world, in whole, seem'd not so great  
As half a cannon-ball, mamma.  
We saw the sun but like a star,  
The moon a mustard-seed, mamma;  
Like Elias in his fiery car,  
All-wing'd with lightning's speed, mamma.

Swift as our thoughts, O joyful day!  
We glanc'd thro' all the spheres, mamma;  
Their music sounding by the way,  
Heav'n rush'd upon our ears, mamma;  
Now spheres, and all we knew before,  
Are lost unto our view, mamma;  
The former things are now no more;  
Behold, all things are new, mamma.

No death there is, nor sorrow there,  
To damnify our bliss, mamma;  
For death, sin, hell, and sorrow, are  
Deep-buried in th' abyss, mamma.  
With wintry storms the ground ne'er pines,  
Cloth'd in eternal bloom, mamma:  
For there the Sun of glory shines;  
And all the just with him, mamma.

I saw my sister Anna shine,  
A virgin in her prime, mamma;  
Not such as with you sometimes dine,  
But like the angels fine, mamma;  
Her robe was all a flowing stream  
Of silver dipt in light, mamma:  
But ah! it wak'd me from my dream,  
It shin'd so strong and bright, mamma!

CXC. CHRIST'S

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 267

## CXC. CHRIST'S LOVE PASSING KNOW- LEDGE.

**A**D MIRE the Love, adore our God,  
In Christ who brought us nigh,  
When we against him basely shew'd  
Our desp'rate enmity.  
Our guiltiness he laid upon  
His holy true First-born;  
His grace and truth in brightness shone,  
His jealousy did burn.

How long! how broad! how deep! how high!  
Like God, the gift he gave!  
His Son of love for sin to die,  
The heirs of hell to save!  
Love bolted earthly paradise;  
Love open'd heaven's door;  
Love gave us life through righteousness,  
All-pure, as God is pure.

Though we in ev'ry thing offend,  
The perfect faithful One  
Doth in his holy beauties stand  
Eternal God and Man.  
His blood is our Atonement dear;  
Love centres in his heart;  
Our names are all engraven there  
By divine Wisdom's art.

As on the grass distils the dew,  
Nor waits the will of man;  
So God to us his love did shew,  
When we nor will'd, nor ran.  
As rivers from the ocean go,  
And to the ocean run,  
Blessing the vales through which they flow,  
Till all their course be done.

268 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

So pure unfeigned love doth flow,  
 All-free to us from God :  
 Let us love all our brethren so ;  
 For love is our abode.  
 Begone, ye filthy lusts, below !  
 Hail to the joys above !  
 Eternal hallelujahs to  
 Our God ! Our God is Love !

---

CXCI. The SAINTS ANTHEM.

**G**LORY to God our King,  
 In his abode we sing,  
 Bless'd evermore,  
 Bless'd be the Holy One,  
 Who banish'd folly down,  
 When, rushing boldly on,  
 Sin made uproar.  
 Proudly rebelling, they,  
 Guilty of felony,  
 Stood all agham'd :  
 Scorn'd of the Lofty One,  
 Hell-ward he toss'd them down ;  
 There, ever lost, they groan,  
 Justly condemn'd.  
 But, in their place, we see,  
 (O sov'reign Grace and free!)  
 Lifted on high,  
 Myriads of ransom'd ones,  
 From among Adam's sons,  
 Wearing more radiant crowns,  
 Filling the sky.  
 Fell they in Adam's fall,  
 Sinning in Adam all,  
 Lost in their Head ;

Robb'd

Robb'd of their liberty,  
 Sprung they to misery,  
 Sprouts of a wither'd tree,  
 A ruin'd seed.

But blest'd Emmanuel see!  
 He comes them all to free  
 Whom he receiv'd :  
 Made of a woman, we  
 See him a-coming, yea,  
 Hung on the Roman tree !  
 Them he hath sav'd.

Them he hath sanctify'd,  
 Washed and justify'd,  
 Whose sin he bore :  
 Shining in glory all,  
 For his memorial,  
 Mediatorial  
 Love they adore.

They sing more lofty notes,  
 Sweeter their music floats  
 Thro' all the heav'n,  
 Than ever angel sung,  
 Cherub or seraph's tongue :  
 For them of Adam sprung  
 Jesus was giv'n !

Glory to Jesus, King  
 Of men and angels, sing !  
 Glorify'd now !  
 Reigning the Head on high,  
 To bring thy body nigh,  
 Come in the cloudy sky,  
 Lord, quickly do !

Let now thy trumpet sound  
 To the earth's utmost bound,  
 That we may see



All thy redeemed ones,  
 Highly esteemed ones!  
 With their fair-beaming crowns,  
 Glorious like Thee!

Lo, now the King is come,  
 To bring his Chosen home!

Hail to the King!

‘ Come, come, ye blessed come!  
 ‘ Come from the dusty tomb!  
 ‘ Come to your Father’s home!  
 ‘ Come all and sing!

‘ Praise everlasting sing  
 ‘ To the celestial King,

‘ Freed by the Son!—

‘ Father, (presented feel)

‘ Those thou hast lent to me,

‘ I give again to thee.

‘ Now it is done!’

## CXCII. The INDWELLING SPIRIT OF GOD.

**O** Love ye the Spirit indwelling;  
 In humble submission adore;  
 No passion, no motion, rebelling,  
 From henceforth, amen, evermore.  
 He floweth with tender compassion,  
 Demanding reciprocal fires;  
 To purpose of love let him fashion  
 Your spirit, with all your desires.

Beholding the moving example  
 Of Jesus, who dy’d in your stead,  
 Your body, becoming his temple,  
 Keep holy for Jesus your Head.

If

If the flesh should advise you to sinning,  
The Spirit well knoweth the plot,  
Your doing, with all your designing,  
Remarking the time and the spot.

Beware then of grieving the Spirit  
With curst Babylonian stuff;  
Fly, fly ye, before ye come near it,  
Lest he blow ye away with a puff:  
'Thus Achan received damnation  
For the coveted garment and gold;  
Rejecting both God and salvation,  
Who resisteth the Spirit is bold.

CXCHI. The SPIRIT the COMFORTER  
and ADVOCATE.

AT the very predestinate hour,  
(From whence he will never depart,)  
With plenipotentary pow'r  
The Spirit came into my heart;  
He shew'd the conditions of peace  
Between my Creator and me,  
Were finished all in his grace,  
By Jesus who hung on the tree.

Devoted, appointed to death,  
The pure sacrificial Lamb,  
On the altar endured the wrath,  
And his soul mounted up in the flame,  
An offering perfect and pure;  
Jehovah accepted the same:  
Proclaim, the redemption is sure,  
For Jehovah provided the Lamb.

The Spirit proceeded, and seal'd  
The articles all with Amen.  
Precisely the same as reveal'd  
By authentic infallible pen;

He seal'd both for God and for me,  
 He sealed them full on my heart;  
 I now a propriety see,  
 Most perfect in every part.

Yea, necessity absolutely  
 If sinners behoved to live,  
 Demanded the Surety should die,  
 And the principal debtors relieve.  
 Hosanna to Jesus our Prince,  
 Hosanna, hosanna, amen;  
 Our redemption he finish'd long since;  
 His Spirit now dwelleth with men.

## CXCIV. A FAIR HAVEN.

PLEASANT life-removing hour,  
 Come thou in almighty pow'r,  
 And seize upon my soul;  
 Willing, willing, will she go  
 From this troublous sea below,  
 Where stormy passions roll.

Roll they as the dreadful waves,  
 When the lawless tempest raves,  
 Found'ring gallant ships;  
 First they mount and touch the skies,  
 Then they sink and never rise,  
 Swallowed in the deeps.

In the deep's devouring jaws  
 Lost they ly; oblivion draws  
 A score upon their names;  
 Rich their cargo is no more,  
 Ten thousand fathoms o'er them roar,  
 Of the ruthless streams.

## SPIRITUAL SONGS. 273

O the more than madness then  
Of the wishful merchantmen!  
Their hopes why place they here?  
Plowing up the azure main,  
Hot-pursuing after gain,  
Away from peace they steer.—

So were all my idle days,  
Drowning all my eager ways  
In seas of sin and shame;  
Till wisdom came to my relief,  
And banish'd all away my grief,  
And wip'd away my blame.

She told me of the hour of death,  
When I, furrend'ring up my breath,  
Should glide into my haven:  
Death, draw me to the promis'd land,  
Draw me with thy friendly hand,  
O draw me into heav'n.

### CXCIV. JOY IN TRIALS.

**I**N days of desolation, when  
The tempest loudly roareth,  
And oversets th' ungodly men,  
The godly person soareth,  
On heav'nly contemplation's wing,  
Rejoicing in his Saviour;  
His Saviour ord'reth ev'ry thing,  
And watcheth his behaviour.  
His eye's on you, be yours on him,  
You never shall be moved;  
When you endure your trying time,  
You're evermore approved;  
Thus Abra'am lived, Abra'am dy'd,  
And so did ev'ry martyr;

For



274 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

For God and they were on a side;  
To God was their departure.

They barter'd sin for righteousness,

They barter'd shame for glory,

They barter'd earth for paradise,

And there they shall adore ay;

Adore for ev'ry blessed stroke

Of grievous tribulation,

Whereby their haughty spirits, broke,

Grow meet for God's salvation:

Then upward, like Elijah, went,

From Ahab and his chiding,

(An emblem of a dying saint),

In fiery chariot riding:

Elisha mounted in his turn,

And visited the regions

Where fellow-spirits shine and burn,

With bright angelic legions.

CXCVI. THE RESURRECTION.

**A**RISE lightly winged, all faithful and loving,  
Ye pure virgin-spirits, to angels swift-mov-  
ing;

*Your Judge, he is sounding; have patience, nor  
How joyfully sounding! From dust ye shall turn ye.*

Your Saviour bled, in his love much abounding,  
And wash'd away all that to you was confounding;  
*Your Judge, &c.*

He casts out the body, all loathsome and bloody,  
But up again raiseth, fair, blooming, and ruddy;  
*Your Judge, &c.*

The worms he gave charge to, the body to dine  
on,

They eat out the stains, and then ends their do-  
*Your Judge, &c.*

When

When passing and mourning thro' life's gloomy  
valley,

Or labouring sore up the way, tiresome and hilly;  
*Your Judge, &c.*

When children, or parents, or wife in her blossom,  
All-wounded, all-bleeding, death rends from your  
*Your Judge, &c.* [bosom;

Tho' gasping in agonies, dewy sweats fill them,  
All coldly bedewing, till agonies kill them;  
*Your Judge, &c.*

When poverty, hov'ring on wings made of shadow,  
Has blasted the beauty and bloom of your meadow.  
*Your Judge, &c.*

Though human oppression be desp'rate and evil,  
The gods on earth curse not, tho' mov'd by the  
*Your Judge, &c.* devil;

When dying of raging and fury for living,  
You tremble and quake at a wither'd leaf moving;  
*Your Judge, &c.*

Tho' scorched with burnings, or almost dead-freez-  
ed, [squeezed;

Tho' mountains, o'er-loading, your marrow have  
*Your Judge, &c.*

When high and tempestuous whirlwinds are sweep-  
ing, [ing;

The builded foundations their place no more keep-  
*Your Judge, &c.*

Big-swelling tumultuous seas waving like moun-  
tains, [like fountains;

He walks on the whirlwinds, who soothes them  
*Your Judge, &c.*

When dreadful astonishing earthquakes are heav-  
ing,

Away, coward heart, O away with thy grieving;  
*Your Judge, &c.*

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If thunder-wing'd lightnings red-shooting and  
glaring, ing;  
With cloud-rending thunders, your eyes set a-star-  
*Your Judge, &c.*

When war-sounding trumpets are spreading confu-  
And echoing loudly for bloody effusions; [sions,  
*Your Judge, &c.*

Undaunted and pawing, as steed on the field is,  
We'll toss high our heads; for kind Heaven will  
*Your Judge, &c.* [shield us;

Come empty thy quivers upon us, O sorrow;  
No sigh we have for thee; no sigh we will bor-  
*Your Judge, &c.* [row;

When death in your vitals himself is entrenching,  
And sturdily plucking, the bars of life wrenching;  
*Your Judge, &c.*

When all round about you seems heavy and weary,  
And life appears all a dream, sickly and dreary;  
*Your Judge, &c.*

When struggling, entangled in death's firmest  
grasping,  
You lie all a-panting, a-writhing, a-gasping;  
*Your Judge, &c.*

Come quickly away then, O come sister-spirit,  
(Thy angels are with thee), thy kingdom inherit;  
*Your Judge, &c.*

Thy glory is ready, thy glory is shining;  
Thy glory it never shall know a declining:  
*Your Judge, he is sounding; have patience, nor  
mourn ye;*  
How joyfully sounding! From dust ye shall turn ye.

CXCVII. BEHOLD, HE COMETH WITH  
CLOUDS.

SEE, see JEHOVAH in the clouds,  
With all his hosts, from high abodes!  
The trumpet sounds, 'To judgment come!'  
He comes to bring his chosen home:  
He comes, he comes, he comes, he comes,  
He comes to bring his chosen home.

'Come, come, thou dust, from ev'ry wind;  
'No ling'ring atom stay behind;  
'Earth, sea, and air, give up your charge,  
'I come my pris'ners to enlarge:  
'I come, I come, I come, I come,  
'I come my pris'ners to enlarge;

'Enlarge the circles round my throne,  
'Make room for ev'ry faithful one;  
'Come forward, bold, at my command;  
'My friends upon my right shall stand;  
'My friends, my friends, my friends, my friends,  
'My friends upon my right shall stand.

"Ye blessed of my Father, come,  
"Come to my Father's kingdom home:  
"Before the universe was rear'd,  
"For you the kingdom was prepar'd;  
"For you, for you, for you, for you,  
"For you the kingdom was prepar'd."

'But who are these upon my left,  
'Of every joy and hope bereft?  
"Accurs'd into the fiery waves,  
"Begone from me, ye trembling slaves;  
"Begone, begone, begone, begone,  
"Begone from me, ye trembling slaves."



## CXCVIII. PENITENTIAL MOURNING.

DEEP-frowning my God, and my soul sad  
and low'ring,  
Because from his love all-astray gone a-whoring;  
Yet truth dwelling in her, abhorring dissembling,  
She's full of confusion, shame, blushing, and  
*Because she by sin hath been sadly deceived, [trembling;  
And by her transgressions hath God's Spirit grieved.*

Ah! why were her passions so eagerly bending  
Against her Redeemer and his love contending!  
Contending and bending against her Redeemer!  
And where is another but he to exclaim her?

*O grieve thee! grieve thee! how could I grieve thee!  
Let me live and die in thy love, but never grieve thee!*

Ah me! I've prov'd false! to myself be it laid now;  
Was it this thou deserv'dst when thou saidst, I will  
wed you?

Was this thy reward when thy love me espoused?  
Was thy love thus deserving by me to be used?  
*O grieve, &c.*

Shame on thy espoused! and shame on her doing!  
Oh! had she thy love been solicitous viewing,  
She would not, she could not have thus gone a-  
straying;

Nor now on her spirit been agonies preying.  
*O grieve, &c.*

I cannot, I cannot, I'm wholly ashamed—  
(How justly, how justly am I to be blamed?)  
I cannot look upward! O how I'm confounded,  
That I my Beloved so basely have wounded!  
*O grieve, &c.*

What! thou, my espoused, art thou only moved?  
Hast thou only bowels, and none thy Beloved?  
Have these thy disasters, and sad overthrowing,  
Quench'd all the compassions in me that are flow-  
ing?

*O griev'd me! griev'd me! tho' thou hast griev'd me!  
Perliv'd and dy'd for thy love—How can I leave thee!*

No,

No, no, my beloved, thy Lord saw thy stumbling;  
He rais'd thee again, and he saw thy deep hum-  
bling;

Yea, humbled thou liv'st by his indwelling Spirit:  
Blood-wash'd, Spirit-led, thou my kingdom inhe-  
ritest. *O griev'd me! &c.* [rit.]

Amen to my Lord, thou, my Paramount royal;  
I'm all, all amen! O, my soul is all-loyal!

But leave me not! leave me not! O, never leave me!  
O good Holy Spirit, let me never grieve thee!

*O grieve thee! grieve thee! how can I grieve thee!  
Let me live and die in thy love, but never grieve thee!*

# CXCIX. THE PASSEVER INSTITUTED.

Exod. xii. 1—3.

**T**HE mandate of the mighty King  
To his own Israel I sing,  
When them he led from Egypt-land,  
By Moses' and by Aaron's hand;  
He wrapt his purpos'd love in signs,  
Unfolding gradual his designs;  
But yet the wise observant eye  
Could thro' the carnal myst'ries pry.

For in the spirit of the thing;  
They see Messiah's self, their King:  
Thus Abra'am spied from afar  
The bright and shining Morning-star;  
Thus all the Patriarchs, by his rays,  
Rejoicing held upon their ways,  
Until they felt the sunny beam  
In blazing glory on them stream.

The shadows now of all are fled,  
Consum'd and driven far away,  
(For all their light was but a shade  
Compared to our Gospel-day):

There was not one expressive more,  
 Than was the Lord's Passover-Lamb,  
 Whose blood was sprinkled on the door;

A statute from our God I AM:

The statute thus, but as we move

The Spirit let us take along;

The Spirit is redeeming love,

Be this the burden of my song:

'The Lord our God, Jehovah, gave

'Aaron and Moses his command;'

The Spirit did the people save,

And they were but the Spirit's hand.

'In Egypt-land he spake to them;'

In bondage we were found by him,

He gave command to bring us out,

And the fulfilment brought about.

'Of all the seasons in the year,

'And revolutions that appear,

'This month to you shall be the first,

'In which you were with freedom blest—

'The prime of months to you.' He said,

And failed nothing in his word;

For sin and death o'erflowed had,

And ev'ry soul of man devour'd.

But righteousness and life anon

Broke forth upon us thro' the Son,

Who bore away the sin and death,

And swept away the floods of wrath;

He sent them floating to the lake,

And now, behold, for his own sake,

(The bitter waters roll'd away)

We're flow'd on by a rolling sea;

A rolling sea of perfect love,

'That we might all his Godhead prove

Nothing to be but perfect, pure,

Immense, eternal, loving pow'r.

So where the sin and death before  
 Abounded, grace abounding more,  
 O'erfloweth now, and ever shall,  
 The highest of the mountain-tops;  
 As drops into the ocean fall,  
 We swim in love, God's chosen drops.  
 Sing this the New Creation-day:  
 The new has chas'd the old away.

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CC. TAKE EVERY MAN A LAMB. Exod.  
 xii. 3—5.

'SPEAK ye to all my Israel,  
 'No tittle of my Word shall fail.'  
 Thus, in the Christian æra, we  
 To ev'ry living creature see  
 Proclaim'd aloud the joyful sound,  
 The Spirit hands the gospel round,  
 Gives men to drink the flowing cup,  
 Inspiring faith, and love, and hope.  
 'In the precise appointed day,  
 'And manner, ye my Word obey.'  
 Thus ev'ry thing was finish'd sure,  
 According to the purpose pure;  
 Thus Jesus came, and liv'd, and dy'd,  
 Was rais'd again, and glorify'd;  
 Thus came the Holy Ghost from heav'n,  
 In season by the Father giv'n.  
 'Let all the people take a lamb,  
 'Rememb'ring I Jehovah am,  
 'According to their father's house,  
 'The Lamb for ev'ry fam'ly's use.'  
 'Tis no presumption to believe;  
 'Tis no presumption to receive;  
 'Tis no presumption to obey;  
 Presumption's quite the other way.



Has God appointed then a gift,  
 Let us receive, and think no theft;  
 Since God provided him a Lamb,  
 And on the altar bound the same,  
 That we, *the sons of laughter*, might  
 With Isaac shine in glory bright;  
 Rejoicing in God's only Son,  
 Let all God's family join in one.

- And if the household be too small,
- Let them upon their neighbours call;
- And let them feast upon the lamb,
- For God provided it for them;
- According to the number'd souls,
- For God delighteth not in fools;
- So let them feast before the Lord,
- Rejoicing all with one accord.

Thus were they bound by fastest tie,  
 To join in love and harmony;  
 And all together eat the Lamb,  
 Division none in him or them;  
 So were they to be dealt withal,  
 Without respect to great or small,  
 As they obey'd or disobey'd,  
 According to the word display'd.

In ev'ry house there was a type;  
 Nor was the myst'ry hidden deep;  
 Each household represents the whole

Houſhold of God, above, below;  
 And ev'ry household, ev'ry ſoul,

Can only one redemption know:  
 Amen, ev'n ſo, to God be praiſe,  
 In preſent evangelic days:

Nor can there any feaſt alone,

Upon the ſacrificed Lamb,

Whoſe love with equal rays hath ſhone

On all for whom he ſuffer'd ſhame;

No

Nor one of those can serve himself,  
 And lay aside the other half;  
 He is a Saviour whole, or none,  
 And not by halves to any one.

For, loving and belov'd of all

For whom a sacrifice he fell,  
 He gives them all to hear his call;  
 They walk in love, nor would rebel;  
 They know for them he drank the wrath,  
 That they might live, he died the death,  
 And then, ascending up above,  
 Said, ' Feast on me with mutual love.'

CCI. YOUR LAMB without BLEMISH; a  
 MALE. Exod. xii. 5.

' NO blemish, stain, nor spot, shall be  
 ' On all your paschal-lamb,'  
 Was the established decree  
 Which from Jehovah came;  
 ' A male,' of the most perfect kind,  
 ' The firstling of its dam,  
 ' Chose from the flocks the clean design'd,  
 ' A kidling or a lamb.'

So Jesus, God's eternal Son,  
 Who's pure as he is pure,  
 And in his Father's brightness shone,  
 In all his Father's pow'r,  
 Forth from his Father's bosom came  
 Into the Virgin's womb;  
 And glorify'd his Father's name,  
 Unto the death and tomb.

For he behov'd to be a man,  
 One chosen from the flock;  
 The rest were filthy ev'ry one,  
 But he redeem'd the flock;

He

He was pronounced pure and clean  
 By Perfect Holiness;  
 And so he cleans'd us all from sin,  
 By his blood speaking peace.

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CCII. KILL IT in the EVENING of the  
 FOURTEENTH DAY. ~Exod. xii. 6.

THEY were not to begin the feast  
 Until the day by God express'd;  
 Nay, till the very hour decreed;  
 ' At ev'ning tide the Lamb shall bleed;  
 ' And then th' assembled congregation,  
 ' Partaking of the same salvation,  
 ' Imbruing all their hands in blood,  
 ' Shall bless their God, and eat their food."

Thus, in the fulness of the times,  
 The Saviour came from heav'nly climes,  
 According to the dispensation,  
 And wrought for us the great salvation;  
 At ev'ning tide he bow'd the head,  
 And for God's whole assembly bled;  
 And they by him were wholly freed,  
 When sacrificed lambs did bleed.

Dark was the hour, when day declin'd,  
 And he his spotless soul resign'd;  
 A perfect sacrifice it was,  
 Tho' late before it came to pass;  
 But, like the sun in mid-day tour,  
 His blood's atoning sov'reign pow'r  
 'Thro' all eternal ages streams,  
 And darteth ev'ry-where its beams.

CCIII. STRIKE the BLOOD. Exod.

xii. 7.

- ‘**Y**OU are to take the victim’s blood,  
 ‘ Hot-reeking from the vein,  
 ‘ And sprinkle with a hyssop-bud  
 ‘ Abroad the bloody stain,  
 ‘ All over on the house-door head,  
 ‘ And the collar’ral posts,  
 ‘ Wherein upon the Lamb ye feed  
 ‘ Before the Lord of Hosts.’

A striking emblem unto us;  
 To be remember’d still,  
 Who glory in the bloody cross,  
 Where Christ his blood did spill;  
 To wash away our stains of guilt,  
 Our conscience to release,  
 His blood to the last drop he spilt,  
 That we might lift our face.

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CCIV. ROAST with FIRE—UNLEAVENED  
 BREAD—BITTER HERBS. Exod. xii. 8.

- ‘**T**HAT very individual night,  
 ‘ In emblematic guise,  
 ‘ They are to use the holy rite,  
 ‘ And use it on this wise;  
 ‘ Roasted with fire to eat the flesh,  
 ‘ With bitters seasoned;  
 ‘ All dipping in the self-same dish,  
 ‘ Unleavened their bread.’

So Jesus came in darkest night  
 Of sin and misery,  
 And full display’d on us the light  
 Of God his Father’s eye.

All



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All groping in the shade we mourn'd,  
Along death's dismal vale;  
When, lo, the Sun of glory burn'd,  
And we forgot to wail.

As Isra'l, that same very night  
They ate the Lamb, were sav'd  
From all their bondage by their flight;  
So we, when we believ'd.  
To Egypt they return'd no more,  
But held upon their road;  
So we advance to glory's shore,  
Rejoicing all in God.

'Roasted with fire.'—Ev'n so the Lamb,  
Who came by his own blood,  
Was roasted in the wrathful flame  
Of sin-avenging God.  
He burned for our sin and shame,  
Which cover'd all our faces;  
His spirit mounted in the flame,  
And flew to God's embraces.

'My God, my God, my off'ring view,  
'Behold my blood, my Father;  
'I have redeem'd thy people, now,  
'Let them enjoy thy favour.'  
Amen, amen, the Father sware,  
All pow'r to thee is given  
In heav'n and earth, my Son and Heir,  
Bring thou my sons to heaven.

The Spring of life again he rose,  
And breathed on us peace;  
A stream of love his bosom flows,  
O'erflowing us with grace.  
How sweet the blessings of his love,  
The taste can only tell;  
All other loves as high above,  
As heav'n the lowest hell.

All other loves are leaven'd bread,  
 That vitiate the taste;  
 They must to hell be banished,  
 Who thus pollute the feast;  
 But chosen souls unleavened,  
 Unleavened their love,  
 Led by the Spirit of their Head,  
 The Spirit shall approve.

Tho' here we sip a bitter sauce,  
 'Tis not the sauce of wrath;  
 But of the testament a clause,  
 Our Saviour did bequeathe;  
 A wholesome drink of bitter herbs,  
 To overcome the surfeit,  
 And drain the humour which disturbs,  
 'Till we, as He, are perfect.

But bitter herbs serve many ends,  
 Rejoice, O Christian, in them;  
 Now God and you are perfect friends,  
 Remember when ye shunn'd him,  
 How hateful was your slavery,  
 When serving Satan's cause!  
 How terrible your misery  
 In hell's devouring jaws!

For, what if you had gone to hell,  
 And drunk the fiery cup;  
 The damned there alone can tell  
 What 'tis to drink it up:  
 And must not thou have pledged them,  
 And drunk the bitter bowl,  
 If Jesus had not come in time  
 And draughted off the whole!

For ev'ry drop of hell you want,  
 You have a heav'n of love;  
 He slew the serpent in the saint,  
 And breath'd the Holy Dove;

He

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He stooped to the lowest hell,  
And rais'd you to his throne;  
And all to shew he lov'd so well,  
And love for love he won.

CCV. EAT NOT OF IT RAW. Exod. i.  
xii. 9.

**T**HEY had not leave to eat it raw,  
Nor mild in water boil'd;  
But after the passover-law,  
In fire all fiercely broil'd.  
The head, and legs, and purtenance,  
According to the scheme,  
Were to be roasted all at once  
Of their passover-lamb.

The lamb behov'd thus to be drefs'd,  
Complete in ev'ry part;  
Because no mercy was express'd  
But thro' the suff'ring heart,  
The suff'ring heart of th' Antitype,  
Who magnify'd the law;  
In him behold the my'stry deep,  
' Ye shall not eat it raw.'

' Nor shall ye boil the Lamb,' because  
No mildness in the death  
Of him who bore the scorching blaze  
Of God's avenging wrath;  
Besides, the savour was to flow,  
A savour all of peace;  
Thro' heav'n above, and earth below,  
To intimate the grace.

Black-roasted therefore in the fire  
Of smoking jealousy,  
He quench'd Jehovah's fiercest ire,  
And then to him drew nigh,

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An off'ring pure of perfect peace,  
Presenting his own blood;  
Thro' him his saints have perfect grace,  
With their appeased God.

The perfect grace was signify'd  
Too by the typic lamb;  
His being eaten, legs, and head  
Did indicate the same;  
So Jesus dy'd, and Jesus lives,  
And doeth all for them;  
And all he takes, and all he gives,  
He doeth in their name.

CCVI. LET NOTHING OF IT REMAIN  
TILL THE MORNING. Exod. xii. 10.

' NO morsellings they were to save,  
' To keep them over night;  
' And whatsoever they might leave,  
' Was burnt at morning-light.'  
A notable example this  
To Isra'l, False and True;  
The True, arriving at their bliss,  
As drops of glitt'ring dew  
Exhaled by the morning-sun,  
When life's dark night is o'er,  
They're all into their glory gone,  
Trembling on earth no more;  
Ev'n all the night they feasted glad,  
Upon the coming Sun;  
And now, escaped from the shade,  
They sparkle in his crown:  
The False, unworthy of the Lamb,  
Who thought to live by halves,  
To feast on him, and feast on shame,  
At morning see themselves



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Heap'd faggots on the fun'ral pile  
 Of their own desp'rate folly;  
 The wrath of God descends the while,  
 And doth consume them wholly;  
 It bloweth in a tempest loud,  
 And scatt'reth them thro' hell;  
 Behold, thou wretch profane and lewd,  
 And cease now to rebel;  
 If thou shalt leave, in part or whole,  
 The holy Lamb of God,  
 Thou hast no portion for thy soul,  
 But wrath's eternal load.

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CCVII. The MANNER of the PASSOVER. Exod.  
 xii. 11—16.

**B**EHOOLD the fashion of the rite ordain'd;  
 ' With no foul blemish be your practice  
 The high Jehovah sounds this awful word, [stain'd.  
 ' Remember thou Jehovah is thy Lord;  
 ' With girded loins eat my passover-lamb,  
 ' Lest I consume you in the fiery flame.  
 ' You are my servants, I redeemed you;  
 ' With girded loins before me, therefore, bow;  
 ' And, ready in my paths of love to run,  
 ' Be sure to have your sandals girded on.  
 ' My travelling pilgrims and sojourners ye,  
 As travelling pilgrims and sojourners be;  
 ' With staff in hand in act to pass away,  
 ' Eat hastily, and snatch without delay,  
 ' Rememb'ring 'tis the Lord's passover, yea,  
 ' Lest instantly I sweep you all away.  
 ' My fury now will brook no more the reins;  
 ' This night shall Egypt bleed in all her veins;  
 ' I'll visit Egypt, sitting thro' and thro';  
 ' Their first-born all shall to my judgment bow;  
 ' Both men and cattle in my wrath expire,  
 ' Yea, ev'n their gods shall perish in mine ire;  
 And

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' And hardly quench it. Know I am the Lord,  
 ' Obey, and fear, and tremble at my word;  
 ' For blood shall be a sign 'twixt God and you:  
 ' Keep always this my covenant in view,  
 ' The cov'nant-blood of my passover-lamb;  
 ' That ye may live, and never see your shame:  
 ' For when I raise my mighty sword, and smite  
 ' The land of Egypt in the dead of night,  
 ' If I shall see the sign upon your doors,  
 ' I'll pass you over when the plague devours,  
 ' By this the blood of my appointment shed,  
 ' And only Egypt shall be smitten dead.  
 ' Behold, this shall, thro' generations all,  
 ' Be unto you a high memorial,  
 ' A feast of God to you for evermore.  
 ' Thy God believe, obey, love, fear, adore.'

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CCVIII. BLOOD ON THE DOOR-POSTS A SIGN  
between GOD and ISRAEL. Exod. xii. 13—16.

**I** Jehovah, this night, throughout Egypt will pass,  
 And lo, my avengings—in fierce floods of ven-  
 Shall burn up all Egypt as withered grass, [geance  
 Their gods, and their cattle, and first-born race;  
 But the blood shall a sign be between you and God,  
 Upon all your houses—wherein your repose is;  
 When I of destruction shall stretch forth my rod,  
 I will you pass over, on the sight of the blood.

Be this a memorial, for time without end,  
 Of absolute gladness, a feast without sadness,  
 To keep the Lord's passover still in your mind,  
 Your dwellings blood-sprinkled when he did find.  
 Amen, even so, to Jehovah amen;  
 We see his Son Jesus—who died to save us,  
 The Passover true, the Salvation of men;  
 Thro' the blood of his sprinkling we triumph and  
 reign.

CCIX. THIS and THUS. Exod. xii. 11.

‘**T**HUS shall ye eat the paschal lamb:—

Forth from on high the mandate came;  
 An indication absolute,  
 That any precept God hath put,  
 Whoe’er doth change must feel the wrath  
 Of God, if-not eternal death:  
 It surely then behoveth us  
 Equal to heed God’s *This* and *Thus*.

Alas! how many chuse the thing,  
 Without the manner of the King:  
 They eat, they drink, they plant, they build;  
 And all the while they act the child:  
 They pray, they praise, they read, they hear;  
 Yet nothing from the heart is there.  
 Mere Papists!—they have vainly thought,  
 That God regardeth the *work wrought*.

They never think they once rebel,  
 Acting without the principle;  
 The principle of faith I mean;  
 Yet all without is downright sin:  
 Thus plows the wicked, sows, and prays,  
 Abomination all his ways;  
 Thus foolish Isra’l sacrific’d,  
 And God their mock’ries all despis’d:

‘They did it not at all to him,  
 And therefore gloried in their shame;  
 All basely from his worship swerving,  
 ‘Go to the gods whom you are serving.’

Was all the answer they receiv’d,  
 Because they had not God believ’d.

A sad delusion this, indeed!  
 So men profess, not Spirit-led—

Be nothing added, nothing pared,  
 Else surely you will be debarred

(If

(If so you would obey the Spirit)  
 From the kingdom, ne'er being near it;  
 Nay, saints themselves are only safe,  
 By remembering of Lot's wife:  
 Lot was not sav'd by going out,  
 But sav'd by looking not about.

The warning was against the fact,  
 Notorious fact of looking back;  
 The father and the daughters too,  
 Had perish'd for the guilty view:  
 Let Perez-Uzzah ever preach,  
 The Lord on Uzzah made a breach:  
 The Lord forbade (pray, this remark)  
 A man to touch the tott'ring ark.

God's foolishness is wiser far  
 Than wits of all the wise men are;  
 Their wisdom is a pois'nous stain,  
 Transfused thro' their inmost vein;  
 Their wisdom, when against him set,  
 Brings death, as all the thanks they get:  
 Beware to do in any wise,  
 What seemeth right in thine own eyes;

This were presumption with a witness;  
 And of presumption where's the fitness?  
 Lo, Korah, Dathan, and Abiram,  
 (For wisdom can you much admire 'em?)  
 Their incense on the altar blazed;  
 But highly they the Lord displeased;  
 Wherefore the earth, with fearful rive  
 Wide-yawning, swallow'd them alive.

So Nadab too, and Abihu,  
 In madness to their censers flew;  
 They sprinkled on a sweet perfume;  
 But strange and dreadful was their doom:  
 They kindled up a common fire;  
 Jehovah burnt them in his ire.



Remember, therefore, you and I,  
The Lord our God to sanctify.

'Tis not enough to do the thing:  
The absolute eternal King  
Commands the manner of the same;  
He'll have the whole to his own name.  
Ev'n Moses forfeited his life,  
For speaking rash in day of strife;  
Witness the streams of Meribah,  
And rock smote twice against the law.

Remember too the prophet, who  
To Jeroboam down did go,  
And prophesy'd the words of truth,  
According to Jehovah's mouth,  
But turn'd aside upon the road,  
And met a lion sent from God;  
The lion rent him all in pieces,  
To shew that God respects not faces.

The person who shall dare rebel,  
Altho' he were the signet-seal,  
The signet-seal of God's own finger,  
God will repute the same a sinner,  
And cast him from his glory down,  
And trample him as basest dung:  
Except you shall repent and turn,  
In vengeful flames of wrath you burn.

But would you then the crown inherit,  
Be sure to hear and keep the Spirit,  
The soul and secret of your strength,  
Else, Samson-like, you'll mourn at length.  
Remember still Delilah's guile,  
Whether she fawn, or teaze, or smile;  
You'll be consumed at the last,  
Except you hold the Spirit fast;

I mean the Spirit of your God,  
To hold the way as he hath show'd;

For,

For, tho' you run with all your might,  
 You are not crown'd save running right;  
 Ev'n tho' you should a martyr fall;  
 No, no, there is no prize at all  
 For those who die at their own will;  
 If not for God, themselves they kill.

Then turn ye, turn ye, ere ye die;  
 O turn ye yet, and Jesus spy;  
 Behold, behold ye God's own Lamb,  
 Who took away the sin and shame;  
 Obey the Spirit, and adore;  
 Behold, and live for evermore,  
 Thro' him who died upon the cross;  
 Rememb'ring always *This* and *Thus*.

## CCX. DECEIVING and BEING DECEIVED.

**A**CCURS'D be the doctrine! (accurs'd the de-  
 ceiver!)

Accursed to-day, and accursed for ever,  
 The doctrine which leads us away from our God,  
 And plunges us headlong in Satan's abode!  
 From Satan's abode, and by Satan it rose;  
 By Satan it reigns, and with Satan it goes;  
 The doctrine supposing our nature is good;  
 The doctrine which vilifies Jesus's blood;

The doctrine which blows upon natural pow'rs,  
 From dead fallen blooms to bring sweet-scented  
 flow'rs;

The doctrine which teaches you something to do,  
 That God's righteousness may be given to you—  
 When men put the question, O what shall we do,  
 To escape the damnation and curse that is due?  
 God's answer to such is, 'Believe in the Lord:—'  
 But this is an answer few teachers afford; [Spirit;

If they give you the words, they will keep back the  
 Tho' Christ get the name, yet themselves take the  
 merit;

They

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They give with the one hand, and take with the other;

They bring forth the child, but they quickly do

They'll tell you, The work is quite finished now,

Then give you directions the same how to do;

They'll tell you that Jesus the law hath fulfilled;

But why should your consciences thereby be stilled,

Except you have turned the scales in your favours

By dint of your heart-work and serious endeavours?

They speak of the peace in his Testament-blood;

Then, kindly directing, bid you make it good.

They give you their rules for an int'rest secure;

Which if you shall follow, your int'rest is sure.

They give you receipts how to make a conversion!—

And what is all this but to hell a diversion?

They write on their methods, 'This is a *probatum*,'

As if you anointed a corse with *pomatum*;

*Pomatum* will never enliven a corse;

Nor enliven a soul, all their reasoning force.

Is peace in the blood of the pure Lamb of God?

This peace is your own, if the thing's understood.

If righteousness in the word is vouchsafed,

This righteousness is your own, if believed.

If the gospel from them that are lost be concealed,

Then to them that are say'd it is only revealed;

And, if 'tis revealed, what want you now more?

You love, you obey, you rejoice, you adore.

Pray, how came the sin and the death unto you?

From Adam the sin and the death to you flew;

Conceived in sinning, you live all in sorrow;

Your life, sin, and death, from another you borrow.

Have death now and sin overflowed a little?

And may not their fury God's righteousness settle?

That, where sin and death all abounded in rage,

Grace, reigning thro' justice, might fully assuage;

Yea, fully asswaging, might fully destroy,

And in their room bring overflowings of joy.

By sin not our own, but imputed, we dy'd;

And why not by righteousness so justify'd?

Is God on damnation so eagerly bent,  
 That into the world he all of us sent,  
 Conceived in sin, to be led of the devil,  
 Abhorring of good, and all cleaving to evil,  
 And yet not as easily bring us to peace  
 And innocence, by his own righteousness? [ceiv'd?  
 Pray, what was our action when we were con-  
 Pray, what is our action when we have believ'd?

O where is your action the light when you see?  
 And where when the gospel appeareth to thee?  
 Behold how the sun all so gloriously streams,  
 Enlight'ning all eyes, where they are, with his beams;  
 Ev'n so, the glad tidings of peace and great joy,  
 Belong to all those who have eyes to enjoy—  
 But a parcel of quacking bewildered fools [souls.  
 Would give you prescriptions for murd'ring your

Did thus the apostles, who follow'd the Lamb,  
 When on them from heav'n the Holy Ghost came?  
 They sounded all loudly, ' That death was in sin;  
 ' That as we were born, so we lived therein;  
 ' That all men by nature were children of wrath;  
 ' No man by his doing could escape from the death;  
 ' But now there is preached to you free remission;  
 ' From all the law-cursings a total dismissal;

' Thro' Jesus proclaimed, proclaimed to all;  
 ' On all who believe them, those blessings do fall;  
 ' On all who believe the report made of Jesus,  
 ' That he is the end of the law now to save us.

They that were ordained to life all believed;  
 The Lord added daily who were to be saved: [do?  
 They who understood cry'd not, ' What shall we  
 ' What do to be saved? but, What shall we now,

' Now that we are saved, accepted, and bless'd,  
 ' Now do thro' the Spirit, of him being possess'd?  
 ' How shall we for him all our members employ,  
 ' Until we receive all the promised joy?"

Did not the apostles all walk in this way?  
 Consult their epistles, and hear what they say;

' Faith



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‘Faith cometh by hearing, by hearing his word:’  
This, this is the way of our Shepherd the Lord.

By what is believed, and not by our doing,  
We live; but, if otherwise, doomed to ruin:  
Thus Abra’am believed; he lived by faith;  
And, that we might follow, he left us a path.  
Thus Abra’am all righteous and justify’d stood;  
But how was he justify’d?—By the Lamb’s blood:  
And was that an act, or a doing of his?  
Ah me! how absurd a delusion is this!

The Lord Jesus came the redemption to finish,  
And not to direct us the law to diminish:  
High-thund’ring, the law says, ‘All do, or be  
damn’d;’

The gospel, ‘Believe, and be never ashamed.’  
O, were all solicitous gospel to preach!  
O Lord, we offend all: the mark do thou reach:  
O send forth thy Spirit; thy Spirit is good;  
And be thy good word by us all understood.

CCXI. A DEADLY STUMBLE at the GATE  
of LIFE.

**C**AN you, my friends, behold the fools,  
And not be moved in your souls?  
For see how deep their folly draws,  
Removing God’s eternal laws,  
And substituting in their part  
The dreams of a bewitched heart.  
One’s indignation scarce refrains  
From giving laughter flowing reins,  
If folly were a subject meet  
Thereat to laugh, and shew your wit;  
Such folly as is found in fools,  
Who call on God, and damn their souls;

I do

I do not mean the swearing rabble,  
 But those who seek to God's own table,  
 And there do sit with dismal face,  
 And eat his bread without his grace.

They're ever harping on this string,  
 'O who will me to Jesus bring?  
 'O who will give me to *receive*?  
 'Which is,' say they, 'more than *believe*\*.  
 'What shall I do,' they cry aloud,  
 'That I may make my peace with God?'  
 Most humble *seem*, yet *really* proud,  
 Seeming to stoop beneath the load,

The load of sensibility,  
 And deep contrition for their sin;  
 And so they cry full mournfully,  
 'O how shall I be cleansed clean?'

The gospel cries in ev'ry page,  
 The blood of Jesus will assuage  
 The fiercest tumult of the soul,  
 And hush it as the smoothest pool.

'But what is that,' they cry, 'to me?  
 'My soul is still a raging sea!  
 Well, what about is all thy raging?  
 Against thy God thou art engaging;  
 He ne'er ordain'd a man to live  
 By what he does, but to believe.  
 Dost thou believe, and yet complain,  
 The death of Jesus was in vain?

\* 'But as many as received him, to them gave he power  
 'to become the sons of God, *even* to them that believe on  
 'his name;' John i. 12.—Hence observe, that *receiving* is  
 explained by *believing*, and not *believing* by *receiving*.—  
 Seeing I know nothing of Christ but by the testimony con-  
 cerning him, how is it possible to receive him otherways,  
 than by believing that testimony?

In

# 300 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

In vain to thee? it cannot be,  
If thou the death of Jesus see;  
In seeing it thou art releas'd,  
The death wherewith God is well-pleas'd.  
When Jesus under death did bend,  
He then became the law's full end,  
The law's full end for righteousness,  
To quiet his people's consciences;

They who believe, his people are,  
They rest dismissed from their fear.  
'But what,' you say, 'do they believe?'  
Ev'n that which holy Scriptures give.  
'And what have holy Scriptures giv'n?'  
That Jesus Christ came down from heav'n,  
That all the chosen trusting to it,  
Might have eternal life, and know it.

'How shall I my election know?'

How know ye that the light is so?

I see the light, and all about it.'

If so the truth, you cannot doubt it.

'I walk moreover in the light.'

And in the truth, if known aright.

'If so, the truth is very cheap!

'We spring to heav'n at a leap!'

But hark ye, friend, a word or two,

How came ye, life itself to know?

This present life of sin and death,

Under the curse, under the wrath?

'I live, and I can say no more,

'And so I live from hour to hour.'

Now wherein did your act consist,

When you with natural life were blest?

'To tell the truth, I cannot say;

'My time was come—I could not stay.'

But did you use your keen endeavours,

To make one more among the livers?

‘ I can’t pretend to even that,  
 ‘ Nor knew I how, nor what was what.’  
 And yet you sprung to misery,  
 In hour of your nativity;

A child of sin, a child of wrath,  
 Doom’d by your birth to endless death.

You sinn’d in Adam, and why not,  
 Since you by Adam got the blot,  
 May not the sin and death together  
 Go out by Jesus Christ for ever?  
 You enter’d on the sin and death,  
 When you received first your breath;

And why not enter on the life,  
 And righteousness by pure belief?

‘ Well, pure belief’s an easy way!

‘ No more about it then, I say,

‘ We merrily may laugh and sing,

‘ Since pure belief to heav’n will bring!’

Absurdly said! thou silly fool,

Thou stabb’st thy soul by idle droll;

Upon thee, from thy mother’s womb,

What scenes of sorrow to thy tomb!

What weepings, wailings, pangs, and throws,

And endless train of endless woes!

One tide a moment may be gone,

But, lo, another flows anon;

These are the taxes of your life,

And so you live and die in strife;

And yet you struggled not for being,

It came upon you as a fleeing

Bird, alighting from the wing;

And afterwards you weep or sing;

The consequences of your living,

And not the cause of your receiving;

Ev’n so, upon the first belief,

Comes all the joy, or all the grief,



## 302 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

All the grief, and all the joy,  
That the sons of God employ,  
Their exercises by the way,  
Ev'n until their dying day,  
Their hopes, their fears, their tears, and pray'rs,  
Their wrestlings, alms-givings, and praise,  
Their doings, suff'rings, total sum,  
Until their sure redemption come.

Thus, ev'ry mother has her pains,  
Her cramps, her qualms, and aching veins,  
Her fears, anxieties, and smarts,  
Which pierce her heart like pointed darts;  
But was't by these she first conceived?  
Conceiving first, she these perceived;  
At length, her hour approaching on,  
They die with her parturient groan;

Ev'n so the Christian's labour ends,  
When midwife death before him bends,  
And gives him joy of his spirit,  
His Father's kingdom to inherit,  
Deliver'd living, safe, and sound,  
A child of God, with glory crown'd;  
The sorrow all is past away,  
And angels hail the natal day.—

But, for a counter-part to this,  
A counter-part to heav'nly bliss,  
Ephraim-like, the foolish sons,  
In gate of life do crush their bones;  
They call their nat'ral pow'rs the grace,  
And pow'r of God, and seek their face,  
Expecting still from them relief,  
Till death steal on them as a thief—

But, like a foolish graceless heir,  
Ent'ring on his estate so fair,  
He eats, and drinks, and whores away,  
And rants and sings at ev'ry play;

He

He dreams his fums will ne'er be done,  
Till person, purse, and all are run;  
'All's vanity!' I heard him cry,  
And then expir'd he with a sigh—

So they, amused for a while,  
By serpentine deceit and guile,  
May glory in their form and cant,  
And think they have the thing they want;  
As squirrels with their squirrel-bells,  
Clatter on their chiming shells,  
Hoping still to climb the wheel,  
Round and round it as they reel;

Down they fall, repulsed still,  
So to-day, and ever will.

Or have you seen, with heavy pace,  
Waggons moving on their ways:  
The jaded creatures too have bells,  
Jingling with the jogging wheels;  
Amus'd with their continual play,  
The hackneys drag their load away;

Drag away their life and load,  
Till down they sink upon the sod,  
Of all-devouring dogs the prey,  
A filthy carrion by the way.—

I'm sorry to apply this scene  
To any of the sons of men;  
More sorry still to let it pass,  
Until their flesh be turn'd to grass;

Nay too, their souls consum'd and lost,  
As they must find it to their cost,  
Who always gnaw upon the shell,  
And never break into the kernel,  
Feeding still on leaven'd meal,  
Stolen out of nature's garnel;  
'Tho' holy call'd, it makes no odds,  
As Pagans call'd their devils gods.

304 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

But One is only to the saints;  
 One God supplieth all their wants;  
 One God, one Lord, one faith, one hope:  
 They drink of his salvation-cup;  
 With faith and love, as the Apostles,  
 Embracing all of God's disposals;  
 In God and love their spirit dwells,  
 And all with heav'n their bosom swells.

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CCXII. *If God be for us who can be against us?*  
 Rom. viii. 31—35.

**L**O, God hath us ordain'd to know his love,  
 Because his own good pleasure did him move;  
 Now, who can counteract his sov'reign will?  
 Or his eternal purpose disannul?  
 On his own Son he poured out his wrath;  
 For us he gave him freely to the death;  
 For us strong principalities he trampled on;  
 For us in triumph now he reigns upon the throne.  
 His Holy Spirit breathes on us with pow'r,  
 And makes our souls like pleasant fields to flow'r;  
 Well-watered with his consolations sweet,  
 We flourish, and for paradise grow meet.  
 Now then, if God do stand upon our side,  
 Who can endure against us to abide?  
 'Tis God who justifies and makes us free;  
 By whom, by whom shall we condemned be?  
 'Tis Christ who dy'd, yea, rose again, and reigns;  
 Who all the pow'r in heav'n and earth sustains:  
 Against us who shall dare maintain the cause,  
 Must fight with God, and abrogate his laws;  
 Must rise to heav'n, and overthrow his throne;  
 Ungod the Godhead, and unson the Son.  
 But, wrapt in his almighty pow'r, he'll laugh,  
 And blow them all away to hell like chaff;  
 As whirlwinds in a tempest thro' the air,  
 See, see, they fly confounded here and there;

But

But lo, his wing'd ambassadors of love he sends,  
 And bids them camp around his chosen friends;  
 By millions issuing, see them from on high,  
 In swift divisions sweep along the sky;  
 They, to fulfil his pleasure, eager come,  
 And wait to guard his chosen children home;  
 In flaming chariots round us, lo, they burn;  
 And who can these his armies overturn?  
 What tho' creation then around us roar and rage,  
 And floods of men and fiends, with mountain-  
 waves, engage,

Th' almighty Lord of hosts, rejoicing on our side,  
 Will dash them down, confounding their malicious  
 Nothing in life, we know, can us annoy, [pride.  
 Nor can the pow'r of death our life destroy:  
 Our life lies safe, being hid in God with Christ;  
 In him who death unting'd is our eternal rest.  
 Our adversary, let him now come near;  
 Boldly before our Judge we shall appear.  
 Our Advocate is Judge! attune your voice, and sing;  
 Our Advocate, our King, will our redemption  
 Come, shine, O Lord, in all thy glory forth, [bring!  
 And bring thy sons from east, and west, and south,  
 and north,  
 To shine with thee in all the fulness of thy love,  
 From whence no pow'r that is shall ever us remove.

## CCXIII. VESSELS OF MERCY TOSSED, NOT LOST.

**T**HE floods of temptation down carried my  
 soul,

A wreck on the stream, a wreck on the stream;  
 So vessels of mercy, I see, they may roll, [shame.  
 O'erwhelmed with shame, o'erwhelmed with  
 Yea, rolling and sinking, they possibly may  
 Be found now and then, be found now and then;  
 But, if they be vessels of mercy, I say,  
 They'll get up again, they'll get up again.



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Of both I have had the experience good;  
Believe ye the truth, believe ye the truth:  
My Redeemer, he blew me safe over the flood  
With the breath of his mouth, with the breath of  
his mout .

I cried, ' O save me! O save me! I sink!  
' I'm lost in the sea! I'm lost in the sea!'  
He calmed the storm and my soul, in a blink,  
In mercy to me, in mercy to me.

I ride now at anchor, full-fraughted with love,  
All gallant and trim, all gallant and trim;  
For he is my Admiral ruling above:  
All glory to him, all glory to him.  
By his own commission I'll sail to my haven;  
He'll draw me ashore, he'll draw me ashore:  
To him be the glory and victory given  
By me evermore, by me evermore.

## CCXIV. TEMPTATION.

**C**EASE, Temptation, cease thy strife,  
And let me live the heav'nly life;  
Grievous thing it is to me,  
Daily to be plagu'd by thee;  
Tossed, moved as the wind,  
Wavereth to and fro my mind,  
Whirled round in folly's wheel,  
Dancing madly in a reel.

Pour on me th' atoning flood,  
Jesus, of thy streaming blood;  
Wash me as the precious gem,  
Sparkling in thy diadem,  
Thy diadem of beauty fair;  
Thy diadem thy people are;  
Set in circling love, they shine,  
Each in brightness all divine.

## CCXV. PRAYER

## CCXV. PRAYER and PRAISE.

**PITY**, pity, pity me,  
 O my God, to thee I flee;  
 Hide thou me thy wings within,  
 From the death pursuing sin,  
 From the sin and from the shame,  
 From the sorrow, from the blame;  
 Have they overflow'd apace,  
 O restrain them by thy grace.

Say, as when the surges roar,  
 ' Cease ye now, and roar no more;  
 ' Sink ye down in your own sand.'  
 Lo, they sink at thy command;  
 Yea, behold, the death and hell,  
 Ev'ry thing that did rebel,  
 Sleep together in the lake;  
 Never shall they more awake.

Bless'd be thou, my spring of day,  
 Driving ev'ry shade away,  
 Who, enlight'ning all my dark,  
 Cheer'd me up, thy trembling lark;  
 Mount I singing thro' the air,  
 Vanish'd all my fear and care,  
 Joy now quiv'ring brisk my notes,  
 'Thro' thy heav'ns my music floats.

CCXVI. LEAVE THE BODY AND COME  
TO JESUS.

**C**OME to Jesus, come away,  
 Heard I not the Spirit say?  
 Come, and all the sweetness prove,  
 Of the Holy Ghost and Love;

Come,

308 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Come, and dwell for evermore,  
All in raptures burn, adore.

Come to Jesus, come away,  
Come to Jesus, do not stay;  
Jesus shed his precious blood,  
That you might swim in pleasure's flood;  
Jesus div'd into a sea  
Of the deepest wrath for thee.

Come to Jesus, come away,  
Virgin-spirit, shun delay;  
Jesus laid aside his robes,  
That you might lay aside your sobs;  
Jesus cloth'd himself with shame,  
That you might clothe you with his name.

Come to Jesus, come away,  
This is thy espousal-day;  
Come away, come to thy home,  
Come away to thy Bridegroom;  
Unto the world bid adieu,  
Heaven see within thy view.

Come to Jesus, come away,  
Welcome with thy Lord to stay;  
Welcome to thy haven at last,  
Now the indignation's past.  
Roll, ye billows, roll and roar,  
Now my treasure's safe ashore.

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CCXVII. MOUNTING AS ON EAGLE'S  
WINGS.

**T**HEY who believe the true record,  
And patiently wait for the Lord,  
In union with his Spirit live,  
By him they constantly believe.  
King

## SPIRITUAL SONGS. 309

King Jesus is their glorious Head,  
His members therefore shall not fade.  
He is the plant of high renown,  
In glory he doth wear the crown.

No wearying shall make me to faint,  
No trouble fill me with complaint;  
Jehovah is the strength I need,  
Jehovah is my strength indeed;  
'Tho' enemies should me surround,  
And mean to chain me to the ground;  
Yet, in his everlasting arms,  
Jehovah holds me free from harms.

His Spirit in me soaring high,  
By him I'll mount above the sky,  
Like soaring eagles to their nest,  
To God my everlasting rest.  
Lord, hasten thy appearing-day,  
When gloomy shades shall pass away,  
When thou thy saints from dust shalt raise,  
All glorious, to thy own name's praise.

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### CCXVIII. ON MY BIRTH-DAY.

**H**OW I started into being,  
Knew I nothing more than fleeing  
Birds, that skiff upon the wing,  
Where they'll light, and where they'll sing.  
But, exalted into life,  
First I knew it by the strife  
Of my passions hunting pleasure;  
Pleasure was my only treasure.

While I hung upon the breast,  
I sought pleasure in my taste;  
Knew not then the thing I sought,  
No, nor yet, for all my thought.—

Blessed



310 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Blessed be my Author's hand,  
Who my madness did withstand;  
Who let me taste, and let me find  
Pleasure pestilential wind.

Heal me, God, in gracious hour,  
All thy balm of Gilead pour,  
Cleanse me from my filthy stains;  
Love almighty ever reigns.  
Day by day, and hour by hour,  
Let the Holy Ghost have pow'r  
O'er my spirit, evermore,  
Gracious Father, I implore;

Fill me with thy joys so pure!  
O how pure and perfect! sure  
I shall never thirst again  
For the joys of sinful men.

Thus, on my sweet natal day,  
Thou, my God, hast giv'n to pray,  
Giv'n me by thy Spirit good;  
Lead me on to thy abode.

Leave me, leave me never more,  
Till I stand thy throne before;  
Sweet communion in thy love,  
Let me have where'er I move.  
Move thou me, by thy decree,  
In the faith, where'er I be;  
To thy glory all I do,  
Let me do, and suffer too.

Thou hast well provided me,  
All my well-springs are in thee;  
I have food and raiment had;  
In my God I'll still be glad.  
Hast thou giv'n thy Son for me,  
That I might confide in thee?  
Shall I then distrust my God,  
Who hath giv'n me all he cou'd?

Join,

Join  
Join  
Sing  
Clap

O  
Lo,  
And  
We  
Enli  
In g  
The  
O w  
In n  
Ev'n  
The  
His  
Was  
So h  
To e  
O w  
Cloth  
Thes  
To w  
Yea,  
No s  
They  
Like  
O tel  
So gl  
Thes  
From

Join, ye angels, join my song,  
 Join, creation all, along;  
 Sing the bounties of our King;  
 Clap your hands, and ever sing.

---

## CCXIX. The SAINTS in GLORY.

O Who are these whom I espy,  
 So joyful on Mount Zion high?  
 Lo, these, who once were dead in sin,  
 And fill'd with darkness all within,  
 Were quicken'd by God's Holy Lamb,  
 Enlighten'd by his glorious beam;  
 In grateful songs they now relate  
 The trophies of his mercy great.

O who are these within my view,  
 In number as the drops of dew?  
 Ev'n these, who were all bound in debt,  
 The Lamb at liberty them set;  
 His payment, as the law of God,  
 Was perfect and immensely broad;  
 So he a Saviour to them prov'd,  
 To ev'ry people whom he lov'd.

O who are these I see that shine,  
 Clothed with linen clean and fine?  
 These, who thro' sin were crimson-hu'd,  
 To whom the Lamb his favour shew'd,  
 Yea, in his blood he wash'd them clean,  
 No stain, no sin, now on them seen;  
 They in his glory all appear,  
 Like to the sun full bright and clear.

O tell me now from whence they came,  
 So glorious all before the Lamb?  
 These, whom he brought from wilderness,  
 From hunger, thirst, and deep distress;

Yea,

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Yea, from the Leopard's mountains they  
Escaped are, from dens of prey;  
Now safe on flow'ry sunny hills,  
His love divine them wholly fills.

O these, O these, I know them well,  
And their abode now where they dwell,  
Within the paradise of God,  
The ransom'd of his precious blood;  
Close round the Tree of Life they cling;  
As birds upon the branches sing;  
Now, now, their en'mies hurt no more,  
Under the wrath their en'mies roar.

The Lamb, the King, reigns on the throne,  
And they reign with him ev'ry one;  
No more with thirst and hunger pain'd,  
Their cheeks no more with tears distain'd;  
Their food the heav'nly manna fair,  
They drink the living waters clear,  
That flow and circle round the throne,  
In God, their glory, glorying on.

Their sorrows all away are past,  
Their joys eternally do last,  
In God, the God of all their joy,  
Whose praise their harps doth still employ.

' High hallelujahs to our God,  
' To him who wash'd us in his blood,  
' And made us priests to God, and kings;  
' They sound on all their trembling strings.

The angels and archangels, who  
Before the throne adore and bow,  
Join in the anthem all around,  
The heav'n's re-echo to the sound;  
I hear them all with one accord,  
Ascribing to our mighty Lord  
The kingdom, glory, and the pow'r;  
Amen, amen, for evermore.

## CCXX. NO SALVATION BUT IN JESUS.

THEY'RE finally lost, whoever they be,  
 Away that do flee, O Jesus, from thee;  
 Except thou in love shalt send from above,  
 And cause thy own Holy Ghost on them to move,  
 Where-ever he comes, he banishes glooms,  
 Your withered hopes arraying in blooms;  
 No prospect so dull, But he, to the full,  
 Will lift up your heart, and enrapture your soul.

O praise ye my God, for grace to me show'd;  
 His grace is a debt must ever be ow'd;  
 I cannot repay; but this is his way,  
 To give what he gives without yea and nay.  
 O swell with his praise, angelical lays,  
 A subject above mortality's phrase;  
 Mortality gone, and I at my crown,  
 I'll sing with the highest that circle the throne.

## CCXXI. S O W I N G.

O Sowing, sowing, sow my field  
 Still more and more with seeds of grace;  
 How blest a harvest they shall yield  
 To thee of glory, me of peace!  
 Let no presumptuous showy glare  
 Rush up along with gaudy bloom,  
 Nor angry weeds of dark despair,  
 Until the crop come safely home.

O spare not thou the wintry storms,  
 Nor nipping chiliness of the frost,  
 Which nip the weeds, and nip the worms  
 That prey expensive on my cost.  
 Let show'rs, and dews, and suns, succeed,  
 Or cold, or hot, or moist, or dry;



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According to my various need;  
Thy will be done, my God, I cry.

When I am bending to the ground,  
And all besilver'd o'er my head,  
My fruit to glory then be found,  
To glory that shall never fade.  
Then play thy sickles at my roots,  
And lay my sheaf with joy along,  
Thy angel-reapers raising shouts,  
At my in-gathering, with a song.

CCXXII. A FUNERAL SONG.

**M**IGHTY angels heard I not  
All around their sister sing?  
Raising trophies on the spot,  
High-exulting in a ring?  
Hallelujah's lofty sound,  
In the hour when Mary dies,  
Kills the sobs and cries around,  
Mingling upwards to the skies.

O the sad mistake of man,  
Never wise before his death!  
Death displays Jehovah's plan,  
Extricates from sin and wrath.  
Mary much rejoic'd in God;  
In him now rejoiceth more,  
Since he kind compassion shew'd,  
Towing her to glory's shore.

Raging seas harass'd a while,  
Ere the vessel of his love  
Saw her Sun of glory smile;  
Shines she now with him above.  
Jordan made a dreadful shew,  
Overflowing far and wide;

(Happy

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 315

(Happy Hra'!l!) back she flew;  
New-forsaken of her tide.

Furled out, their banners smile,  
Unrestrained, in the wind,  
Lately where the crocodile  
Eager raven'd to his mind.  
Ran ye to your promis'd land,  
Then, ye well-beloved race;  
(O glorious type!) at God's command,  
Now, we run thro' death to peace.

## CCXXIII. MILL-WHEEL.

**L**IKE the wheel of water-mill,  
Yielding to the water's will,  
Round, and round, and round it goes,  
As the gushing water flows.  
So obedient be my soul,  
To the Holy Ghost's controul,  
Ever moving by his will,  
Never, never standing still.

Let thy grinding millstones bring  
To subjection ev'ry thing;  
Grind away my rough and harsh,  
Grind my flesh tho' bones should crass.  
Grind me o'er, and o'er, and o'er,  
Till I fall thy finest flour;  
Lay me down a mellowy heap,  
Make me thro' thy bolters sweep.

Sift me, sift me, sift me well,  
Sift me to approven meal,  
Give my dust unto the wind,  
Leaving all the pure behind.  
Stow me up in thy own vessel,  
That no thief thy store embezzle.

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Make thou me, and make with speed,  
Pleasant, pure, unleaven'd bread.

A sweet consecrated cake,  
Make thou me, for Jesus' sake;  
Lest I should like Ephraim be,  
O my God prevent thou me!  
Ephraim was a cake unturn'd,  
Ephraim therefore ever mourn'd.  
Lest I burn me in the oven,  
Draw me soon, O God, to heav'n.

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CCXXIV. ONE SPIRIT with the LORD.

**K**ING JESUS' spouse, remember still  
That you are not your own;  
No fleshly lusts must you fulfil,  
Since you the Lord have known.  
To slav'ry you yourselves had sold,  
For vanity and nought;  
Not all the stores of earthly gold,  
Could have you freed and bought.  
But, lo, you highly were esteem'd,  
When you were low and vile;  
Behold the blood which you redeem'd,  
And freed you from exile.  
Your Lord fulfill'd his Father's will  
For you, whom he hath lov'd;  
O do you glorify him still,  
His servants well approv'd.  
With vanities, in any case,  
How can you grudge to part?  
When, lo, to purchase you from these,  
Blood stream'd from Jesus' heart.

For

For soul and body bought by Christ,  
 To him you're wholly due;  
 Your Lord, your glory, in your breast,  
 Don't ye to idols bow.

Be holiness to me, your Lord,  
 In thought, in word, in deed;  
 Giving good ear to my record,  
 Who am your living Head.  
 O may thy Spirit and thy Word  
 Us fill, for we are thine;  
 That we, thy temples, may, O Lord,  
 In holy beauties shine.

Our spirits pant hence to remove,  
 Still to be more solemn,  
 To join thy citizens above,  
 In new Jerusalem.  
 Lo thou, the Lamb, in midst of them  
 The glorious Lord dost reign;  
 All glory to thy holy name,  
 For thou for us wast slain.

Thou art indeed our Lord and King,  
 Our Advocate and Head;  
 From slav'ry base thou didst us bring,  
 And raise us up when dead.  
 Our bodies are thy members, lo,  
 Thy Spirit is the soul;  
 From him let all our motions flow;  
 Let him possess us whole.

Our spirits join'd in union sweet,  
 O Lord, are one with thine;  
 In burning raptures let them meet,  
 Till ours grow all divine.



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CCXXV. GOD'S WORD and SPIRIT our  
TREASURE.

THY Word, O Lord's my treasure,  
O send it in full measure,  
Into my heart with pleasure,  
And cause it to abide;  
While it is there abiding,  
My foot is free from sliding,  
My conscience free from chiding,  
My God is on my side.

O never, never leave me,  
For Satan fain would have me,  
And speciously deceive me,  
With words of subtle guile;  
But thro' thy word and favour,  
My glory and my Saviour,  
Direct thou my behaviour,  
And on my spirit smile.

While thou art on me smiling,  
Tho' Satan be beguiling,  
And horribly reviling,  
He cannot move my mind.  
Thy Spirit move me wholly,  
And purge away my folly;  
Thy Spirit's wife and holy,  
Thy Spirit's good and kind.

Thy Spirit is my portion,  
Thy holy Word enforcing,  
Still causing me abhor sin;  
Thy Spirit is my praise.  
Thy Spirit I delight in,  
Thy perfect love inditing,  
And forwardly inciting  
My spirit in thy ways.

My

My spirit, don't rebel now,  
 But ev'ry lust repel thou,  
 And never more to hell bow;  
     Thy God possessing thee:  
 Since he is in thee dwelling,  
 Let ev'ry motion swelling,  
 And fleshly thought rebelling,  
     Before his presence flee.

But thus though I resolve it,  
 And in my mind revolve it,  
 On God I must devolve it;  
     The work cannot be mine:  
 Then, God, conduct my motions,  
 My Spirit, and my notions,  
 My practice and devotions;  
     For all the pow'r is thine.

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## CCXXVI. FROM GLORY TO GLORY.

SINCE God his glory hath displayed,  
 And thou, my soul, hast now surveyed,  
 'Tis meet for thee to pass from talking,  
 And to betake thyself to walking;  
 According as he hath declared,  
 The way wherein his love is shared.  
 If thou be fervent found, and humble,  
 He will not suffer thee to stumble;

Then, like a pilgrim going to Zion,  
 His holy beauties keep thine eye on;  
 Abstaining still from fleshly pleasures,  
 That so thou mayst possess his treasures,  
 His treasures of celestial blessings;  
 How high above thy highest wishings!  
 For none of him shall be approved,  
 Save those who by his love are moved.

But

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But they shall sing with his redeemed,  
Of whom his love is much esteemed;  
The mutual loves between them glowing  
From him do flow, to him re-flowing;  
His love their Spirit all pervadeth,  
And they obey as love persuadeth.  
His love's the element they live in,  
The very heaven of their heaven.

Thy God, my soul, is in thee present;  
How sweet his love! how sweet and pleasant!  
O do not thou reject his motions,  
But cleave to him with warm devotions.  
On thee, my soul, it is incumbent  
That thou shouldst always be for him bent.  
Lo, he effecteth all he pleaseth;  
And to himself me all compresseth.

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CCXXVII. NO SIN, NO SAVIOUR.

**Y**E fools, and slow of heart to know,  
O when will you be wise?  
And cheerfully with God comply,  
Leaving pernicious lies?  
Do you suppose that you are those  
Who are without your sin?  
And therefore blame God's holy Lamb  
For eating with th' unclean?

They who be sound, without a wound,  
Physician need they none;  
But only those who have their woes  
Do need the help of one.  
I came not here to interfere  
With any that are good;  
You're sinners all, sinners I call;  
And turn them to their God.

CCXXVIII. THE

## CCXXVIII. THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE.

**C**OME all to me, behold, and see,  
 I make you welcome all,  
 Who sad and heavy-laden be,  
 Under your woful fall.  
 I hear your groans, and weary moans,  
 Scrambling about the grave;  
 Scrambling for life with hopeless strife,  
 Which there you cannot have.  
 Your eager lust, among the dust,  
 Will never find its fill;  
 But if you trust, among the just,  
 To shine on Zion-hill,  
 To me give ear, and live, who hear,  
 Believe, and saved be;  
 For, lo, I swear, you need not fear,  
 You shall have rest in me.  
 Take you my yoke upon your neck,  
 And meekly learn of me;  
 For I am lowly, kind, and meek:  
 From gall my heart is free.  
 Come therefore roll on me your soul,  
 And rest you in my love;  
 My yoke is ease, my burdens please;  
 I'm gentle as a dove.

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 CCXXIX. GOD THE ONLY LIGHT AND  
 STAY OF HIS SAINTS. Isa. l. 10, 11.

**L**ET all the people stand around,  
 Jehovah calls you man by man,  
 Among you all who is there found  
 Obedient to my Holy One?

Who



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Who knows, and loves, and fears his God,  
Sees him his guide and nothing more,  
His God will shew him his abode;  
Tho' all the pow'rs of darkness roar.

The dangers threat'ning in his way,  
Shall pass away like shades of night;  
For God will send the joyful day,  
And change his darkness into light.  
Trust therefore in Jehovah, trust;  
Jehovah cannot make a lie;  
Jehovah's faithful, true, and just;  
To save his servants ever nigh.

Behold, all ye that kindle up  
Your fires, impatient of the Lord,  
Because you have no faith nor hope,  
To wait for his enlight'ning word,  
Walk in the light of your own fire,  
And let the sparks about you fly;  
But this from me shall be your hire,  
On sorrow's bed you down shall ly.

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CCXXX. DAVID'S ASSURED CONFIDENCE  
IN GOD, OUR EXAMPLE.

**N**OW David said within his heart,  
One day I perish shall,  
If I remain in any part  
Of Israel at all:  
For Saul hath made a bloody vow  
To hunt the hill and dale,  
And drive my soul, with sword and bow,  
Down to the gates of hell.

And

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And how can I lift up my sword,  
 To save me from assault,  
 Or 'gainst th' anointed of the Lord  
 Commit a grievous fault;  
 Then let me flee into the land  
 (No other way remains)  
 Of the uncircumcised band,  
 Till God my cause revenge.

So shall I shun the hand of Saul,  
 Being guiltless of his blood,  
 Till his own lot upon him fall,  
 Sent by the hand of God.  
 Thus David, mighty prince of old,  
 Upon his God rely'd;  
 By his example be thou bold,  
 And in thy God confide.

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CCXXXI. CHRIST'S KINDRED. Mark iii. 32.

THY mother and thy brethren, see,  
 O Jesus, want to speak with thee—  
 My mother and my brethren? who,  
 O who are these? I want to know:  
 Behold my disciples around,  
 In whom my word hath access found;  
 You I acknowledge for my brother,  
 And greet, my sister and my mother;

For whosoever shall fulfil  
 What is my heav'nly Father's will,  
 The same a brother is to me;  
 I glory in the near degree;  
 Yea, mother, sister, all in one,  
 To reign with me upon my throne;  
 Kindred I claim in all degrees,  
 With those who do my Father please.

## CCXXXII. JACOB DECEIVED, no EXAMPLE for us to follow.

O Wast thou not deceived much,  
 Jacob, when thou believedst such  
 Were thy distresses round about,  
 That ev'ry sorrow found thee out,  
 And was against thee raging set,  
 That thou mightst be engaging it;  
 And made thee cry, ' They're all, they're all  
 ' Against me set for my downfall !'

Didst thou continue the same tune,  
 When thou had seen that all was done  
 According to the wise decree;  
 For thy own life, and those with thee?  
 Yea, these were links in that same chain,  
 That brought redemption unto men;  
 As thou hast owned in thy song,  
 ' O thy salvation, Lord, how long !'

Beware then, Christian, to pretend,  
 If thou salvation wouldst defend,  
 That Jacob was a pattern, then,  
 For thee to join, and say amen !  
 What ! imitate the fleshly part !  
 And call the same a holy heart !  
 Away, away, you might as soon  
 Go make a lie, as he had done !

## CCXXXIII. GOD'S WORD QUICK and POWERFUL.

THY word most pow'rful is, O Lord,  
 No strength can it withstand;  
 And sharp as any piercing sword,  
 When wielded by thy hand.

The thoughts that in my heart ly hid  
 From all the world abroad,  
 To view thereby are open'd wide,  
 Clearly discern'd of God.  
 All creatures manifested ly,  
 O God, unto thy view,  
 Naked and bare before thine eye,  
 With whom we have to do.  
 'Twas thy incarnate Word, O God,  
 Thy word to us did give,  
 Which many published abroad,  
 That we in him may live.  
 'Tis by thy Spirit in thy word,  
 O Christ, we hope in thee,  
 That thou wilt strength and joy afford,  
 And make our sorrows flee.  
 So we'll before thy presence come,  
 With humble confidence;  
 While, sown in us, thy word shall bloom  
 To fair obedience.

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CCXXIV. JESUS the KING, the APOSTLES  
HIS PRINCES.

**B**EHOOLD the King, ye nations sing,  
 Shall reign in righteousness,  
 Whose princes shall, around him all,  
 Govern with uprightness.  
 This Holy One, this Corner-stone,  
 This Man of God's right-hand,  
 When winds shall blow tempests below,  
 An hiding-place shall stand,  
 Against the rains, which scourge the plains,  
 A tow'r of safe retreat;  
 A covert from the raging storm,  
 When angry blasts do beat.



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As water-streams, in thirsty climes,  
Where panting pilgrims ly,  
Because they find no fountain kind,  
Their scorchings to allay:

But if they spy a river nigh,  
Their souls return again;  
Their sorrows they now fling away,  
And run to drink amain:  
So, even so, behold him, lo,  
A stream for thirsty soul;  
Your drought to cool, drink to the full,  
And drink without controul.

If weariness should much oppress,  
Beneath the sultry sun,  
Lift up, and look, behold a rock,  
Beneath the same to run.  
His shadow fills, from hills to hills,  
The vales of weariness;  
His stretching wings he round you brings,  
And makes you dwell in peace.

Whose eyes were dim, on seeing him,  
No more shall dimness know;  
And, lo, the ear of those who hear  
Shall keener, keener grow.  
Knowledge shall flash upon the rash;  
And men of way'ring heart,  
And stamm'ring speech, shall wisdom teach;  
And fools become alert.

CCXXXV. CHRIST the END of the LAW for  
RIGHTEOUSNESS.

THE pow'r, and the glory, dominion, and  
Ascribe ye to Jesus the King; [praise,  
Salvation, and blessing, in loftiest lays,  
With high halleluiahs, sing.

Tho'

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Tho' shining in glory, in substance, and pow'r,  
The same with the Father, and one,  
The form of his Godhead he cast a vail o'er,  
And humbled himself to a man.

He thought it no robb'ry to be equal with God,  
God eternally blest'd over all;  
Nor thought it too low, to assume flesh and blood,  
In the form of a servant to fall.  
He open'd his mouth, and explained the law,  
Impartially shewing the truth;  
From falsehood and ruin that we might withdraw,  
And cleave to the words of his mouth.

The law in the spirit thereof he fulfilled,  
Fulfilled it in his own blood;  
That our guilty blood might escape being spilled,  
And be dear in the sight of our God.  
Now, having acceptance thro' what we believe,  
Being led by his Spirit of love,  
His kingdom of promise we surely shall have;  
For therefore he reigneth above.

---

## CCXXXVI. RIGHTEOUSNESS and PEACE.

**T**HE righteousness ordain'd of God,  
Was wrought by Christ the Lord;  
This work he finish'd in his blood,  
Declares he in his word.  
This righteousness by faith who know,  
Are saved from their sin;  
Because the will of God is so;  
Great peace have they within.

Lo, righteousness with peace abound,  
And flow to us abroad,  
As rivers from the mountains round  
The city of our God.

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No foe shall spoil our dwelling-place,  
Our habitation sure;  
Since everlasting love and grace  
Our refuge do endure.

Because the mighty Lord of pow'r  
On Zion-hill doth dwell;  
Her citizens are kept secure,  
From pow'r of death and hell.  
O what a safety this is found,  
For heirs of death and hell!  
We might by justice have been bound  
Under fierce wrath to wail:

But God his sov'reign love, so free,  
On us hath poured down,  
According to his wise decree,  
In his beloved Son.  
Now may thy Holy Spirit, Lord,  
Direct our motions all,  
According to thy faithful Word,  
And we shall never fall.

Establish'd in thy righteousness,  
By faith, our God, we cry,  
For full and perfect blessedness,  
Within thy house on high;  
Where sin and death no more annoy  
Upon thy holy hill;  
But overflowing love and joy,  
The dwellers there do fill.

---

CCXXXVII. BEER-LA-HAI-ROI.

**B**Eer-la-hai-roi's my fountain!  
*The living God, he sees me here;*  
Tho' now at the foot of the mountain,  
On the top I shall quickly appear.

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 329

A moment, till he please to call me,  
And then I am with him anon;  
What is it that needs to appal me,  
Since I dwell with Jehovah so soon?

Tho' irons and shackles should squeeze me,  
Need I be oblig'd to look down?  
Since Jehovah, the living God, sees me;  
And is fitting my head for my crown.  
Tho' banish'd, like John, to an island,  
Where never a one were beside,  
Jehovah would see his exile, and  
Jehovah would with me abide.

I lately was found in a desert,  
Like a chicken forsook of the wing;  
Jehovah perceiving my hazard,  
His mantle about me did fling;  
My 'spirit was thirsty and scorched,  
Being stung with the serpents were there;  
When the pow'r of Jehovah approached,  
I forgot then that ever they were.

He filled me full of his glory,  
And quite overwhelmed me then;  
I'll adore him while green, and when hoary  
Adore him, ye children of men!  
His Spirit's a fountain of rapture,  
Still springing and flowing thro' mine;  
The more that I drink, I'm the apter  
To drink of his Spirit divine.

The choicest of wines are but wormwood,  
Compar'd to this heav'nly joy,  
Which Jehovah to me hath confirmed;  
Come drink, all ye saints, to my foy,  
I am going to death's narrow wicket,  
At the end of this valley of tears;  
Where Jehovah himself will up-break it,  
And there put an end to my fears.



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CCXXXVIII. What though you GAIN the  
whole WORLD, if you LOSE your SOUL.

**I**N all the pride of earthly glory,  
What, my soul, tho' you should shine;  
Tho' all the world should ly before ye,  
And thou couldst call its kingdoms thine;  
Pray, tell me what you would make of it,  
If so you were to lose yourself?  
Would not the loss consume the profit  
Of ten thousand worlds' pelf?

What mighty ransom would you offer,  
To redeem the precious jewel?  
What hidden treasure, in your coffer,  
Would countervail your loss so cruel?  
O then, my soul, beware of straying,  
From the pure and blessed path;  
Each step aside is the betraying  
Of yourself to loss and death.

Take heed lest Satan, foul deceiver!  
Cheat you with a specious lie;  
And make yourself the poor receiver  
Of a bribe, that you may die.  
But commit your way to Jesus,  
Lean not to your own device,  
For Jesus gave his blood to save us,  
God accepted of the price.

What man soever him denieth,  
Jesus him denies again;  
But who's the man with him complieth?  
Jesus doth by him remain.  
Yea, whosoever for the present  
Resists to death, in godly strife,  
Shall be receiv'd into the pleasant  
Fields of everlasting life.

Behold,

Behold, he cometh in the clouds of  
 Heav'n, to give a just reward  
 To desp'rate atheists, who at God scoff,  
 And his precepts disregard.  
 But run, ye self-deny'd, to greet him,  
 For ye shall shine in glory all;  
 And ye who now are bold to spite him,  
 Fierce fiery flames devour you shall.

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## CCXXXIX. The SALT of the EARTH.

**H**ASTE, fulfil the love of God,  
 Throw the salt, throw it abroad;  
 Spread it over all the earth,  
 Let no corner feel a dearth.  
 You, disciples, are the Salt,  
 Let none perish thro' your fault;  
 All the earth is corrupt grown,  
 Quickly let the Salt be sown.

Scatter, scatter ev'ry where,  
 Preach the gospel, do not spare;  
 All ordained to believe,  
 Shall eternal mercy have;  
 Yea, now fill'd with peace and joy,  
 No corruption shall destroy;  
 Being salted by your word,  
 They are favoury to the Lord.

Let all your conversation tell,  
 You with salt are season'd well,  
 Good for edifying men,  
 Full of grace that shall remain.  
 For if salt be saltless grown,  
 What, to salt it, is there known?  
 It is good for nothing more,  
 And men throw it to the door:

Trodden

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Trodden under foot it lies,  
Yielding not the least supplies,  
To the dunghill where it rots,  
Here and there, in hateful spots:  
So the case is parallel;  
If disciples should rebel;  
'They'd draw back unto perdition;  
Worse their last than first condition.

CCXL. CHRIST the SPIRITUAL ROCK.

**I**N Jesus Christ alone doth dwell  
The fountain of all grace;  
O come ye to the flowing well  
Of everlasting peace.  
I come, I come, for why should I  
Consume my soul away,  
In waiting upon fountains dry,  
Till living waters play?

For thro' this wilderness below,  
I go from rock to rock;  
Expecting till the waters flow,  
Which still my patience mock.  
But Jesus is the Rock of God,  
Deep-smitten by his hand,  
Whose waters, gushing all abroad,  
Refresh the weary land.

The cooling draughts my soul inspire,  
With life before unknown;  
Save them alone I do desire  
To call nothing my own.  
O give me still to drink my fill,  
While I am drawing near,  
Till I shall see thy holy hill,  
And in thy sight appear.

Then

SPIRITUAL SONGS: 333

Then I shall shine in light divine,  
And drink the chrystal stream  
Of joys that flow thy throne below,  
And glory in thy name:  
How bless'd are they who stand alway,  
Enraptur'd in thy sight!  
Nor ever turn aside to mourn;  
For there they have no night.

CCXLI. The MAN CHRIST JESUS the  
HIDING-PLACE.

**B**Ehold the Man, of God design'd  
His mercy to perform;  
An hiding-place from ev'ry wind,  
A covert from the storm.  
As streams of water do refresh  
The parched weary earth,  
He comes to raise our faded flesh,  
And raise our souls from death.

While from the clouds the winds do blow,  
And high upraise the sand,  
The shadow of a rock below,  
The trav'ller's fain to stand;  
So Christ's the Rock of sure defence,  
Wherein believers stay,  
And safely place their confidence,  
While unbelievers stray.

Away with unbelief, away;  
Herein I safe shall stand,  
And wait for my redemption-day;  
Behold the same at hand.  
See how the heavens open wide,  
And part the gloom in twain;  
The Bridegroom cometh for his bride;  
Come, even so, Amen.



### 334. SPIRITUAL SONGS.

#### CCXLII. VANITY succeeded by GLORY.

**I**N days of my vanity, thought I not good  
To hunt after shadows, forsaking my God;  
With the speed of a roe-buck to run I run;  
With the wings of an eagle I flew from the sun.  
I prey'd upon carrion, despising the Dove;  
I glory'd in shame, being asham'd of God's love;  
I sought after life in the path-way of death;  
I dream'd of a heav'n in the heart of God's wrath.  
At the beck of the prince of the pow'r of the air,  
My heart was allur'd by his fashions so fair;  
Away at his pleasure he spirited me;  
Where-ever he pointed, ev'n there I would be.  
But bless'd be my God, who hath turn'd me again,  
And wing'd me for heav'n in his glory to reign;  
I'm fill'd now with faith, peace, love, hope, and  
joy;  
My God is my portion, his praise my employ.

#### CCXLIII. BEHOLD, the LORD COMETH.

**B**Ehold, Jehovah, from on high,  
With thousands of his saints,  
Comes thund'ring thro' the flaming sky,  
To quell the boasting vaunts  
Of each ungodly hypocrite,  
Who trampled on his love;  
And therefore, trampled in the pit,  
Their madness he'll reprove.  
Like smoke he'll make the mountains fly,  
Tumultuous thro' the air;  
The deeps below, the heav'ns on high,  
Shall shrink away for fear,

Before

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Before the great tremendous blast,  
Which from his trumpet blows,  
And horrid shakes death's dungeon vast,  
Death's pris'ners to disclose.

The dead in Christ as funs arise,  
And mount as lightning up;  
And shine the glory of the skies,  
Pure as the diamond drop;  
In number as the pearly dew,  
That sparkles in the ray,  
When morning's womb has brought to view,  
The glories of the day.

Thus from the King their sentence runs,  
Nor shall his words be mov'd;  
' Well done! ye good and faithful sons,  
' Your service is approv'd;  
' Come to my Father's kingdom, come,  
' Nor ever thence remove;  
' My Father's kingdom is your home,  
' Ye blessed of his love.

But lo, upon the other hand,  
With horrors overspread,  
There stands the black dejected band,  
The King who disobey'd.  
By Satan they had been deceiv'd,  
And baited on his hook;  
And now of hope they are bereav'd,  
Nor upwards dare to look.

Their bodies rais'd with shame and scorn,  
And hell within their souls,  
Their soul and body both are borne  
Away to burning coals;  
The burning coals of flaming ire  
Inclose them round about;  
And there they drink the liquid fire,  
Nor ever drink it out.

For

# 336 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

For thus their sentence from their Judge,  
I heard it ring aloud;  
'Quickly from me away dislodge,  
'Accursed ye of God,  
'Into the everlasting flame,  
'For Lucifer prepar'd,  
'And all his angels, drown'd in shame,  
'With Lucifer who shar'd.'

## CCXLIV. CHRIST the BEGINNING and the END.

I'M the Beginning and the End,  
The work of love is done;  
My saints from evil I defend,  
And give them each a crown.  
My Father's purpose to fulfil,  
I paid their debt at large;  
And left to them my latter-will;  
(There, see a full discharge!)

There is no blessing in the whole,  
But what is sure to you;  
For you are blessed ev'ry soul,  
Who hold the record true.  
My Father charges to believe,  
And hold them most secure:  
And therefore I my Spirit give,  
That you may know them sure.

To save you, wither'd leaves, from fire  
Of God's avenging wrath,  
The Tree of Life, I bore his ire,  
Which scorched me to death.  
But now I bloom in Paradise,  
Diffusing life around;  
For ev'ry branch in me I bless;  
From me your fruit is found.

The gates of Paradise before  
 Thy face shall open wide ;  
 And thou shalt dwell for evermore  
 With me, my chosen bride—

Amen unto the Lamb of God !  
 How glorious our Bridegroom !  
 Who lov'd, and wash'd us in his blood,  
 And makes our glory bloom.  
 In his sweet shadow we shall sit,  
 With raptures of delight—  
 No fiends of the infernal pit  
 shall rob us of our right!

## CCXLV. RISEN with CHRIST.

**L**O, Christ hath rais'd us up indeed,  
 From earthly carnal things;  
 Fast will we hold by him, our Head,  
 And mount upon his wings.  
 He treads our en'mies by his pow'r,  
 And sheds on us his love,  
 That our affections high may soar,  
 And rest with God above.

For we to all below the skies,  
 In Christ, our life, are dead;  
 In Christ, our life, we did arise,  
 And live in him our Head.  
 Our God shall raise our bodies up,  
 According to his word;  
 Then pass away shall faith and hope,  
 In vision of our Lord.

Thou, Lord, didst breathe this living flame,  
 That in our souls doth burn;  
 O more and more increase the same,  
 Till all to flame we turn.



# 338 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Thy cords of everlasting love,  
 Close round our spirits throw;  
 And draw us up to thee above,  
 From vanities below;  
 And fill us with th' immortal charms  
 Of thy sweet Holy Dove,  
 While we, enfolded in thy arms,  
 From thee shall never move.  
 Now still preserv'd by thy pow'r,  
 Until thy day, O Christ,  
 We shall arrive upon the shore  
 Of everlasting rest.

## CCXLVI. ALPHA and OMEGA.

**I** ALPHA am and Omega,  
 Behold, salvation-work is done;  
 I dy'd, but now I live, and lo,  
 My glory fills the heav'nly throne.  
 In me a living fountain dwells;  
 I of the water freely give,  
 Which thirst of ev'ry soul repels  
 Who do my faithful word believe.  
 All ye this life divine who know,  
 Are children of my Father's love;  
 Then hate the corrupt pools below,  
 And largely drink with me above.  
 Lo, from my counsel deep it flows;  
 To you the living waters stream,  
 That bear away your sins and woes;  
 And make you glory in my name.  
 All earthly stores and pleasures fail,  
 In which the worldly ones do trust;  
 They leave the soul to mourn and wail,  
 And cry, 'Alas! my hope is lost!'

Ye

Ye heirs of God, his name adore,  
 Who you will never, never leave;  
 Your Elder Brother, by his pow'r,  
 Hath overcome death and the grave.

Your portion is a land of rest,  
 There you shall reign with me your King;  
 In Paradise with me shall feast,  
 On joys immortal there which spring.  
 No weeping there, no sad complaint,  
 Nor death, nor sorrow, nor distress;  
 For God is yours, no good you want,  
 In th' ocean of eternal bliss.

CCXLVII. *Do all in the Name of the LORD*  
 JESUS.

**Y**E chosen faithful saints of God,  
 Of ev'ry rank or place,  
 In Christ rejoice, your only good,  
 And thank him for his grace.  
 From death he wholly did you save,  
 Nor was it but by halves;  
 So you to him must wholly live,  
 And no more to yourselves.

To Christ, the glorious Husband, lo,  
 In spirit you are join'd;  
 In love and meek subjection bow,  
 Before your dearest Friend.  
 You, by the will of God above,  
 Are children of the light;  
 Led by the Spirit of his love,  
 Approve ye what is right.

You're bought by Christ to serve for aye,  
 In his omniscient eye;  
 With holy rev'rence him obey;  
 Your Lord do not deny.

340 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Behold, for you he hath prepar'd  
An heritage in heaven;  
God-like and glorious, this reward  
To you is freely given.

Why didst thou favour us, O God,  
Lost worms, thy very foes?  
Thy will was so; thy mercy flow'd  
Upon thy forlorn spouse!  
God's fiercest wrath, for us, took place  
On Jesus for a time!  
Now God on us, in Jesus' face,  
Eternal love doth shine!

O may we pray, and watch; and may  
Our lamps in brightness burn,  
As virgins waiting for the day,  
Our Bridegroom shall return.  
O how we look, and long to see  
The glorious recompence!  
Come, glorious Lord, to us, and be  
Our great Inheritance!

Jehovah evermore shall reign,  
And angels praise our King;  
But saints shall sing a higher strain,  
Than can the angels sing.  
They sing, 'Our God is holy still;  
'He's faithful, just, and good!—  
'Amen!' say saints; 'and merciful!  
'For us he shed his blood!'

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CCXLVIII. BEGOTTEN of the WILL of  
God.

ALL glory to my God on high,  
Who hath begotten me  
Unto a lively hope by him,  
Who dy'd upon the tree.

His

SPIRITUAL SONGS. 341

His death proves life to ev'ry one,  
Who holds it true, that he  
Did undergo the wrath of God  
Upon the curfed tree.

He was the off'ring pure and clean  
Did fatisfy my God;  
For he the wrath did bear alone,  
When he the wine-press trod.  
But now, behold, in heav'n above,  
He reigns upon his throne;  
From whence he fends his Spirit down,  
To quicken all his own.

It was thy will, O blessed God,  
Me to beget again,  
According to thy word of truth;  
That I with thee might reign.  
Now, being born of thee, my God—  
Yes, born of him I am!  
His feed is fown into my heart,  
My heart like his to frame.

Where-ever he begins his work,  
Ev'n there he'll carry't on,  
Until he fhall perfect his grace,  
In glory on his throne.  
Altho' he dwell in heaven high,  
And we on earth below,  
Yet is he prefent, God with us,  
Where-ever we fhall go.

Thro' fire and water he'll us keep;  
Our Father loves us well;  
Tho' floods of fire fhould round us roar,  
Within his heart we dwell!



342 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

CCXLIX. SOJOURNING HERE, REST IN  
HEAVEN.

**T**HIS world is not our own abode;  
In tabernacles we sojourn,  
And seek the city of our God,  
Prepar'd for us by his dear Son.  
How many foes do haunt this vale,  
This weary land, this irksome gloom,  
Where budding pleasures blasted fail,  
And hopes are cropt before they bloom!

Our light afflictions soon will end,  
Our weary moments fly apace;  
We joy in hope, our faithful friend  
Will give the glorious sweet release.  
When down this earthly house shall fall,  
Dissolv'd, and moulder'd into dust,  
We with our King in glory shall  
In chambers of his presence rest.

Infinite Wisdom laid the plan,  
And Mercy built the fabric on;  
There reigns the Lamb, who once was slain,  
Foundation, Head, and Corner-stone.  
Lo, there life's river broad doth stream;  
Nor death, nor darkness, there can come;  
For God our Father, and the Lamb,  
Irradiate the eternal dome.

No raging foe nor tempest shall  
Our city's strong foundations shake;  
Our Corner-stone on them shall fall,  
And crush them to the burning lake.  
But we, now built on him by grace,  
In faith, in hope, in joy, in love,  
Shall rest secure in perfect peace,  
Unmov'd as he who reigns above.

## CCL. The TREE of LIFE.

O How I long to be above,  
 Where all is rest, and all is love!  
 The rest and love bud here below,  
 But there to full perfection blow.  
 How vain, how vain the worldly joys,  
 Wherein ye worldly ones rejoice!  
 Like blossoms, blasted on the tree,  
 To dust the fruit and blossoms flee.

But O the Tree is all divine,  
 Whereon my fruit and blossoms shine!  
 The fruit and blossoms of my Tree  
 Are certain, as my God to me;  
 My God my Saviour is my Vine;  
 And I am his, and he is mine;  
 He dwells in me, and I in him;  
 While he doth shine, I can't be dim.

He rush'd down to the deepest night,  
 That I might spring to clearest light;  
 Thy wrath, Jehovah, wrapt him round,  
 And loosed me when him thou bound.  
 The death he died, the work he wrought,

He wrought and finish'd all for me;  
 With his own self my God me bought;  
 My God's my life, his blood my plea.

From Adam's blasted root I sprung,  
 And o'er the pit-mouth, lo, I hung;  
 ' Deliver man from going down  
 ' To hell; his ransom is my Son,'  
 Jehovah said; and lo, the flame  
 Around him, soul and body, came:  
 Worthy the Lamb; the Lamb was slain;  
 The Lamb's the Life, the Light of men!

CCLI. NO STANDARD but the APOSTLES.

**I** Was not mission'd to allure  
 With flatt'ring human speech,  
 But clearly by the Spirit's pow'r,  
 Christ's gospel pure to preach.  
 Nor was't by men's enticing words,  
 That ye were sav'd from wrath:  
 Who trust men's words will find them swords,  
 To pierce their souls to death.  
 The truth who by their judgment weigh,  
 At their own mind and pleasure,  
 By falsehood they would you betray,  
 And rob you of your treasure.  
 They preach themselves (not Christ) the Lord;  
 Of Christ they make a vail;  
 For Christ's they give you their own word,  
 That ye themselves may hail.  
 But oh, God's wisdom's deep, immense!  
 Of how sublime a strain!  
 It cannot mingle with the sense  
 Of earthly shallow men.  
 His word of pow'r did first command,  
 Within your conscience, peace.  
 By faith in God alone ye stand,  
 Unmoved in his grace.  
 Now, grafted in your Lord, ye spring,  
 Branches of righteousness:  
 Still nourish'd by his word, ye bring  
 Forth fruit to holiness—  
 When flowing troubles on me meet,  
 And billows round me roll,  
 God's faithful word doth greet me sweet,  
 And bear aloft my soul.

While

While lies are broke thro' their own shock,  
 And quite dispers'd to fume,  
 The truth shall stand firm as the Rock,  
 Which doth the lies consume:  
 For no word can, but his, abide;  
 Since no word else is pure;  
 But those who in his word confide,  
 As his word shall endure.

## CCLII. THE KING OF KINGS COMES.

**W**HEN the King of kings comes,  
 When the King of kings comes,  
 We shall shine in light divine,  
 When the King of kings comes.  
 God shines our Glory evermore,  
 Whose brightest face we shall explore;  
 And higher, higher, higher soar,  
 When Christ, the King of kings, comes.

Christ, the King of kings, comes!  
 Christ, the King of kings, comes!  
 We shall reign in glory then,  
 When the King of kings comes:  
 Then we shall all possess the throne,  
 In glory shining like the sun,  
 And reign with the eternal Son,  
 When he, the King of kings, comes.

Lo, the King of kings comes!  
 Lo, the King of kings comes!  
 Shout, and sing, to hail the King!  
 Lo, the King of kings comes!  
 Behold the King, with trumpets sound,  
 Ten thousand, thousand angels round,  
 And all the saints, with glory crown'd!  
 So, Christ, the King of kings, comes!

So,



346 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

So, the King of kings, comes;  
 So, the King of kings, comes:  
 Shout aloud, and meet your God;  
 God, the King of kings, comes—  
 Evanish, earth and skies, away,  
 And let the beams of glory play:  
 Our God is our eternal Day:  
 Our Life, the King of kings, comes!

CCLIII. A SONG TO CHRIST JESUS,  
 WHO IS ALL IN ALL.

—*The Head over all things to the church, which  
 is his body, the fulness of him who filleth all in  
 all. Eph. i. 22, 23.*

CREATION hangs on thee, and waits for thy nod,  
 O Jesus Omnipotent, hailing thee God:  
 For, from thy creating hands, all things have flow'd,  
 Good, pleasant, and perfect before thee: [earth,  
 Thou spread out the heavens, and foundedst the  
 And spoke into being their hosts with thy breath;  
 The Head of all beings above and beneath;  
 Thou reignest and shinest in glory:  
 Sang to thy glory bright,  
 Stars of the morning light;  
 Joining in chorus right,  
 Highly ador'd thy might,  
 O God, all thy sons, while yet fair shining ones;  
 Ere Satan disturbed thy kingdom.  
 Proud Satan down headlong, thou hurl'dst in thine  
 With all his rebellious, to swelter in fire; [ire,  
 For so did thine awful deep judgments require;  
 Because they disturbed thy kingdom.  
 Peace thou mad'st in heaven; but Satan below  
 Made tempests and horrors around him to flow;  
 O'er Adam prevailing, he made him thy foe,  
 A vassal of Satan's own kingdom:

Sinning

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 347

Sinning in Adam, we  
Fell down, by thy decree,  
From our own high degree,  
To deepest misery——

Ador'd be thy name! for this doom on us came,  
That we might be lifted the higher.

That we might be rais'd, dear Redeemer, thou fell;  
To poize us to heaven, thy soul sunk to hell;  
Then sprung to thy kingdom, there ever to dwell  
In bright divine bodily glory.

O hasten thy kingdom, that we may behold  
Thee, Lord, as thou art; see, our eyes become old,  
With looking till thou all thy purpose unfold,  
And shew us thy visible glory.

Majesty dwells in thee,  
Glory, excellency;  
Shining in brilliancy,  
We shall thy dwelling see:

Nor shall we remove from thy raptures of love,  
O thou Pattern and Head of our glory.

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## CCLIV. P S A L M VIII.

**H**IGH hallelujahs be raised to thee,  
Lord of the universe, lifted on high;  
Glorious thou art above earth and sea,  
Tow'ring up higher than tow'rs of the sky!  
Wonderful, wonderful, thou in thy ways,  
Sucklings and infants, ordained of God,  
Perfecting glory, and perfecting praise,  
Strength have exprest in contempt of the proud.  
Proud! mighty God! proud! away with the name!  
Proudneis belongs not to vessels of clay;  
Swallow'd thy enemies, swallow'd in shame,  
Sink they confounded, and vanish away.  
Dwelling in boundless immensity, God,  
Orbs of the light turning round in thy hand,

Sun

348 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Sun and the moon from thy fingers have flow'd,  
Running as lightning at thy high command.

These I consider, admiring them much,  
Gazing and marvelling, deeply amaz'd;  
Such the Creator, creation being such,  
Higher and higher my wonder is rais'd.  
Grovv'ling on earth! a mere atom of dust!  
Speck of creation! O God, what is man?  
Pitiful wormling! a filing of rust!  
Sharing a part in thy grandeur and plan!

Mindful of him, O how tenderly! thou,  
Lofty exalted, hast made him thy Prince;  
Visited daily, and blessed anew,  
Blessings on blessings his portion aye since.  
Miracle this, and astonishment all!  
Dust-humbled, see I, the Prince of the skies,  
Fashion'd the Son of man! lo, he doth fall  
Lower than angels, their Sov'reign to rise!

Verily, lower a breathing of space,  
Hast thou not made him than sons of the morn?  
Glorious emerging again, in thy grace,  
Shall we not see him, O God, thy First-born?  
Glory and honour the jewels of his crown,  
Peerless dominion, dominion o'er all,  
Clothed thou hast upon Jesus thy Son;  
Under his feet made his enemies fall.

All in subjection, the tame and the wild,  
Crouching submissive, and licking his foot,  
Oxen and cattle that graze the green field,  
Forth to his yoke their necks willingly put.  
Harnessed lions, with tygers, do join  
Brotherly forces, to draw in his cars;  
Savage with savage is proud to combine,  
Roaring their gladness, to fight in his wars.

Fowls of the air by his Spirit are mov'd,  
Eagle, and harpy, and vulture, and kite,  
Preying fraternity! hover reprov'd;  
Furious no more on the quarry they light.

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Peacocks in gaudiness vaunting no more,  
 Daily displaying their glorious blaze,  
 Meekly with all the house-poultry adore,  
 Murmuring, screaming, acclaiming their praise.

Dawning-preventing, the lark on the wing,  
 Soaring and singing, saluteth her God;  
 Nightingale, linnet, and millions that sing,  
 Vary the symphony, swelling aloud.  
 Monsters in dens, wearing claws, wearing stings,  
 Dragons, and vipers, and serpents that hiss,  
 Creeping, or flying with bright fiery wings,  
 Falling down lowly, their den-bottoms kiss.

Vast inundations of tribute the sea,  
 Flowing and roaring whole oceans of praise,  
 Brings, O Messiah, her Prince unto thee;  
 Dreadful-amazing art thou in thy ways.  
 Flouncing and tumbling unwieldy, the whales  
 Lead up the chorus, then follow the shoals,  
 Skiffing the waters with fins and with scales,  
 Each kind of creature, or swims it, or rolls.

Reigneth leviathan king of the flood,  
 Fierce aligators, fly crocodiles join,  
 Levying tribute, proclaiming aloud,  
 Thro' their dominions, ' Our King is divine!  
 High hallelujahs be raised to thee,  
 Lord of the universe, lifted on high;  
 Glorious thou art above earth and sea,  
 Tow'ring up higher than tow'rs of the sky!

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### CCLV. SECOND VERSION.

**O** LORD, our mighty Lord,  
 In our delight, thy word,  
 See we thy name,  
 O'er all th' earth glorious,  
 Lofly, victorious,  
 Sweetly call'd over us,  
 God's holy Lamb.



350. SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Highly advanced, thou,  
God's own right-hand unto,  
Rigest above  
All principality—

We have equality  
In thy humanity,  
With thee thro' love.

Bone of our bone thou art;  
Yea, for us born thou art,  
Made such as we;  
That we, in glory bright,  
Who now adore thee, might  
Mount with a soaring flight,  
High up with thee.

Above the starry frame,  
Thou hast set far thy name,  
Glorying, we see:  
Reigning along with thee,  
Singing new songs to thee,  
We all ere long shall be  
Fashion'd like thee.

Praise unrestrained flow;  
Strength is ordained to  
Sucklings and babes;  
In the high contempt of  
Those thou'rt ashamed of,  
Who dare thy name to scoff,  
Satan and slaves.

Son of the Highest One,  
For us thou diedst on  
Th' accursed tree.

O how depressed ly  
(Sadly debased!) thy  
Honour and majesty,  
In our degree!

When

SPIRITUAL SONGS. 351

When I contemplate the  
Beauty and amity  
Of all thine host;  
Mights, powers, and cherubim,  
Virtues, and seraphim,  
Highly admiring them,  
Wond'ring, I'm lost.

Yea, when the sun I see,  
With the bright moon, and the  
Stars on me shine;  
These I with wonder see;  
Yet they are under me,  
With all surrounding me:  
Lord, all are thine.

Lord, what is man! I cry,  
These are all vanity  
To the God-man!  
Him thou delightest in;  
Him thou invitest in  
Kindness, and writest him,  
Head of thy plan.

Lofty the angels are,  
Higher th' archangels far;  
But they are low:  
Lower the sun and moon,  
Unto the Son of man,  
Made of a woman; and  
Lower to go——

A little space he falls,  
When divine mercy calls,  
Lower than all:  
Under the stain and death,  
Under the pain of wrath,  
Yields he again his breath,  
Rais'd by his fall.

Lo, thou hast crowned him,  
Gloriously owned him,

For thy dear Son :

To him the ponderous

Majestic honour is ;

For the great onerous

Cause he hath won.

Reigns he in glory now ;

Lowly, before him bow,

All thou hast made ;

High principalities,

God-like regalities,

Bright immortalities,

Own him their Head.

Thou over mortals too,

Over hell portals too,

Reignest, O God ;

O'er sheep and oxen, yea,

Those in the rocks that stay,

Where the wild foxes stray,

Roaming the wood ;

Over the airy wing

Of each bird varying

Musick and flight ;

Over each fin and scale,

Salmon, trout, minnow, whale,

Who the flood winnow well ;

Lord God of might.

## CCLVI. P S A L M XV.

**O** WHO is the man that shall mount to the sky,  
And on Zion-hill dwell with Jehovah on high ?  
The man in perfection who keepeth the law,  
In whose spirit Jehovah shall not find a flaw ;

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# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 353

Who never offendeth in thought, word, or deed,  
But lifts up his face without terror or dread;  
Ev'n he, who is absolute holiness pure,  
As Jehovah himself is, and so doth endure.

O who is the man that shall mount to the sky,  
And lead us the way to Jehovah on high?  
The man who delighteth in God's righteousness,  
Whose meat and whose drink is to do righteousness;  
Whose soul with the spirit of the law is array'd;  
Who never departeth a hair-breadth aside;  
But dwells in full power of the Spirit of grace,  
And, just as he thinketh, the truth doth express.

O who is the man that shall mount to the sky,  
And dwell in the smiles of Jehovah on high?  
The man, who from guile, as Jehovah, is clean;  
Who will not backbite any man high or mean;  
Who cannot endure any scandal or shame,  
To be pour'd on his neighbour, to blacken his name;  
As the lambs with their dams, you are safe in his  
hand;  
His hand never form'd for his neighbour a band.

O who is the man that shall mount to the sky,  
And reign on the throne with Jehovah on high?  
The man in whose eyes the vile ones are contemn'd,  
An eye-sore and nuisance! with anger inflam'd,  
Who flasheth on Belial and Belial's sons, [groans;  
And dooms to the dungeon with howlings and  
But them he exalteth who honour the Lord;  
For them he will brandish his glittering sword.

O who is the man that shall mount to the sky,  
And reign evermore with Jehovah on high?  
The man who advised and pass'd his oath;  
It was to his hurt, but to break it was loth;  
He behov'd to descend, and his glory to lose  
For absolute nothings, nay more, for his foes;  
But lo, he came down, and he bowed the head;  
'Strike! strike! O my Father, I'm willing to bleed!'

G g 3. This!



354 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

This! this is the man who shall mount to the sky,  
Yea, and take us along too with him up on high!  
So far he from playing the usurer with us,  
‘To you be the gain, and to me all the loss!  
‘To me all your sin and your mis’ry!’ he cry’d;  
‘With you I my kingdom and honour divide!’  
Lo, this is the man that shall never be mov’d,  
The Son and the Heir of Jehovah lov’d!

Behold ye the man who shall mount to the sky,  
And reign with his saints, their Redeemer on high!  
The darkness and shadows are fled far away;  
Your God is your glory; you’re the sons of the day.  
‘Expanding thy wings, O thou my holy Dove,  
‘Lead upward my chosen to Zion above:  
‘As doves to their windows, in clouds, lo, they fly,  
‘To dwell with my Father and me up on high.’

CCLVII. PSALM XVI. 5. to the end.

**F**ILL my cup, Jehovah, high;  
To thy glory drink will I:  
Fill it up, and make it flow,  
Down within my soul to go;  
For, Jehovah, thou alone  
Art the Portion of thy Son;  
Thou the Portion of my cup;  
How I burn to drink it up!

Thou the Portion of my lot,  
Pleasant Portion have I got;  
Pleasant my appointed place,  
Blooming fair with heav’nly grace;  
For Jehovah laid the line  
Of my heritage divine;  
He’s the heritage so fair  
Of his own anointed Heir!

My

My Jehovah will I bless,  
For his counsels, for his peace;  
Yea, his Spirit dwells within,  
Saving mine from ev'ry sin;  
Tho' I walk in darkest night,  
All within is perfect light;  
Search my heart, and search my reins,  
Nothing there but God remains!

Who my path-way did explore  
But Jehovah going before?  
Holds he still at my right-hand,  
Therefore I shall ever stand;  
Therefore I, in judgment-day,  
Shall redeem my sons of clay,  
Purging them from all their dross  
In the furnace of my cross.

Therefore is my spirit glad;  
I am all enraptured:  
Glory! glory! says my tongue;  
Join, my saints, and sing along:  
Sing ye now and evermore;  
Earth, rejoice, and ocean, roar;  
Heavens bow the earth to meet,  
Swell the choir with music sweet.

Echo, waft the joyful sound,  
'Tell creation round and round,  
Resteth not my flesh in hope,  
Soon to rise in glory up?  
Up I rise, and all the throng  
Of my brethren, too, along;  
Upwards soaring thro' the skies,  
Hallelujahs with us rise.

'Thou wilt not my spirit leave  
Underneath the rolling wave,  
'Tho' I come thy wrath to quell,  
And, enduring pains of hell,

356      SPIRITUAL SONGS.

For a while above my soul  
 Feel the fiery torrent roll;  
 Willow-like, I start again  
 From the stream, when ceas'd the rain.

Nor wilt thou my body leave,  
 Long to dwell within the grave;  
 Tabernacle made for me  
 Never shall corruption see:  
 'Thou hast fashion'd ev'ry stake,  
 Fashion'd for thine own name's sake,  
 Drawn my cords, and curtains spread;  
 All thy pow'r me strengthened.

Therefore, dissolution-free,  
 Springs my body up to thee,  
 First arisen from the dead,  
 Fruits the first of all my seed,  
 To revisit life and joy,  
 Where no sorrow shall annoy:  
 Seas of pleasure evermore  
 Round thee flow without a shore:

CCLVIII.    P S A L M    XVII. 1-5.

**C**OME near thou, and hear now,  
 Jehovah, thine ear bow;  
 Attend to the right.

My tears, yea and pray'rs, they,  
 My God, are not hear-say,  
 But plain in thy sight.

No feigning designing;  
 I know no repining;

Thou see'st me, O God:  
 My crying and dying,  
 Deep groans upwards flying,  
 Do reach thy abode:

SPIRITUAL SONGS. 357

Be sent thence thy sentence,  
Which knows no repentance,  
And thou'lt not revoke :  
For surely and purely,  
Thy words shall endure aye,  
Unmov'd as a rock.

Beholding, unfolding,  
O God, be thou bold in  
Asserting my cause :  
Let justice adjust this,  
And do thou what just is,  
Maintaining thy laws.

O prove me ; remove me,  
If thou canst reprove me,  
When thou hast me try'd :  
I claimed or named  
No boon ; unashamed,  
In truth I confide.

Thy right-hand, by night and  
By day, never lighted,  
When searching me out,  
Severely and clearly,  
On sin, late or early,  
Within and without.

No blame shall, no shame shall,  
No trespass my name soil,  
In thought, word, or deed.  
Annoyed, destroyed,  
My evil-employed  
Proud enemies bleed.

CCLIX. P S A L M XVIII. 1—3.

I Will love thee, Jehovah, my Strength,  
And laugh at mine enemies all ;  
Become



358 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Become my salvation at length,

Thou standing, I never shall fall.

Thou standest my Rock in the plain,

I dwell in the holds of the top;

No army is able to gain

A footing upon the abrupt.

My Fortrefs commandeth the skies,

And all the champainry below;

If any insulters arise,

They are founde'r'd and dash'd with a blow.

A tempest of horrors oppress,

Sharp arrows by millions were pour'd;

And a quiver they made of my breast,

My spirit they drunk and devour'd.

In midst of my struggle of death,

My Deliv'rer regarded me well;

He blew, and dispers'd with his breath

My foes and my anguish to hell.

My God, my Comforter, and Lord,

Comforteth me daily anew;

My Strength, by the strength of his sword,

My foes will eternally hew.

I will boldly establish my trust

In him, yea, for ever, amen:

My Buckler will plant in the dust

The hostile bravadoes of men.

He's a horn of salvation to me,

That ev'ry way pusheth around;

The Bashanite-bulls they must flee,

Or welter in gore on the ground.

He's my Tow'r for defence and for show,

Aspiring above clouds and sky;

But they as the dungeon are low,

Compar'd with my Tower so high;

He hurleth the engines of death,

And hurleth away to the pit,

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The fools who against me are set.

CCLX. P S A L M XVIII. 3—19.

**I** Will sing to Jehovah in rapturous lays,  
Whose glory upholds me in all of my ways:  
Environing enemies pressed me sore;  
Jehovah then shouted, and silenc'd their roar:  
Yea, the sorrows of death, flying swift as a cloud,  
That rideth before the wing'd tempests of God,  
Appalled my spirit, encompassing me;  
And round me they rag'd as the floods of the sea,  
Yea, the terrors of hell, both behind and before,  
All around me, beneath me, above me, did roar;  
They swelled, they dashed, they foam'd o'er my  
head,

Proud death-billows! rolling my soul to the dead.  
In my pangs of distress I but heaved a groan,  
And cry'd to my God, 'I am gone! I am gone!'—  
My voice to his temple as lightening flew,  
And all in his bosom it melted him thro'.

Inflam'd in my favours, he gave me a nod, [God,  
Then the earth, in amazement, deep-trembling at  
All quaked, and heaved, and shook to the heart;  
The mountains and hills in a moment depart,  
And leave their foundations discover'd and bare,  
Because they observed his wrath in the air;  
They fled in a tempest away from the war,  
Beholding the Lord coming down from afar.

In curled wreaths rolling, as clouds of the south,  
Ascended in volumes, a smoke from his mouth;  
His nostrils, discharging whole torrents of fire,  
Did burn up the heavens to a coal in his ire;  
The firmament round him he bent like a bow,  
And pavements of darkness beneath him did  
On cherub and seraph he royally rode, [throw;  
And on them flew light'ning and flaming abroad.

In

360 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

In circles around him the winds their wings play;  
And, ushering darkness, directed his way;  
He made the dark waters pavilioning rise,  
His canopy o'er him, with clouds of the skies.  
Whole mountains of volleying cinders and smoke  
Thro' the cent'ring darkness alternately broke.  
The brightness and flashing dispersing the clouds,  
Rattl'd hailstones, and coals of fire, rushing in  
floods.

Loud-utt'ring his voice, from Jehovah on high,  
The thunder, and hailstones, and fiery coals, fly;  
Yea, he sends out his arrows, and scatters my foes;  
He darts forth his lightnings, and so overthrows.  
The channelled waters evaporate to air;  
Their basons, deserted, ly naked and bare;  
At the blast of his nostrils rebuked they fly,  
And melt to a shadow, when smote by his eye.

Thy judgments, Jehovah, unravell'd appear,  
Thy counsels as chrystal, transparent and clear;  
Before, they were hid as the depths of the flood;  
But now that we see them, we see they are good.  
He sent from above, and drew me up to him,  
From the waters of troubles, when swell'd to the  
He baffled, destroyed, and utterly quash'd [brim.  
The floods of maliciousness on me that dash'd:

Too strong, they prevailed, and bore me along;  
For all but Jehovah the torrent was strong:  
They rush'd in an instant preventing my fears;  
But lo, in an instant, Jehovah appears!  
Now, calamity past, and creation renew'd,  
Be my dying and living with raptures review'd  
By you, O my children, elected and lov'd.—

'Yea! amen to our Prince and Redeemer ap-  
'prov'd!'

## CCLXI. P S A L M XVIII. 19—28.

O Ppressed I was, and harast,  
 And well-nigh quite ruin'd and gone;  
 But my Father, beholding what past,  
 Flew downwards, and rescu'd his Son.  
 He dispatched my foes with a look,  
 And gently he raised my soul;  
 They fled away at his rebuke,  
 And now in the fiery lake roll.

But I on the mountains now dwell  
 Of liberty, singing his praise;  
 He sav'd me and loved me well,  
 Because I well loved his ways.  
 My righteousness answer'd for me;  
 My righteousness he did reward;  
 In practice and heart being free,  
 I called to him and he heard.

I cried, and pled I was clean,  
 ' My pureness and innocence see;  
 ' Destroy me, O God, if a stain  
 ' Of iniquity cleaveth to me!  
 ' Oh! search thou my spirit and reins,  
 ' And narrowly view thou my hands;  
 ' If a witness against me remains,  
 ' Wreathe around me thy hardest of bands!'

No witness against me was found,  
 Without me, within me, at all;  
 Then, then he pronounced me sound,  
 And made my oppressors to fall.  
 He blest me for keeping his ways,  
 Ev'n all of the judgments he show'd;  
 And charg'd to rebound with my praise—  
 Ev'n all thy dominions, O God.



362 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Triumph, my redeemed, with me,  
Triumph in my righteousness wrought;  
Your sins are all cast in the sea,  
And judgment to victory brought.

I never departed aside

From what I engag'd to fulfil,  
Until the whole plan I display'd  
Of my Father's salvation and will.

For his counsels I kept in mine eye,  
His statutes I kept in mine heart;  
If he said to me, 'Run,' I did fly;  
If 'Stay,' then I could not depart.

I walked upright as his line;  
And solidly hung as his plumb,  
Upon the commandment divine;  
From me no infringement did come.

Tho' charged I was with your sin,  
With the load of your sorrows oppress,  
For I made your iniquities mine,  
And under their burden did rest;  
Tho' thoroughly sifted and weigh'd,  
No drossiness in me was found;  
As gold in the furnace well try'd,  
I kept my integrity found.

Now therefore, Jehovah, my Judge,  
Pronounced me perfectly pure;  
And, without hesitation or grudge,  
Stamped me with his glory and pow'r.

Yea, verily, this is thy way,  
Jehovah, who reignest above;

Unmoved whoever shall stay  
In thy truth, shall rejoice in thy love.

In the merciful Mercy is glad,  
Uprightnefs is glad in th' upright;  
Thy beauties all holy, display'd,  
Encircle the holy in light.

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SPIRITUAL SONGS. 363

But is there contrariness set  
In the mad generation of fools;  
They shall find their contrariness met,  
And measured by their own rules.

For ever and ever, amen,  
Jehovah, my God, I'll adore,  
His justice and mercy to men,  
Thro' me now do reign evermore;  
To the grave he my honours did bend,  
Death-fetter'd I lay for their sin;  
But, rising again, I ascend,  
And enter his temple within.

The redemption and glory I reign,  
Of ev'ry elected dear son;  
Tho' prodigal, lewd, and profane,  
Away from my Spirit they run,  
Overpower'd by my grace they return,  
All lowly before me they sit;  
They hear, love, obey me, and mourn;  
But the proud shall be damn'd in the pit.

CCLXII. PSALM XVIII. 46. to the end.

WHO liveth for ever, Jehovah, my King,  
The theme of my raptures, for ever I sing;  
And, blest be my Rock, let eternity sound,  
Thro' all his dominions re-echoing round:  
Blest, blest be the God of salvation to me,  
Who me and my people from bondage did free;  
It was he who aveng'd me, espousing my cause,  
And gave me the world, with a world of applause.

For sweet liberation I sweetly will praise,  
For high exaltation exalting my lays.  
The children of violence are violent as floods;  
They rush like the sea, and they drive like the  
clouds;

364 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Their waves seem like mountains broke loose from  
 their base; [ways!  
 How tremendous appeareth the pride of their  
 Jehovah but peepeth abroad thro' the cloud;  
 I wonder and gaze, and cry, 'Where is the flood!  
 Jehovah, because thou hast made me the Head,  
 And rais'd me on high thy salvation to spread,  
 The Prince of the kingdom that cannot remove,  
 To give thy redemption to sons of thy love;  
 I'll cause thy commandments approved to be  
 Among all the Gentiles, and isles of the sea;  
 Amid their assemblies I'll triumph their King,  
 And thy name in communion together we'll sing!

O Father Almighty, we'll sing to thy name,  
 And 'Abba' thy Spirit aloud shall proclaim;  
 For we'll borrow thy Spirit's most ardorous lays:  
 O how lofty, unspeakably lofty, thy praise!  
 What high consolation thou giv'st to thy King,  
 Thy King with his subjects shall gloriously sing;  
 Thy Christ with his Christians shall sing evermore,  
 And in pow'r of the Spirit, Jehovah adore.

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CCLXIII. P S A L M XIX.

**H**IS Godhead, see, with glorious beams,  
 Thro' all the spacious ether streams;  
 His glories thro' creation flow,  
 Enlight'ning heav'n and all below.  
 The firmament expanded wide,  
 With all the radiant worlds that glide  
 Throughout the ample bounds of space,  
 Are but the vailings of his face.

They in Jehovah's lustre shine,  
 And evidence his pow'r divine;  
 And, flaming round their orbits, gleam  
 Th' amazing wonders of his name.

In

In blazing light comes forth the day,  
And bids her rays by millions play,  
O'er all the ocean, earth, and sky;  
To shew the works of God Most High.

The night succeeding in her turn,  
Bids all the starry armies burn;  
They burn and blaze within our view,  
And give the God of Hosts his due;  
Around they roll a dancing choir,  
Harmonious moving to his lyre,  
And twinkle on with trembling eyes,  
In modest silence thro' the skies;

And as they pass I hear them say,  
In secret whispers, 'Come away,  
' O come away, rejoice along,  
' And shine as suns the stars among;  
' Rise, O ye sleepers, rise and shine,  
' Your light is come, your light divine;  
' And we will point you out the way  
' Unto the Spring of endless day.'

Behold, with bolder face, the moon  
Advancing to her midnight-noon,  
Her visage varies, comes and goes,  
For she in borrow'd beauty glows;  
She feeds her flambeau at the sun,  
To shew the night what God hath done;  
Walking majestic through the clouds,  
She cries, 'We all, we all are God's!'

There is no speech nor tongue at all,  
But hears the loud celestial call;  
Around the world, from pole to pole,  
He bids these shining wonders roll;  
Thro' wide creation's line abroad,  
Outstretched by the mighty God,  
These flaming heralds loud proclaim  
The glories of his holy name.



366 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

As light is spread by sun and moon,  
So 'tis by his apostles done;  
They lift the trumpet to their mouth,  
And sound abroad th' eternal truth,  
The Gospel to the sons of men;  
Jehovah seals, and says, Amen.  
'The marriage of the Lamb proclaim,  
Unto a bride of sin and shame.

For it behov'd his Son and Heir  
To lay aside his glory fair,  
And tabernacle in the clay,  
To trim his bride in glory gay;  
But, rising from the shades again,  
The sun of righteousness to reign,  
He issues flaming thro' the sky,  
Forth from his tabernacle high.

In glory deckt, behold him shine;  
His Father's glories all combine,  
In circling radiance round his crown,  
While angels circle round his throne.  
His race of love the Bridegroom runs,  
More glorious than ten thousand suns,  
As giants, in their mighty course,  
O'erturning all opposing force.

The clouds beneath his chariot fly,  
And whirl around within the sky,  
Far from the fury of his path,  
They dive and hide their heads beneath,  
To tell the waters of the pit,  
How great the veh'mence of his heat.  
So shall they all consumed be,  
O mighty Prince, who love not thee.

'See how the sun, with glorious beams,  
Thro' all the spacious ether streams;  
See how, with keen-exploring eye,  
He searches all below the sky;

He

He circuits heaven round and round,  
 And nothing hidden there is found,  
 In all the watry or the dry,  
 But what his heat and light espy.

Ev'n so the gospel of our God  
 Is seen thro' all the world abroad;  
 Light hath no fellowship with night;  
 So perfect clear is gospel-light;  
 Light guides the pilgrim on his way;  
 So, in the kindly gospel-day,  
 The light of truth bursts thro' the cloud,  
 And points to men the love of God.

Unfolding wisdom's ample roll,  
 The truth converts the simple soul;  
 Thy testimonies, Lord, are true,  
 And just, and faithful in our view.  
 Thy statutes are eternal truth,  
 Proceeding from thy holy mouth;  
 Directly beaming on our heart,  
 From whence they never shall depart.

The lightnings of thy pleasant eye  
 Are thy commandments from on high!  
 They glance and play upon our soul,  
 Soft-melting into love the whole.  
 In tender rev'rence to our Lord,  
 We tremble at thy holy word;  
 Thy word endureth ever clean,  
 And purgeth us from all our sin.

Thy judgments, Lord, most surely are  
 The quintessence of justice fair,  
 Desired more than purest gold,  
 By all who do thy love behold;  
 Much sweeter than the honey comes  
 Distilling from the virgin-combs;  
 Besides, they are my only rule,  
 My pearl of price, my precious jewel.

Who

368 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Who can conceive his num'rous flaws?  
But I appeal to thy own laws;  
Oh, try me, God, by purest rule,  
Thou'lt find me all a faultless jewel,  
From ev'ry speck or blemish free;  
In clearest light inspect thee me;  
Thou must pronounce thy servant clean  
From failing or presumptuous sin.

For thou canst witness, if thy word  
Be pure, so is thy servant, Lord.  
Justice, Jehovah, is my plea;  
In confidence to thee I flee;  
In consciousness of pure design,  
And perfect freedom from all sin,  
I plead for ev'ry chosen one;  
In righteousness accept thy Son.

'Thou badst me do thy righteousness,  
And speak to all thy children peace:  
Lo, I have done thy will, O Lord,  
And glorify'd thy holy word.  
My Strength and my Redeemer, now,  
With all my saints to thee I bow;  
Accept my vow, my heart, my hand;  
I life for all my seed demand.

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CCLXIV. P S A L M XX.

**L**ET ev'ry heart, and ev'ry lyre,  
Be tun'd to sing with heav'nly fire;  
And hail King Jesus in a choir  
Of all his saints with joy;  
Join thou, O Holy Ghost, along,  
And lead the dance, and lead the song.  
Presiding in the eager throng,  
Combin'd in sweet employ.

Jehovah

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 369

Jehovah hear thee, mighty King,  
 Into his heart thy pray'r ring,  
 And may the answer make thee sing,  
 In day of thy distress.

The God of Isra'l, who hath sent  
 His Prince to us with kind intent,  
 When foes against thy life are bent,  
 Their dire outrage repress.

Jehovah send thee in thy day,  
 And send thee soon without delay,  
 Supporting strength in all thy way,  
 Till thou have gain'd the crown.

Behold thy King of Zion-hill;  
 Oh, Abba, Father, now fulfil  
 His pure requests, who doth thy will,  
 Ev'n in his dying groans.

Accept his off'ring, see how pure,  
 According to thy precept sure!  
 His sacrifice must still endure,  
 Fulfill'd his counsels all:

For he hath stood the fiercest fire,  
 Th' infinite fulness of thine ire,  
 A chosen vessel all entire;  
 No dross from him did fall.

Thanks to our Father evermore;  
 Lo, we thy children all adore,  
 Expunged quite the shameful score  
 Of debt we ow'd to thee.

We'll glory now in Christ our King,  
 By him to thee the glory sing,  
 Who doth to us redemption bring;  
 Away our sorrows flee.

Our royal Captain wears the bays,  
 By him our banners we will raise;  
 Our royal motto shall be, *Praise,*  
*Praise to our God most high.*

Where-



370 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Where-ever we shall see him move,  
Our valour we will strive to prove;  
For we will live and die in love,  
Where-e'er his standards fly.

O glory! glory! what is this?  
What high unknown excess of bliss!  
My soul imparadised is!

The Holy Ghost is given!  
I hear celestial voices sing,  
With shouting all the concaves ring,  
Sing praise! sing praise to Christ, our King!  
He reigns the King of heaven!

In chariot-horses some confide,  
Mere shadows which away do glide!  
But by Jehovah we'll abide;  
He'll hear us when we cry.

Our enemies are fallen down,  
But we are raised for the crown,  
Our Saviour reigneth on the throne,  
Our Advocate on high!

CCLXV. P S A L M XXI. 1-8.

**I**N burning raptures shall the King,  
With all his saints, Jehovah, sing  
The sweet salvation thou dost bring;  
And boldly we will glory.

Yea, in thy strength we'll lift our voice,  
And give a breath to all our joys,  
Till wide creation round rejoice,  
And hear how loud we glory.

He triumphs in his heart's desire,  
Ev'n all his lips did e'er require,  
That we might charge the sounding lyre,  
With victory and glory.

Thro'

Thro' the prevention of thy love,  
 And blessings that shall never move,  
 Thy embassy, the Holy Dove,  
 Hath fill'd him with thy glory.

Thou crown'd him with thy purest gold,  
 And said to all thy hosts, Behold  
 The man in whom alone is bold  
 My soul to rest and glory.

Of thee he asked length of days,  
 Thou fill'd his bosom with thy praise,  
 And gave him an eternal blaze  
 Of light, and life, and glory.

Thy sparkling love upon his crown,  
 Majestic honours round him thrown,  
 With high salvations thou hast shown,  
 Point out the Lord of Glory.

For thou hast singled him alone,  
 And call'd him thy Belov'd Son,  
 And made him reign upon thy throne,  
 The Lord of all thy glory.

Thou threw his spirit in a trance,  
 When lifting up thy countenance,  
 Thou, 'To my bosom,' said, 'advance,  
 'Thou Son of all my glory.'

The glory, blessing, he alone  
 Of all the saints before the throne,  
 Who shine adorn'd with palm and crown,  
 Admiring at his glory;

Their glory He, for evermore,  
 And thou art his, he stands before  
 Thy face, on head of all his choir;  
 Thou wilt defend his glory.

Jehovah, see! he streams with blood,  
 Defending of thy purpose good,  
 And quelling all the haughty proud,  
 Who rose against thy glory.

His

372 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

His royal joy is in thy will;  
 Thy will he burneth to fulfil;  
 Tho' ev'ry drop of blood he spill,  
     He spills it for thy glory.  
 Uphold thy King, Jehovah, do;  
 He trusteth in Jehovah's bow,  
 And thro' thy mercy standeth too,  
     Unmoved in thy glory.

---

CCLXVI. P S A L M XXII.

**M**Y God, my God, why hast thou left  
 Me thus of all my joys bereft?  
     In pain! in pain! in pain!  
 In mercy, mercy, oh! return,  
 And leave my soul no more to mourn:  
     Return, return again!  
 Behold, and see thy Lamb implore;  
 Help, help, before I am no more:  
     Why stand so far away?  
 This bitter anguish makes me roar,  
 Hell's blackest horrors flow me o'er;  
     I roar both night and day.  
 The shades of midnight hear my moan;  
 The dawns and the noon my groan;  
     Art Thou, who made them, deaf?  
 Creator of the eye and ear,  
 Why dost thou not in pity hear,  
     See, and remove my grief?  
 Yet holiness is all thine own,  
 The circling glory of thy crown,  
     Who dwellest in Isra'l's praise.  
 The Patriarchs, and thy Isra'l all,  
 In low submission down did fall,  
     And loud their voices raise;

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 373

To thee their pray'rs upward flew;  
 Thy blessings fell as heav'nly dew:  
 They cry'd, and were not sham'd;  
 They pled their foes were fierce and strong;  
 Their cry was turned to a song;  
 Their plea was not contemn'd.

But I, the Prince of all thy might,  
 The most contemn'd, despised wight,  
 That ever press'd the ground,  
 Nay, trodden in the ground, a worm,  
 Dash'd, dash'd upon by ev'ry storm,  
 No mortal heeds my wound;

Nay, all that see me scorn and laugh,  
 And count me as the useless chaff,  
 That sporteth in the wind;  
 The more I'm tossed in the storms,  
 Scoffing they cry, 'How he performs  
 'Deeds of a mighty mind!'

Mischievous, bitter, bitter foes!  
 They weigh upon their sneering nose  
 My bitterness of soul!  
 They jeer, and grin, and shake the head;  
 'Plants of renown, we see, can fade,  
 'And with the whirlwinds rowl!  
 'He trusted in Jehovah's throne,  
 'And said, he was Jehovah's Son;  
 'Then let Jehovah now,  
 'If he will have him, run in time,  
 'Of his delights the flow'ry prime,  
 'From ashes to rescue!'

Yet surely, thou, Jehovah, art  
 (And wilt sustain the tender part)  
 My Father, God, and King;  
 Thou brought'st me safely from the womb,  
 And guardest safely to my tomb,  
 Yea, up again wilt bring.

To

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I i

For



374 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

For thou hast all my safety been,  
Since I engaged in this scene,  
In birth, in life, in death.

I hung upon the breasts, by thee;  
By thee I press'd my mother's knee;  
By thee I yield my breath.

See, see me now how I am troubled!  
For stroke on stroke is sore redoubled,  
And nought but trouble near!  
For many bulls do fiercely gore me,  
On ev'ry side, behind, before me;  
They rage, they stamp, they tear.

Strong bulls of Bashan, mad and proud,  
Devour me, rev'lling in my blood,  
Their mouths upon me gape;  
Their throat is like an open pit,  
And I am rolled down thro' it;  
How can I now escape?

They cast me forth upon the ground,  
And still continue raging round,  
As lions on their prey;  
Rav'ning, roaring on my bones,  
They crush me, dash me to the stones;  
My spirit melts away,

I'm poured out, a heavy show'r  
Of streaming life thro' ev'ry pore;  
I'm drench'd in pools of blood!  
My bones are all in single joints,  
Massacred by their sharpen'd points,  
My flesh with gashes hew'd!

My heart, like wax in raging flames,  
All fiercely melted, glows and gleams,  
Amidst my burning bowels!  
My strength is scorched to a coal;  
My eyes are set, and cannot roll;  
Dark hell upon me scowls!

My

My tongue fast-cleaveth to my jaws;  
 Grim death upon me wrecks his laws,  
 And drags me to the grave!  
 Asssembled devils have me found;  
 The dogs enclosing me around,  
 Keen-worrying, to me cleave!

They cling, and make their teeth to meet,  
 And piercing thro' my hands and feet,  
 They havock on my soul!  
 Distended in such cruel guise,  
 My bones do stare upon their eyes;  
 For joy they bark and howl.

My human enemies no less  
 Against me do their spite express,  
 And triumph in my spoil;  
 They part my garments on the spot,  
 And for my vesture cast the lot,  
 Ev'n to reward their toil.

But be not far, O Lord, from me;  
 To thee, my Strength, to thee I flee;  
 Hasten to relieve me thou;  
 Deliver from the murd'ring sword,  
 According to thy pledged word,  
 Oh, save me, save me now!

O save my darling from the dog,  
 And bears who now my spirit hug,  
 Snatch me from lion's mouth!  
 Upon me rush dire unicorns,  
 And toss me on their pointed horns;  
 O save me in thy truth!

So will I spread abroad thy praise,  
 High hallelujahs to thee raise,  
 And glorious make thy name,  
 In the assembly of thy saints,  
 My brethren all, whose spirit pants  
 To know thy wondrous fame.

376 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Now, now, ye saints, who love the Lord,  
Rejoice, and tremble at his word;  
Strike up a joyful sound,  
Ye sons of Isra'litish race,  
And all ye children of his grace;  
Let heav'n and earth rebound.

For he despised not the cry,  
Nor scorn'd the afflicted's misery;  
He heard me when I pray'd:  
He rode upon a fiery cloud,  
And shew'd himself th' avenging God;  
My foes away he fray'd.

My praises therefore shall ascend  
To thee, until the world shall end,  
And through eternity.  
My whole assembly shall aloud  
To God express my gratitude;  
I'll lift their song on high.

I'll pay my vows before them all,  
And lowest in submission fall,  
Being lifted up so high;  
My praise shall no remission know,  
My bosom never cease to glow,  
My ardours never die.

The meek shall feast upon my love,  
And they who taste shall never move,  
Being ravish'd in their soul;  
They shall rejoice before my God,  
And bless his name, and praise their food,  
Their cup being ever full.

They feast upon my flesh and blood;  
And, filled with my Spirit good,  
'They live for evermore.  
Sweet music runs the table round,  
And heaven swells in ev'ry sound,  
Re-echoing o'er and o'er.

All

All ends of th' earth remember shall,  
 And turn obedient to my call,  
     Jehovah, in thine hour;  
 And ev'ry nation, kindred, tongue,  
 At my levee submissive throng,  
     Jehovah, by thy pow'r.

For thine, Jehovah, is th' empire;  
 Thou rulest them at thy desire;  
     The Gentiles bow them low;  
 All that are fat and overgrown,  
 Shall worship, and thy kingdom own,  
     And eat what thou'lt bestow:

If they refuse to join thy saints,  
 Despising what thy bounty grants,  
     Still hank'ring after lust;  
 Not one of them shall keep alive  
 His soul by all they can contrive;  
     Thou'lt write them in the dust.

For still thy purpose shall obtain,  
 Till thou have finish'd ev'ry scene  
     Decreed in thy own breast.  
 Thy seed shall serve thee evermore,  
 Obey thee, love thee, and adore,  
     In thee supremely blest.

Thy generation's pure as gold;  
 But all the rest like dross are sold,  
     To Satan, sin, and shame.  
 But thine shall come, and sound aloud,  
 To all the following race, that God  
     Hath glorify'd his name.

## CCLXVII. P S A L M XXIII.

**N**OW, foxes, and lions, and leopards, and  
 And dogs as mischievous as you, [wolves,  
     I i 3 For



378 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

For lack of your prey, ye may worry yourselves;

For Jehovah's my Shepherd, I know!

Tho' I were remov'd to the deserts in haste,

Green pastures around me would grow,

And give me to smile at the wilderness waste;

For Jehovah's my Shepherd, I know!

Tho' thirsty I were in the thirstiest land,

Where never a streamlet doth flow,

Ev'n there I would find the still waters at hand;

For Jehovah's my Shepherd, I know!

Tho' Satan should carry me off thro' the air,

And threaten me headlong to throw,

Surpriz'd, I would find my Preserver were there;

For Jehovah's my Shepherd, I know!

If any time walking, I happen to stray,

And know not well whither I go,

Ere I'm well aware, I'm restor'd to my way

For Jehovah's my Shepherd, I know!

Yea now, tho' I walk in the valley of death,

With shadows, and darkness, and wo,

No evil shall hurt me, nor fill up my path;

For Jehovah's my Shepherd, I know!

Ev'ry step that I move is a mark to my soul,

Tho' from sorrow to sorrow I go,

That salvation's the nearer to me on the whole;

For Jehovah's my Shepherd, I know!

Lo, my battle is over, and victory gain'd;

My foes, they ly howling below;

But I have my kingdom and glory obtain'd;

For Jehovah's my Shepherd, I know!

My table is furnish'd with heav'nly wines;

My joys, see how they o'erflow!

But this is not all that my Shepherd designs;

For Jehovah's my Shepherd, I know!

For life everlasting to me, he assures,

In his house, where pleasures do flow;

Who is it will shut me now out of his doors,

Since Jehovah's my Shepherd, I know!

CCLXVIII. PSALM

CCLXVIII. P S A L M XXV. 12—14.

WHO is the man that feareth  
 The Lord, and his word heareth,  
 And, as the case appeareth,  
 Doth therein acquiesce?  
 The Spirit ever chuseth,  
 Nor ever once refuseth,  
 To bless the man who useth  
 Aright the words of peace.

Who is the man but Jesus,  
 The Prince who came to save us,  
 Whose blood and merits ease us?  
 Jehovah loves him well.  
 His seed shall dwell in pleasure,  
 And know his hidden treasure,  
 No robber make a seizure;  
 In God they ever dwell.

CCLXIX. P S A L M XXVI.

JUDGE me, Jehovah, I request;  
 And try me in thy fire;  
 Thy sterling gold will stand the test,  
 And answer thy desire.  
 Thou'lt find me innocent, and free  
 Of any base alloy:  
 Strict Justice, I appeal to thee,  
 To save me, or destroy.

Let mine integrity maintain,  
 And advocate my cause;  
 According as my ways have been,  
 Give, or deny applause.

Nay,

380 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Nay, lay thy plummet to my mind,  
And view it o'er and o'er;  
If thou an aberration find,  
No mercy I implore.

For all my working, and design,  
I by thy level prov'd;  
So, even by thy faithful line,  
My work shall stand unmov'd.  
Explore me, God, explore me round,  
My spirit, heart, and reins;  
I know before, there will be found  
No blemish, flaws, or stains.

Thy loving-kindness, Lord, always  
Within my bosom glows;  
Thy truth upon my spirit plays,  
As sun-beams on the rose:  
Evolved to the blowing air,  
Display'd my leaves appear;  
With flavour sweet, and beauty fair,  
They last thro' all the year.

I will not shine to persons vain,  
Nor bloom upon their breast.  
The base and lewd dissembling train,  
O God, how I detest!  
I never will th' assembly grace  
Of men designing ill;  
Nor flow'ring, smile upon their face,  
Who do not love thy will.

I'll wash my hands in innocence,  
All purged pure and clean;  
And then receive thy benifons,  
Around thine altar seen.  
I'll shed abroad my streaming blood,  
And sprinkle all my saints;  
And fill them with my Spirit good,  
And leave them no complaints.

So shall they publish with their voice,  
 And sound aloud with me,  
 The fulness of their given joys,  
 In grateful strains to thee.  
 We'll glory in the wond'rous themes,  
 And wonder at thy ways;  
 More glorious than the sun's bright beams,  
 More num'rous than his rays.

For I do love, and they do love,  
 The mansions of thy grace,  
 Where all thine honour shines above,  
 And fills thy holy place.

I cried therefore in my day,  
 O gather not my soul,  
 With men of bloody-minded way,  
 Of falshood dire and foul;

Who, by the cunning subtle thief,  
 Are cozen'd with a bribe,  
 Till down they go, with their mischief,  
 To his infernal tribe.

But as for me, I wrap me up  
 In mine integrity;  
 And they who pledge me in my cup,  
 Shall live, and never die.

I die, their own Redeemer, lo,  
 I die at thy command:  
 Eternal life through me bestow,  
 To all the select band.  
 Welcome, Jehovah, to thy love,  
 I stand on even ground;  
 Nor shall my glad assembly move,  
 Who hear the joyful sound.



## CCLXX. P S A L M XXVII. 1—6.

**J**EHOVAH is a sun to me,  
 In shades I cannot mourn;  
 Revolving round me him I see,  
 From sorrow's farthest bourn.  
 Jehovah's my salvation-tow'r,  
 I dwell within his heart;  
 My raging foes may round me pour,  
 With all their warlike art;

May raise their batt'ries to the skies,  
 And plant their engines sure,  
 My spirit all their storm defies,  
 And counts it a May-show'r.  
 What are they all but busy flies,  
 That buzz and play an hour?  
 Tho' myriads upon myriads rise,  
 They have no sting nor pow'r.

I will not fear their multitude,  
 When swarming in the breeze;  
 Jehovah is my fortitude,  
 And they but sorry flies.  
 O'er me Jehovah spreads his wings,  
 And watches o'er my life;  
 I laugh at the insulting things  
 That move an idle strife.

The locusts came, indeed, like clouds,  
 And hiving on the green,  
 They clean devour'd the flow'ry buds,  
 As they had never been.  
 Jehovah sent a mighty wind,  
 And swept them to the seas;  
 Nor left a single one behind  
 A-straggling in the breeze.

Thus

Thus shall my squadron'd enemies,  
 Combined close and strong,  
 Be as the misty vapour flies,  
 On winged winds along.  
 They meant to make a sudden push,  
 And push me to the ground;  
 But, like a furious water-rush,  
 They but themselves confound.

In confidence my heart is glad,  
 And shall be evermore;  
 That all their blasts are mere bravade,  
 No sooner heard than o'er,  
 Thus they shall vanish in their shout,  
 A distant thunder-storm;  
 And spend their forces in their rout,  
 Nor even smite a worm.

But I have made a solemn vow,  
 And sworn unto the Lord,  
 My spirit still adhereth true,  
 And voucheth to my word;  
 That I will bear the greatest ill,  
 Before I lose my claim,  
 That I may dwell on Zion-hill,  
 And glory in his name;

A dweller in his holy place,  
 A dweller evermore,  
 In all the beauties of his face,  
 Away from the uproar.  
 My heart shall hang upon his eye,  
 My motions on his hand;  
 For I shall reign with him on high,  
 The Prince of all the land.

In times of perilous distress,  
 When wars outrageous roar,  
 As mad tumultuous swelling seas,  
 Lashing the sounding shore,

(Secure

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(Secure in his pavilion, I,  
Unmoved as his throne),  
Above the hurricanes that fly,  
Resembling the bright sun,  
Within his tabernacle gay  
Shines he, in glorious light;  
His presence is the joyful day,  
His absence is the night.  
He shews abroad his lofty face,  
Away the tempests run;  
So, to the tumults he says, Peace;  
They end as they begun.

CCLXXI. P S A L M XXVII. 6.

**J**EHOVAH is a Rock to me;  
He stands my Bulwark in the sea,  
When mad the billows roar;  
My enemies the billows ride,  
By thousands on the foaming tide,  
And all their fury pour.

Against my Rock they swell and dash;  
The Rock-side doth their fury quash;  
They spend their strength in vain:  
They sink away with howling cries,  
And then again like mountains rise,  
And die away again.

At length remanded to the deep,  
They pass away, and with them sweep  
My fears away to hell:  
My head is lifted to the skies,  
Being now the Head of paradise;  
I mock them who rebel.

I Samuel 22. 4. My

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Vo

My sacrifice of blood is past,  
 But that of joy shall ever last.  
 My harp I will employ,  
 In singing praises to my King;  
 And all my saints along shall sing,  
 'Jehovah is our joy!'

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## CCLXXII. P S A L M XXIX.

**S**ING high the praises of the Word,  
 The mighty Word of God the Lord.  
 The wonders of his person tell,  
 Ye angels that in pow'r excel;  
 Diffuse your energetic fires  
 Upon your heav'nly sounding lyres;  
 And, when you have your utmost shown,  
 Declare the subject still unknown.

Hark! hear I not loud echoes swell,  
 From highest heav'n to lowest hell,  
 Crowding his glories in the gale?  
 'Lo, strength and majesty prevail;  
 'Ascribe ye vict'ry to the King,'  
 (The lofty hierarchies sing),  
 'His glad creation evermore,  
 'In holy beauties, all adore.'

In doing all you e'er can do,  
 You cannot give the Lord his due;  
 His voice upon the waters flies,  
 In wild confusion thro' the skies;  
 The heaving clouds from all the sea  
 Cry, 'Lord, behold thy servants we,  
 'With circumvolving forces driv'n,  
 'O'erspreading all thy spacious heav'n!'



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His sounding voice rebounds again,  
And blows abroad the rushing rain;  
Or dewy, mild, delightful show'rs,  
Cloud-sifted on the young-ey'd flow'rs,  
Sweet playing on their glowing lips,  
In kind salutes, with tender tips;  
'Their blowing beauties gently swell,  
And gaily wanton in the gale.

'The God of glory's thunder rolls,  
And rocks the world to both her poles;  
Tumultuous-swelling, upwards rise  
'The floods, (tremendous!) to the skies;  
'The voice that rais'd them makes them fall,  
They shrink and tremble at his call;  
Sunk in their deep capacious beds,  
'They skulk in fear, and hide their heads.

'The storm of God the world devours,  
'Thro' all the blast the Godhead pours,  
Sweeping along with awful force,  
O'erturning nations in its course,  
Majestic rides th' impetuous Spirit;  
Wo to the thing that does not fear it,  
And, by submission falling low,  
Prevent its breaking by a bow.

He blows aloud; the forests bend;  
'Their mountains can no more defend;  
Harsh-crashing, rifted to their roots,  
'They kiss the rocks with fierce salutes;  
The rocks and forests up-torn fly,  
Promiscuous rowling thro' the sky:  
Whole Lebanon goes off along,  
With all her cedars in the throng.

The hinds and herds, with all the droves,  
That danc'd among or round the groves,  
Together whirled in the air,  
Are dash'd to pieces here and there.

The

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 387

The dams aborting, with their young,  
Upon sharp-pointed rocks are flung,  
Expired ere they felt the shock;  
The following horrors only mock.

If any eye survives the scene,  
What mingling carnage is there seen,  
Of men, and cattle, winged fowl,  
And those which in the desert howl,  
Conglomerated in a heap!  
The flames of fire upon them leap;  
No atom can escape their sway,  
In direful desolation-day.

Jehovah sends his lightnings out,  
That, flashing on the mountains, scout;  
His thunders roll along the clouds,  
And all the heav'ns descend in floods;  
The splinter'd rocks fly in the air,  
And leave deep gulfs where erst they were;  
The gulfs, discharging water-floods,  
Pursue the mountains thro' the clouds.

These are the thunders of his voice,  
In days of dreadful war and noise;  
But in his temple ev'ry one  
Proclaims the glories of the Son.  
The nations all as seas may roar;  
The Son reigns King for evermore,  
The Strength, the Joy, the Life, the Peace,  
Of all the faithful loyal race.

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## CCLXXIII. P S A L M XXX. 4—6.

SWEETLY tip the willing strings,  
Rapture trilling thro' the soul:  
All above you heaven sings;  
Sing, O earth, from pole to pole.

388 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Sing, ye saints, and glory give  
To the God of all your peace;  
To my God by whom I live,  
Musing on his holiness.

Live I now your quick'ning Head,  
Live the mirror of his love;  
Died I in your room and stead;  
Dying love shall never move.  
Like the sun beneath the sea,  
Sunk a while, I rose again,  
Sowing light o'er hill and plain;  
All my saints shall shine with me.

But a little lasts the cloud,  
Shadowing Jehovah's face,  
When his glory shines abroad  
On the children of his grace.  
Life doth in his favour ly,  
Life eternal to his saints;  
Heaven dwelleth in his eye,  
Heav'n will shine away your wants.

Weeping like the night endures,  
Sad and low'ring on the plains;  
Harshly pouring cold bleak show'rs,  
Oh, how grievous are the rains!  
But the morn advancing on,  
Dissipates the grievous things;  
Shedding light and joy anon,  
Thrown off from her rosy wings.

Darkness is the womb of light;  
Sorrow is the womb of joy;  
Groan thy last, and take thy flight,  
Where no weeping shall annoy.  
Would the mother see her son,  
Let her welcome then her throes;  
Would you have your warfare done,  
Fight your way to peace thro' blows.

CCLXXIV. PSALM

## CCLXXIV. PSALM XXX. 6. to the end.

**L**O, your Lord and Saviour, I  
 Said in my prosperity,  
 I shall never moved be,  
 For the deaths that come on me.  
 Thou, Jehovah, in thy love,  
 Built me up, I could not move;  
 Stood I like a mountain strong,  
 When the lions round did throng;  
 Hoped they amid the fray,  
 On my trembling soul to prey;  
 But they'd easier mov'd the rocks,  
 Than have mov'd me with their shocks.  
 Thou indeed didst hide thy face,  
 And the trouble rest my peace;  
 But I cry'd, O Lord, to thee,  
 Lowly bending on my knee.  
 Where's the profit of my blood,  
 If I sink beneath the flood?  
 Where shall thy redeemed sit,  
 Their Redeemer in the pit?  
 Would the dust of me, or mine,  
 Sing thy praises all divine?  
 If beneath the earth we lie,  
 Who shall sound thy truth on high?  
 O, Jehovah, bow thine ear,  
 My impassion'd prayer hear;  
 In compassion unto me,  
 Let me now thy glory see.  
 Lo, behold, thy glory comes,  
 Dissipation to the glooms;  
 Mourning all away is fled,  
 Gladness danceth in her stead.



390 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Thou for me my sackcloth hast  
 'Torn away from loins and breast;  
 And begirt with joy around,  
 Healed ev'ry former wound.  
 Therefore evermore I'll sing  
 Praise to thee, my God and King;  
 All my soul to glory turns,  
 In thy praises all it burns.

CCLXXV. P S A L M XXXI. 1—6.

**H**ELP, Jehovah, help me soon,  
 Lo, I sink into the pit;  
 Reach thine arm unto me down,  
 Draw me, draw me up from it.  
 Hangs mine eye upon thine arm,  
 Waiting for the motions of it;  
 To rescue my soul from harm,  
 To exchange my loss for profit.  
 Loss to profit thou wilt turn,  
 For the Darling of thine heart;  
 Metals in the furnace burn;  
 Gold and dross in furnace part.  
 Dross no portion is of gold,  
 Tho' commingled for a while;  
 Only gold shall fill my mould;  
 And thine image on me smile.  
 In thine image I shall shine  
 Glorious, by thy smiling love;  
 All my glory bright, divine;  
 Righteousness shall never move.  
 In thy righteousness unmov'd,  
 I shall never be ashamed;  
 Nor my cause be unprov'd,  
 Or deny'd a thing I claim'd.

Bend

Bend thine ear, Jehovah, bend;  
 Bend thy heavens and come down;  
 Speedily deliv'rance send,  
 See, my foes are rushing on;  
 Rushing on with furious rage,  
 Lions roaring all around;  
 Meet them, God, on thy sword's edge;  
 Dash them, hew them to the ground.

Write their names among the dust,  
 Write them in their own heart-blood,  
 After my heart-blood who lust,  
 Proud and stubborn, fierce, and lewd.  
 But be thou my Rock of strength,  
 Let me lodge within thy heart;  
 Glorifying o'er my foes at length,  
 Turn'd on them their ev'ry dart.

Vict'ry! vict'ry to my King!  
 Thou my Rock and Fortress art;  
 My redeem'd with me shall sing,  
 Sing aloud with joyful heart.  
 Thou wilt glorify thy name,  
 Lead me, guide me in thy love;  
 Extricate my soul from them,  
 And their stratagems remove.

For they try the subtle way,  
 Failing in their proud assault;  
 Privily their snares they lay,  
 Looking when my foot shall halt.  
 But, Jehovah, in thine eye,  
 All their subtilities are bare,  
 Thou'rt my Strength, to thee I cry;  
 Let them vanish into air.

Into thine hands I recommend,  
 O Jehovah, God of truth,  
 My spirit; lo! my head I bend,  
 Dying in my prime of youth.

Finish'd

392 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Finish'd now I see my cause,  
Thou art my redemption, God;  
I have glorify'd thy laws,  
Glorify'd them in my blood!

CCLXXVI. PSALM XXXI. 6—9.

**I** Have abhorred them who love  
Their lying vanities, O Lord,  
The idols of the hill and grove,  
To whom they have libations pour'd.  
Their own blood thou wilt pour in streams,  
The drink of their own off'rings vile,  
Who dare to mention filthy names,  
And glory in their shame the while.

But I will glory in thy name,  
And build my faith upon thy word;  
The floods that swell against the same,  
Shall fall again of their accord;  
As winds and waves that rage and roar,  
And dash themselves on huge sea-rocks,  
They shew their weakness, and no more,  
Disperst to foam with their own shocks.

But I, escaped from the seas  
Of trouble on my soul that roll'd,  
Will drown the noisy waves with praise,  
My God above the skies extoll'd;  
Extoll'd by me for evermore,  
By me and all my ransom'd ones,  
For thou hast burst my prison-door,  
And brassy chains from off my loins.

For I was deep inclos'd in  
The middle of the deadly pit,  
A sacrifice for human sin;  
My God, thou knowst, I'm free from it.

Thou

Thou knewst my soul in tender love,  
 And pour'd thy consolations in;  
 And drew me to thy heav'n above,  
 As free from suff'ring as from sin.

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## CCLXXVII. PSALM XXXI. 9—19.

COMPASSION, Lord! compassion, Lord!  
 For I am sore distrest;

Mine eyes and eye-lids are all blurr'd  
 With tears, and want of rest.

My sight is quite consum'd away;

The sun but shines in vain;

In vain to me; for all the day

I see but sights of pain.

And, when the ev'ning shades advance,

They bring me no relief:

Ten thousand horrors round me dance,

As sporting at my grief.

Mine ears are stunn'd with hideous screams

Of cruel staring sprights:

I'm torn to pieces in my dreams;

My night's one scene of frights.

My soul is all a sea of wrath,

Where fiery surges roll,

Which toss my thoughts from death to death,

And rage without control:

My body, as a floating wreck,

Is carried to and fro,

According as the billows break

With an impetuous flow.

My life is like a broken reed

Before the rushing hail;

My joys away from me are fled,

And griefs for joys prevail.

My



394 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

My years are like the misty rain,  
That flies before the wind;  
My sighs have drifted them amain,  
And left my woes behind.

My strength is poured with my blood,  
In circumfluent streams;  
With blood my vesture's all imbr'd,  
To wash away my crimes.

My crimes they are, but not by me;  
I know no guilt at all;  
Imputed crimes they are by thee,  
And dear, for which I fall.

By thee, my God, in thy decree,  
I bear the sins of men;  
Because of their iniquity,  
My bones away do wane.

I am reproach of all my foes,  
My foes as hell combin'd;  
But foes are friends, compar'd with those,  
Esteem'd my neighbours kind.

My neighbours and my kindred-blood  
Esteem me worse than mad;  
As if with Beelzebub I stood,  
And God forsworn I had.

I am a terror to my own,  
My own approved few:  
They saw me in the toils o'erthrown;  
Away like wind they flew.

I am forgotten as the dead,  
Who perish'd in their blood,  
Being cleft asunder thro' the head,  
On fields before the flood.

I am no more regarded now,  
Than ev'n a pottsherd vile,  
Cast forth upon a dunghil-brow,  
Whose very touch doth soil.

I'm shunned like a thing unclean;  
 No one will plead for me,  
 Nor even own with me they've been,  
 But straight away they flee;  
 They flee as from a serpent's hiss,  
 And tremble all like reeds,  
 For crime of being witnesses  
 Unto my holy deeds.

But all my foes cleave fast to me,  
 And mock my bitt'rest wo,  
 Enjoying, with a vast of glee,  
 The darts which pierce me thro'!  
 They brought a multitude of men,  
 With slanders in their mouth;  
 And, tho' they found them slanders vain,  
 They seal'd the slanders truth.

But oh! my very hope and faith,  
 By which I clave to thee,  
 My good confession was the path,  
 Which led me to the tree!  
 New terrors rushed round my soul,  
 Their garments when they tore;  
 Because I kept thy glory whole,  
 My God, whom I adore.

In close cabal they plot my death,  
 Their heart is in my blood;  
 No less will satisfy their wrath—  
 Nor thine, my Lord and God.  
 They meant me ill; Thou meant me good;  
 I therefore cheerfully,  
 Prepare to lose my precious blood;  
 Jehovah sees me die.

My times are wholly in thy pow'r,  
 My life, my death, my joy;  
 Save me in thy appointed hour,  
 From monsters that destroy.

They

396 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

They pour on me their cruelties,  
And riot in my pain.  
Pour thou thy tempest in their eyes,  
And raise me up again.

Pour all thy glories on my soul,  
And make my face to shine;  
Anointing me with thy own oil  
Of gladness all divine.

According to thy mercy, I  
My cause before thee plead,  
With my own blood, O thou Most High;  
For Mercy was decreed.

Then let me never be ashamed;  
O Lord, the shame were thine,  
If I in vain for mercy claim'd,  
When Justice holds the line.

Thy mercy and thy justice join  
With one united voice;  
Now let Jehovah's glory shine,  
And make his King rejoice.

But let the proud malicious ones  
Be prison'd up in hell,  
Who fill'd his soul with sighs and groans;  
Let Satan ring their knell.

Let anguish overcome their voice;  
Lord, burn them in thy fire,  
Against the Just who rais'd their noise;  
And slew him in their ire.

CCLXXVIII. PSALM XXXIII. 1—5.

**L**IFT the voice of high rejoicing,  
While the breath of God is hoising  
Up your sails, and vessels poizing,  
O ye fav'rites of Jehovah!

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# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 397

In Jehovah living gladly,  
Touch not ye the hateful medley,  
'That would make you mourn full sadly;  
Praise is comely to Jehovah.

Harp his praises, harp excelling;  
Breathe them thro' the organs swelling;  
Every chord of music telling,  
' O how far below Jehovah !'

But diffide in music idle,  
Harp, and organ, psalt'ry, fiddle,  
Save the Spirit intermeddle  
With the praises of Jehovah.

Where he is not, praise is odious;  
He will make the song melodious,  
Which well-pleasing unto God is,  
Sweetly singing to Jehovah :

Sing ye with him loud and pleasant;  
Sing new songs ; new songs are decent,  
From new men, for the new present  
Of the Spirit from Jehovah.

Sing, the word of God abideth ;  
Happy who therein confideth ;  
Firm his footstep never slideth,  
Well establish'd by Jehovah :

For his word is pure and single ;  
Falsehood therewith cannot mingle,  
Nor a work or purpose dwindle,  
That proceedeth from Jehovah.

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## CCLXXIX. PSALM XXXIII. 5-9.

**J**EHOVAH's love is righteousness,  
And his determinations peace,  
'The world is filled with his grace,  
The world, and all therein.



398 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

The heavens into being rose,  
With all the armies they enclose,  
According as Jehovah chose,  
Who bade them all begin.

He blew abroad the boist'rous flood,  
And, lo, the heapy waters flow'd  
Rough-roaring all around him loud;  
They praise him ev'ry stream.  
And shall there be a living soul,  
Where-e'er the praising waters roll,  
Between the South and Northern pole,  
That shall not praise with them!

CCLXXX. PSALM XXXIII. 7—10.

**J**EHOVAH spoke; and lo, the waters round him  
flow; [keep,  
They gather in a heap, and their own boundings  
The deep their reservoir, wherein they roll and roar.  
Nor is the raging sea attached more to thee,  
Than the establish'd earth, establish'd by thy breath;  
All ye who therein live, your humble homage give.  
Tremble, and stand in awe, submissive to his law,  
And bring your tribute in, an off'ring pure and  
clean;  
And sing unto your King; let all creation sing:  
For lo, he spoke; anon the thing he spoke was  
done. [straight;  
He gave his word of might; the world heard him  
And, starting into view, gave him the glory due.

CCLXXXI. PSALM XXXIII. 15. to the end.

**J**EHOVAH cast his eyes abroad, beneath the skies,  
Upon the sons of men;  
He

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 399

He seeth where-e'er they dwell, from Zion his  
 All full within his ken. [own hill,  
 He fashioneth their heart, alike in ev'ry part,  
 The Judge of all their ways;  
 No secret ever lurks, unknown among their works,  
 But he will blame or praise.

There is not any king, the victory can sing,  
 Because his hosts are great;  
 Tho' he should number men, like grass upon the  
 It would not change the state. [plain,  
 Nor can there any one, tho' Samson were the one,  
 Deliver his own soul;  
 He's holden with a hair, if God has left him  
 A fly might seize the spoil. [there;

The gen'ral on the field, must be oblig'd to yield,  
 And run away at length, [horse,  
 Who trusteth in the force of num'rous squadron'd  
 Is weaken'd by their strength.  
 Nor can they by their flight, tho' nimble they and  
 Bear off their riders safe; [wight,  
 An arrow shall pursue, full-winged from the yew,  
 And beat them both to chaff.

But lo, Jehovah's eye, is beaming from on high,  
 Upon the humble ones.  
 Their eyes shall not grow dim, whose eyes are fix'd  
 He's grieved at their groans. [on him;  
 His gladness he will pour, in his appointed hour,  
 Into their painful wounds;  
 To save alive their souls, when death upon them  
 And hell her trumpet sounds. [scowls,  
 When destitute of food, they feed upon their God,  
 And sing aloud for joy;  
 His river is their drink; they dwell upon the brink,  
 And drink without annoy.

Our eyes are on the Lord; our soul hangs on his  
 He is our Help and Shield; [word;  
 Nor shall we come to shame, who love his holy  
 He'll crown us on the field. [name;

400 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Jehovah, let thy love, which never shall remove,  
 On us be poured down;  
 According as we hope in thee, and, looking up,  
 Expect the vict'ry soon.  
 We do expect thy day, and veh'mently do pray,  
 O do thou hasten on,  
 When thou shalt shine abroad, and raise us from  
 To shine with thee, our Sun. [the clod.

CCLXXXII. P S A L M XXXIV. 1—8.

**S**INK, sink away, ye humble things,  
 A higher flight my spirit springs;  
 I'll sing Jehovah evermore,  
 I'll sing thy love, I'll sing and soar.  
 I'll make the dawning hear my voice,  
 And all day long proclaim my joys.  
 The live-long night shall feel no rest,  
 Till she shall sing how I am blest.

The world shall hear from pole to pole,  
 And know the boastings of my soul,  
 The boastings of my soul in God;  
 The humble hearing shall be glad.  
 O praise the Lord with me for ever,  
 Let us exalt his name together:  
 I cry'd to him, he gave relief,  
 And set me free from all my grief.

Lift up your voice, and pitch it high,  
 Declare to all below the sky,  
 Let ev'ry child of guilt and wrath,  
 Triumph o'er guilt, triumph o'er death.  
 For men of as accursed ways,  
 Believ'd, and liv'd, and sung his praise.  
 They look'd to him, and were not sham'd,  
 Being fav'd as soon as God they nam'd.

Their.

Their Advocate, before the throne,  
 Has pled the cause of ev'ry one;  
 He pled his blood, and was accepted,  
 And they in him, no one excepted.  
 He laid his robes of glory by,  
 And riches, for deep poverty;  
 He travail'd in the pangs of death,  
 That they might joy in the new birth.

He cried out for veh'ment pain;  
 He sunk to hell, and rose again,  
 Emergent from the seas of blood,  
 That had his body overflow'd;  
 He roll'd away the floods of wrath,  
 And pour'd a pray'r in ev'ry breath;  
 Accept my children, O my God;  
 Behold, I wash them in my blood!

Jehovah lent a willing ear,  
 And for the children heard his pray'r;  
 He saved him, he saved them,  
 From ev'ry trouble, sin, and shame.  
 The angels of the Lord are given  
 To him, the Heir of earth and heaven;  
 He sends them scouting all abroad,  
 The life-guards of the sons of God.

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CCLXXXIII. PSALM XXXIV. 8—11.

**O** Taste with me, believe, and see  
 The sweetness God is pouring,  
 Like honey-bees on apple-trees,  
 With pleasant blossoms flow'ring;  
 They fill their cells from blooms and bells,  
 Pure honey in their bosoms;  
 They suck the pith, and live therewith,  
 Sweet spoil of all the blossoms!



So blest are they, by night and day,  
 Who glory in Jehovah;  
 He loveth them, and they love him,  
 For mutually they love aye.  
 O blest the Lord, believe his word,  
 Ye children of his favour;  
 He will not leave your heart to grieve,  
 Who gave for you the Saviour.

Young lions may roar for their prey,  
 And make the forests yell all,  
 Nor ever find, in all the wind,  
 Their hunger to repel all:  
 But they who pray to God alway,  
 Believing what they pray for,  
 Shall have the thing from God their King,  
 Who hears before they say more.

He knows at once, and will advance  
 To meet them with his blessings;  
 He'll give them food, and ev'ry good,  
 Preventing all their wishings.  
 For God is love, and so he'll prove;  
 Your foot shall never stumble;  
 Exalt your voice, and sing your joys,  
 Sing, sing to God, ye humble!

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CCLXXXIV. PSALM XXXIV. 11. to  
 the end.

**H**ARK, my children, Jesus cries,  
 I descended from the skies,  
 And became a child like you;  
 Give you ears unto me now.  
 I came down to lowest hell,  
 That my children all might dwell  
 Up with me in highest heaven;  
 Let your hearts to me be given.

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I will teach you how to fear  
 God, the Lord, if you will hear;  
 Who's the man that would incline  
 Long to live? in heav'n to shine?  
 Joyful in the day of trial,  
 Joyful in his self-denial,  
 He shall live for evermore,  
 When his day of trial's o'er.

Only let him now be wise,  
 And behave as I advise;  
 Keep his tongue from evil word,  
 And his lips for God the Lord.  
 Let no guile proceed from him,  
 So his crown shall ne'er grow dim;  
 Cease from evil, and do good;  
 So he shall be lov'd of God:

Follow peace in keen pursuit,  
 Running with a steady foot;  
 So he shall inherit peace,  
 Reigning with the God of grace.  
 Jehovah's eyes are ever on  
 Ev'ry wise obedient son,  
 To behold and guide their cause,  
 Who behold and love his laws.

Jehovah's ears are open still  
 All their prayers to fulfil,  
 Who have opened their hearts,  
 To receive what he imparts.  
 Jehovah sets his fiercest eyes  
 Against the children who despise  
 All those holy ways of his;  
 He will send them to th' abyss;

Burn them up, both root and branch,  
 In the flames that will not quench,  
 Name and person, from the earth,  
 Consigned to eternal death.

But

404 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

But the righteous, to the Lord  
Cry, believing in his word;  
He deliv'reth them from all  
Tribulations that befall:

For Jehovah is all ear  
Unto those who draw him near,  
And Jehovah is all eye  
Over those who humble ly:  
O! Jehovah, he is kind  
To the men of humble mind!  
He is ever nigh to those  
Spirits, where contrition flows.

Will he ever break the reed,  
Bruised with the awful dread  
Of his glorious majesty  
Thund'ring from his heavens high?  
Will he ever quench the flax,  
Smoking like the smitten wax,  
Smitten by the touchy flame,  
Flame of love to his own name?

Such the flame that burned up  
Jesus, when he drunk the cup;  
Many sorrows him befall;  
But Jehovah lov'd him well;  
Lov'd him well, and sav'd his Lamb;  
But devoted to the flame  
All his foes who blew the fire;  
He consum'd them in his ire.

But, unbroken ev'ry bone  
Of his own beloved Son,  
Sav'd he in the day of strife,  
Till he rose the Prince of Life:  
And, deliv'ring him the Head,  
He deliv'ed all his seed,  
Ev'ry member of his body,  
By his sacrifice so bloody.

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# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 405

They, redeem'd from sin and wrath,  
Rose triumphant over death;  
Rose in him to endless life;  
He abolished the strife.

Took he out the sting of guilt,  
When the sword of justice spilt  
His pure consecrated blood  
For the chosen sons of God.

Evil shall the wicked slay,  
And in desolations lay  
Those who hate the godly One;  
Hear I not their doleful groan?  
Mourning in the pit they ly,  
Dying, yet they never die;  
Everlasting vipers gnaw  
At their hearts who scorn the law.

But Jehovah loves the soul,  
That delights in the controul  
Of his tender-loving Spirit;  
Such the kingdom shall inherit.  
'They, redeem'd from all their sorrow,  
Sing to day, and sing to-morrow;  
Desolation know they never,  
Reigning with their Lord for ever.

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## CCLXXXV. P S A L M CXLIX.

**W**E'LL now be joyful in our King,  
And with the voice of triumph sing;  
For he will our redemption bring,  
And make us sing for ever:  
He'll send his Spirit in his love,  
And lead us to himself above,  
From whence no fiend shall us remove,  
Encompass'd by his favour.

Our



406 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Our King will quell them who rebel,  
And banish them away to hell;  
And there, imprison'd-deep, they dwell,  
Who have design'd our ruin.

They digged deep a pit to keep  
Themselves, from whence they shall not creep,  
But evermore in darkness weep—  
The fruits of their own doing!

For lo, the Spirit is our Shield,  
Our guard on the embattled field,  
Who makes our enemies to yield,  
And flee away confounded.

The Spirit is our Advocate;  
He manages our whole estate,  
And clothes us round with glory great;  
Because his love's unbounded.

The Spirit is our Light divine,  
And we by him in glory shine;  
For why, O Lord, the kingdom's thine,  
The glory, and salvation.

Lift up your voice, ye saints, on high;  
Sing to the Lord thro' all the sky,  
And make your hallelujahs fly  
With burning emulation.

Sing to the Lord his song so new;  
For he hath now display'd to view  
His everlasting love to you,  
And cloth'd you with salvation.

Let happy Isra'l sing aloud  
The sounding praises of their God,  
From whose creating hand they flow'd:  
Sing all the new creation.

Let Zion's sons and daughters all,  
Before the Lord in Zion fall  
With joy, obedient to his call,  
Who reigns their King in Zion.

Messiah

# SPIRITUAL SONGS. 407

Messiah is your King on high;  
And he the meek will beautify,  
Adorning you most gloriously  
With all his love in Zion.

O magnify the Lord, your Head;  
Christ, your Redeemer's praises spread,  
And sing aloud upon your bed,  
Who shine in purest glory:  
For you're advanced to the sky,  
And on his bosom ever ly  
In perfect love, victoriously  
Triumphing in his glory.

How high the King! how high his praise!  
How glorious he, and all his ways,  
Who makes to shine, in his own rays,  
The princes of his glory!  
In blazing glory how they shine!  
Every faint in light divine!  
For, lo, Jehovah, all is thine,  
The kingdom, pow'r, and glory!

**THE**

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T H E

# SONG OF SOLOMON,

PARAPHRASED IN A LITERAL MANNER.

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## P R E F A C E.

**A**S to the Song of Solomon, it is evidently parallel in spirit and expression to Psalm xlv. wherein the Lord Jesus Christ is celebrated as the Father, Brother, Husband, and King, as in many other passages of the Old Testament, and the church described as his daughter, sister, and queen, the joyful mother of many children; explained by such passages as these; ‘He that hath the bride is the Bridegroom—The bride, the Lamb’s wife, hath made herself ready—prepared as a bride adorned for her husband’—who presents her ‘as a chaste virgin without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, before the presence of his Father with exceeding great joy.’ What a lofty idea is this given us in the New Testament! How poor and low the carnal sense given by some, while they speak of Solomon and Pharaoh’s daughter, with this disadvantage, that it is not by any means the meaning of the Holy Ghost in this place to tell us any thing about Solomon, who married Pharaoh’s daughter! Is it not plain, that Solomon, signifying ‘peaceable, perfect,’ is here taken for the name of the Prince of Peace, the perfect Captain of our salvation? To say Solomon was a type of Christ in his marriages, is an absolute laugh till you have proved it. What! could Solomon’s marrying a regiment of strange women, or any

strange woman, or any woman, be a type, more than any other marriage, of Christ's union with his church, except the Holy Ghost had told us so? That the Holy Ghost, in representing and describing this spiritual eternal union, might use the language appropriated to that holy institution of God, was never denied--And as Solomon's marriage, no doubt, was the most grand and glorious Israel ever saw, he might draw comparisons or illustrations from thence, to set off an infinitely greater glory and marriage, by reason whereof all other glory was glory no more. So that the admirers of Solomon and his earthly glory, on seeing the heavenly, might become as the Queen of Sheba, when she saw the manner of Solomon's court in comparison with her own. Thus the Holy Ghost raises the affections of his children, from carnal and vanishing, to spiritual and eternal things; as the Lord afterwards said to his disciples, ' Behold the lilies of the field how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If God therefore so clothe the grafs of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?' Even so here, in meditating upon this Song, our spirits, if under the influence of the Holy Ghost, will take wing, and soar away above all sublunary things to the highest heavens, and there dwell upon the raptures of redeeming love, till sun and moon, like all the glories over which they ever rolled and shined, shall become but spots and clouds of darkness to the splendours of our eternal day.

But, that we may not appear to think of soaring without wings sufficient for the flight, it is to be remarked, that Psalm xlv. and consequently this Song, as hinted before, is expressly declared to be spoken of Christ, Heb. i. 8. Consider this, ye who have been accustomed to consider and sing



Pfal. cxxvii. and cxxviii. not as expreffive of that great myftery, the union and love between Chrift and his church, but only as fongs or fonnets of David's own compofure (or if you fay, of divine infpiration, you have not helped the matter) concerning a breeding wife, like a fruitful vine in a man's houfe, and a parcel of thriving children, like fo many olive-plants about his doors! O ignorance (of God), how art thou the mother of devotion to every vanity under the fun! Let them gnaw upon fuch hulks, who have teeth and ftomach for them; and call them, if they chufe, apples of paradife: but furely, fuch kind of longings after earthly things do not proceed from health, but difeafe.—That the Lord and his church are the characters in this wholly divine Song, has indeed been generally acknowledged. And it is manifeft, they are represented as two human perfonages of the moft abfolute perfection of beauty, holinefs, and mutual love, the glory of the whole earth; the united fplendour of whole perfections, beheld in the living glory of their confummate beauty, illuftrated and adorned with all the excellencies of the univerfe, ftrikes the minds of the true holy devout admirers with the moft exquisite fenfations of delight; while they themfelves who behold it, are changed more and more into the fame glory. How different the effect of fuch a heavenly vifion, wherein every feature in the objects of your holy admiration fhines forth in the natural living expreffion, proportion, and harmony of God! How different this, fay ye who know, from thofe fulfome anatomical diffections fent abroad by fome Levite or other in the land, from Dan to Beersheba, through the twelve tribes of our Ifrael, under the notion of expositions of the Song! Expositions indeed! in as far as that term may fignify expofing of glory to fhame. To condefcend upon fuch particulars in their doings upon this Song, as would juftify this censure, would be fairly to de-  
ferve

serve it. From a persuasion, therefore, that the Chief among ten thousands, who is altogether lovely, with his fair one and undefiled, are best and most innocently contemplated and admired in that original, inviolable, and divinely sacred dress of living majesty, beauty, and love, wherewith the Holy Ghost hath adorned and crowned them in the day of their espousals, to bloom and shine in this Song, as it stands, in all the glory of God, till the heavens be no more; from this persuasion it was, (I say), that the following paraphrase hath not been allowed to venture beyond the unfolding of a few of the less obvious families, whereof this Song is one of the largest and fairest constellations in the whole Old Testament.

Now, may the Holy Ghost the Comforter and Advocate, taking of the Father's and of the Son's, lead his children into all truth, peace, and joy in believing, patience, humility, meekness, self-denial, sobriety, obedience; hastening us unto the coming of our Lord, who is our Hope; who will deliver the children of his love from this bondage of corruption into his own glorious liberty, perfecting our spirits, and changing our vile bodies, that they may be fashioned into the likeness of his own most glorious body; who himself was in all things made like to us, except sin, that we in all things (sin and death in him, and by him in us, being abolished for ever, and cast with hell into the lake of fire) might be made like to him, when we shall see him as he is, being transformed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord, till we break forth at once in the perfection of his beauty, to shine like the sun in the kingdom of his Father and our Father, his God and our God! So shall we ever be with our Lord; who hath said, 'Lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh—Behold, I come quickly.—Amen! Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Amen.'

THE  
SONG OF SOLOMON,  
PARAPHRASED.

## C H A P. I.

THE Song of songs, which Solomon  
Received from above,

Of Prince Messiah and his *fair one*,  
Who burn with mutual love.

O let him kiss me with his mouth;  
His mouth is all divine:

Thy kisses do renew my youth;  
Thy love excelleth wine.

The favour of thy ointment flows,  
Like Eden, all abroad;

The breath of God the ointment blows,  
Sweet-favouring all of God.

As clouds of incense from the groves,  
Arising o'er the hills,

Thy name o'er all my spirit flows,  
And all my bosom fills.

The virgins feel their souls oppress'd,  
Being ravish'd with thy loves;

Save in thy name they find no rest,  
But sigh like widow'd doves:

The solitary wand'ers mourn,  
And wail an absent mate;

Thy virgins so, till thou return,  
With earnest longings wait.

O draw thou me, and we will run;  
We'll run with joy to thee,

As morning dews, to hail the sun;  
The virgins run with me.

The

SONG OF SOLOMON. 413

The King hath introduced me  
 Within his palace-walls;  
 We will solace ourselves in thee,  
 And triumph thro' thy halls.

We'll lead the chorus round thy courts,  
 And make the galleries ring;  
 While royal love their heart transports,  
 Thy royal virgins sing.  
 Where music, wine, and dancing, reign,  
 We only think of love,  
 And call their highest glories vain:  
 In love we live, we move.

Thy love possesseth all our frame,  
 And changeth us to love;  
 We think, we speak, we act our flame;  
 Nor shall our flame remove.  
 The upright love my Prince, the King;  
 I'm black, compar'd to him:  
 'I'm black! I'm black!' ye daughters, sing,  
 Of fair Jerusalem.

I'm black, yet comely thro' his love;  
 His love arrays me round:  
 Within his flowing robes, I move,  
 Light-streaming to the ground:  
 As Kedar-tents on sunny hills  
 Reflect the lustrous beam,  
 The glitt'ring glory spreads, and fills  
 The eye that sees the same;

Or, as the royal curtains shine,  
 Pavilioning, that flow,  
 When Solomon doth chuse to dine.  
 Upon mount Zion's brow;  
 Mount Zion blazes like the day,  
 And shines o'er all the land;  
 Her gilded flags in circles play,  
 Where marshall'd armies stand:



414 SONG OF SOLOMON.

My glory shines above them all,  
 And wantons in the gale;  
 His skirts of love around me fall,  
 And all my blackness veil.  
 Look not on me, because I'm black;  
 The sun hath look'd before;  
 (But let my Lord your eyes attract);  
 The sun hath hurt me sore.

My mother's children, angry ones!  
 Made me their vineyards watch;  
 But ah! my own vineyard expos'd  
 I left, the harm to catch!  
 Tell me, O thou who dwell'st in love,  
 And in my soul alone,  
 Where dost thou make thy flocks to move?  
 Where rest thy flocks at noon?

For why should I a stranger stand,  
 As one that turns aside  
 By thy companions with their flocks?  
 Does this beseem thy bride?  
 O thou, the fairest of the fair,  
 If yet thou dost not know,  
 Go thou thy way, and mark the flock;  
 Forth by their footsteps go.

Behold the shepherds with their tents,  
 Spread on the flow'ry green;  
 There, feed thy kids, and feed thy loves,  
 In raptures burning keen.  
 I have compar'd thee, O my Love,  
 To Pharaoh's chariot-steeds;  
 Thy comely cheeks, with rows of jewels,  
 Their comeliness exceeds.

By chains of circling gold, thy neck  
 With glitt'ring tassels hings:  
 We'll make thy borders all of gold,  
 Imboss'd with silver rings.

While

While my Beloved sits and dines,  
 My melting spirit glows;  
 My spikenards send abroad their smells,  
 The fragrance round him goes.

My Well-beloved is to me  
 A bundle of sweet myrrh;  
 All night the myrrh between my breasts  
 Shall ly, nor ever stir.  
 The vineyards of Engedi bloom,  
 The south-winds softly blow;  
 There walks my King, camphire to me,  
 Where clust'ring camphires grow.

Behold, behold, how fair my Love,  
 Thou dost in beauty rise;  
 Above the daughters lifted high,  
 Like to a dove's thine eyes!  
 Lo, thou art fair, all fair my Love,  
 Yea, pleasant, O my Queen:  
 My Queen to me is my empire,  
 Lo, see, our bed is green.

The cedar is a lasting tree,  
 The fir-tree mighty strong;  
 With cedar beams we beam our house,  
 With fir our gall'ries long.

## CHAP. II.

OF Sharon's field I am the rose,  
 I am the lily of the vale;  
 Among the thorns the lily glows,  
 As sun-beams glister thro' the hail:  
 So doth my Love in glory shine,  
 Among the daughters ev'ry where:  
 My Love, enrob'd in light divine,  
 Turns night to day, if she be there.

Wide

416 SONG OF SOLOMON.

Wide is the desert, wild and bare,  
 Rough grows the barren woodland tree;  
 I've roam'd the forests far and near,  
 None but the apple-tree for me!  
 As th' apple-tree among the trees,  
 So is my Love among the sons:  
 His flavour wafted in the breeze,  
 My eager soul before me runs,  
 And from the high embow'ring bough,  
 All trembling plucks the balmy prize;  
 O'erpow'ring joys, and fruit so new,  
 My soul in heav'nly trance surprize.  
 Entranc'd, he brought me to the bow'r,  
 His royal bow'r of banquet-love,  
 Into my heart more love to pour,  
 Love's banners waving all above.  
 Hold! hold! I die! bring flaggon'd wine!  
 With apples stay my sinking soul!  
 Ten thousand loves in one combine!  
 Who will my love-sick heart console?  
 My Lord, I know him by these signs,  
 His left-hand underneath my head,  
 As th' elm entwreath'd by circling vines,  
 His right enfolds his happy maid.  
 I charge you by the roes and hinds,  
 The roes and hinds that prance the fields,  
 Out-stripping far the speedy winds,  
 I charge by all that pleasure yields;  
 O daughters of Jerusalem,  
 That you will shew your friendly love,  
 And silent stand in watch solemn,  
 Nor stir, nor wake him, till he move.  
 My Love doth, like a pleasant roe,  
 A pleasant roe, or fallow-deer,  
 Leaping upon the mountain's brow,  
 Or skipping o'er the hills, appear.

His

SONG OF SOLOMON. 417

His voice ! my Well-beloved's voice !

Behold, he stands beyond our wall ;

I'm all a fire ! my bowels rejoice !

I see him from the palace-hall.

Is that my Love that stands aloof ?

That flourishes behind the grate ?

What have I done for this reproof ?—

He glances by the lattice-gate !

Why thus consume with cruel pain,

The soul that only lives in thee ?—

All hail ! my Love, return'd again !

Welcome, my Love ! come, dwell with me !

My eye did dwell upon his face,

My ear did dwell upon his tongue ;

For my Beloved spake in peace,

Sweet odours from his lips were flung.

Rise up, my Love, he to me said,

My Fair One, rise, and come away ;

For, lo, the winter, fable-clad,

And rains, are chas'd by joyful May.

The flow'rs are blown on all the lawns,

And summer laughs in ev'ry plain ;

The woods are full of playful fawns,

And mirth and beauty round you reign ;

The tuneful daughters of the grove,

Keen emulations ! pour their throats ;

They feel their flames, they sing their loves,

And joy prolongs their trilling notes ;

Thou too be tun'd to joy, my Love,

For, lo, behold, in all our land

Is heard the emblematic Dove ;

He cooes and perches on my hand.

The period now advanced well,

The fig-tree hangs all green with figs ;

The vines send forth a pleasant smell,

With tender grapes on all their sprigs.

Arise,



418 SONG OF SOLOMON.

Arise, my Love, O do not stay,  
 'Thy Prince, he names thee by his love,  
 Arise, my Fair, and come away,  
 Away with me, my Turtle-dove.  
 And thou, my Dove, whose hidings are  
 In secret cliftings of thy rock,  
 Or coy-like skulkings by the stair,  
 Which flily do thy Mate provoke;

Let me be bless'd, and hear thy voice;  
 Let me espy thy countenance;  
 Sweet is thy voice, comely thy face,  
 My joy to rapture both advance.  
 Take us the foxes; ah, the vermine!  
 The little foxes spoil the vine;  
 Of their browings see what harming!  
 Our vines have tender grapes and fine.

Rejoice with me, O my Beloved,  
 For you are mine, and I am yours;  
 Like hart and doe, we love unmoved;  
 We feed among the lily-flow'rs.  
 Blow on, O day, O swiftly blow,  
 Until the morning dawn arise,  
 Till all away the shadows flow,  
 And Sun of glory bless our eyes.

Waste are the mountains, wide and black,  
 That ly between me and my Love:—  
 Is yon my Love that's coming back?  
 Fly to my breast, my holy Dove.  
 O why, my Dove, so long away?  
 My sounding bowels melt and burn,  
 Impatient of so long delay;  
 Haste, O my Love, O quickly turn.

Turn to thy Love, divide no more;  
 I can no more divisions bear:  
 Come, bounding Bether's mountains o'er,  
 As pleasant roe, or fallow-deer.

CHAP.

## C H A P. III.

**B**Y night I sought him on my bed,  
 I cry'd, I long'd, I wish'd, I pray'd;  
 He all my soul possest:  
 I sought him, but I found him not;  
 Save him alone I all forgot:  
 I could not find my rest.

Now will I rise, and walk the street,  
 Walk to and fro where broad-ways meet,  
 And search the city round,  
 All-where to seek my Love I'll rove;  
 All-where I rov'd, I sought my Love;  
 My Love could not be found.

Betrayed by my treading sounds,  
 The watchmen in their nightly rounds  
 Found me all trembling o'er.  
 ' O spare a joyless, helpless maid!  
 ' And saw ye him,' (I faintly said),  
 ' Whom only I adore?'

They let me pass, but scarcely past,  
 When, lo, I met, in running haste,  
 Who reigns within my heart.  
 All breathless on his breast I fell:  
 ' Of all my joys thou flowing well,  
 ' From hence I'll never part.'

I held, and would not let him move,  
 Until I prov'd his steadfast love;  
 My praise he shall employ,  
 I led him to my mother's tent;  
 My smother'd anguish found a vent,  
 He fill'd me full with joy.

420 SONG OF SOLOMON.

O how I love that ancient spot,  
Where once from him my breath I got,  
Where first I was conceiv'd!  
My mother bare me in her pangs,  
And death soon caught me in his fangs,  
But, lo, my Lord reliev'd.

I pointed to the ruin'd bow'r,  
Where sin and death, all to devour,  
Broke loose with lawless rage.  
My Lord beheld the havock made,  
Then pausing, groan'd, and bow'd his head,—  
' I'll sin and death assuage.'

Nor stopt he here, but smiling said,  
' Take heart and sing, my lovely maid,  
' All fears I will dispel;  
' Thou art my rest, here will I stay,  
' Nor ever hence depart away,  
' For I do love thee well.'

O daughters of Jerusalem,  
I charge you keep your watch solemn,  
And do not stir my Love;  
By roes, and hinds, and all that's pure,  
I straitly charge you, and adjure  
Not to awake, nor move.

The roes and hinds are swift of feet,  
They, like the south-winds, softly greet,  
No sooner come than gone;  
So might my Love, if you displease,  
Fly swiftly with the southland breeze;  
And leave his bride to moan.—

Who's this that comes like pillaring clouds  
Of smoking incense from the woods,  
With gums perfumed high?  
The winds abroad his odours blow;  
My heart his odours overflow,  
And, lo, Himself is nigh.

SONG OF SOLOMON. 421

Behold, his love and valour won  
This bed, which is for Solomon,

The Son of all my peace.

In loyal duty keep the wards,  
Threescore of trusty select guards,

All Isra'el's valiant race;

All well-prepar'd, expert in war,  
Can meet the tempest from afar,

And drive it on the foe.

They all can wield the beamy sword,  
Their hands can mighty deeds afford;

Their prince hath taught them so.

They hold their swords upon their thigh,  
From scabbard's mouth in act to fly,

Because of fear by night.

The bride shall sing, 'My Lord is strong,

'No son of mischief dare me wrong;

'My Lord is Lord of might.'

Of cedar-wood, King Solomon

Made for himself a glorious throne,

A glorious throne and high.

The tap'ring pillars, polish'd fine,

All of the purest silver shine,

None such below the sky.

The bottom's wrought of purest gold,

So beautiful cannot be told,

All glist'ring like the stars;

The cov'ring's all a purple glow,

And round the circling streamlets flow,

Upheld by golden bars.

But O the midst, being nicely wove

In heav'nly looms, and pav'd with love,

Description all excels!

The love is giv'n for your transport,

Ye maids who bloom in Zion's court,

Sweet flow'rs with blowing bells!



422 SONG OF SOLOMON.

Go forth with joy, ye virgins, sing,  
Behold, our Solomon the King,  
O Zion's daughters gay!  
Behold him wear th' imperial crown;  
'Th' imperial crown is for the Son  
On his espousal-day.

His mother well his temples bound,  
She wreath'd them all with glory round,  
Adorning curiously.  
And now the day is fully come,  
The day of joy to my Bridegroom,  
To my Bridegroom and me!

C H A P. IV.

**M**Y Love does all in glory shine,  
Ten thousand sweets in her combine:  
My Love, she wears dishevell'd hair,  
To veil her eyes she wears it there;  
And yet she has, her locks between,  
Eyes of a dove, dove-like her mien;  
The dove is chaste, and loving too,  
And so, my Love, ev'n so art thou.

Thy hair is like a flock of goats  
On Gilead mount that browse the roots;  
The goats are pleasant all the day,  
The hearty kidlings leap and play;  
So play the ringlets of thy hair,  
All wanton waving to the air,  
Thy linty locks, thy dangling cues,  
And that which shades thy polish'd brows.

Thy teeth are like two rows of sheep,  
New-thorn, and washen from the deep;  
All smoking, rang'd in fair array,  
The sun-beams on them brightly play.

The

SONG OF SOLOMON. 423

The lambkins bleat unto their dams,  
And they again unto their lambs;  
The kingly rams are big and bold,  
No female barren in the fold;

They all bear twins; the twins so gay  
Do pleasant feed, and pleasant play;  
So play the double iv'ry rows  
Which thy sweet opening lips disclose.  
Thy lips are like a scarlet cord,  
The cord encircling binds thy Lord:  
Thy speech is comely, breathing loves;  
Thy breathing like the orange groves.

Like pomegranates, so round, so large,  
Beneath thy locks thy temples verge.  
Big grows the pomegranate, and swells,  
The bloom resembling Aaron's bells;  
The pomegranate's a juicy fruit,  
How soft, how smooth all round about!  
But all within the treasure lies;  
The kernel is a mighty prize:

So polish'd shine thy temples' sides,  
And deep within the glory hides.  
Thy neck is like King David's tow'r;  
The tow'r was built for warlike pow'r;  
There hang a thousand 'scutcheon'd shields,  
Won on a thousand glorious fields,  
All shields emblazon'd with mighty names,  
No blot their loyal honour blames.

Bright are the shields, high is the tow'r,  
Mighty the men, their honour pure;  
So tow'rs thy high commanding mien;  
Thy neck's with love and terror seen.  
Fire lightens in your sparking eye,  
You make your darting bolts to fly,  
Your darting bolts have made me smart;  
Lo, I surrender all my heart.

424 SONG OF SOLOMON.

Thy breasts are like two kidling roes,  
 Twins, feeding where the lily glows,  
 How fine they feed! how fine behave  
 From morning to the dewy eve!  
 The lilies feed the tender roes,  
 So to thy babes thy bosom flows,  
 Until the breathing day appear,  
 And shadows leave the morning clear.

I'll hie me to the incense-hill,  
 With balmy spoils my bosom fill.  
 Thy myrrhy mountains hold my heart,  
 For there my Love did first impart,  
 Did first impart to me her loves,  
 A joy which evermore improves!  
 As bloomy bells to balmy bee,  
 So is my Love, my Dove, to me.

Sweet bloom the bells, spotless the dove,  
 All sweet, all bloom, all fair my Love:  
 From Lebanon with me, my Spouse,  
 From Lebanon and dampy dews;  
 For dampy dews in forests dwell,  
 And spiry trees the view conceal,  
 Yea, they conceal the lions way,  
 And leopards panting for their prey.

The lions roaring waste the lawns,  
 The leopards tear the trembling fawns;  
 From lions dens away with me;  
 From leopard's mountains quickly flee.  
 Come, mount Amana's pleasant brow,  
 See, how the fields with beauty glow!  
 From Shenir top the glory view,  
 From Hermon, wet with heav'nly dew.

For heav'nly dew the sky distils  
 On Hermon's sides, and swells the rills;  
 The rills descending form a pool,  
 To bathe you till the day grow cool:

Jehovah

SONG OF SOLOMON. 425

Jehovah sends the blessing down,  
My Love with all his loves to crown;  
His Spirit falls, a heav'nly dew,  
And falls, my Love, falls all on you.

The dew becomes a flowing well;  
The well does to a river swell;  
The river, spreading far and wide,  
Flows to the ocean for a bed;  
The ocean overflows the ball;  
So God, my Love, enwraps you all,  
Enwraps you now and evermore;  
His love's a sea without a shore.—

Ah! why this hollow in my heart?  
I'm wounded in a tender part!  
Was't thou, my Sister, and my Spouse?  
How wilt thou now the theft refuse?  
You've robb'd, and quite unhearted me;  
Unhearted quite! and robb'd by thee!  
I saw you stalking for your prey,  
And gazing wonder'd at your way.

You bent your rod into a bow,—  
But where the string and arrows now?  
You loosed from your neck one chain,  
And made it o'er the bow to reign;  
I saw you close, and aim one eye;  
But, ah! how ravish'd then was I!  
Swift as a thought—an arrow flew,  
And pierc'd my bosom thro' and thro'.

The arrow lighten'd from your eye,  
And of a glance you made me die;  
Yet tho' I charge, I free you too,  
And dying, die for love of you.  
For so my purpose I fulfil,  
And cheerfully my blood I spill,  
To wash you in the flowing stream,  
And make you pure as my own name.



## 426 SONG OF SOLOMON.

I ask'd the fair creation round,  
 In all her stores if there were found  
 A likeness to compare with thee;  
 My Dove, my Spouse, so dear to me;  
 She told me of sweet-flavour'd wine,  
 She told me of her spices fine;  
 Sweet are the wines, the spices rare,  
 But none of these with thee compare.

Thy love excels them all as far  
 As lowest deeps the highest star.  
 How fair my Spouse, my Sister, shows,  
 None but her Lord and Brother knows.  
 Thy Lord and Brother knows thee well,  
 For we in one another dwell.  
 Whatever way my passions move,  
 With joy, or grief, or painful love:

My Spouse, she acts the tender part,  
 She quells the tumult of my heart;  
 As honey melting from the combs,  
 Thy speech into my bosom comes;  
 The honey pure and precious tastes,  
 Well lock'd within its comby chests;  
 Thy lips are my two honey cells,  
 And milk within the border dwells.

Milk is a mild and pleasant food,  
 And thine is all supremely good;  
 I'll drain up all the flowing bowl,  
 And, in the draught, peace to my soul.  
 Oh me! what fragrance do I feel?  
 Like Lebanon thy garments smell;  
 In Lebanon are spicy groves,  
 The rambling wind among them roves;

He blows, and spoils from ev'ry tree;  
 And has he blown the spoils to thee?  
 Whate'er is thine, to me is due,  
 Whate'er is mine I give to you.

A garden

A garden wall with ramparts high,  
 My Spouse and Sister sing do I;  
 A cistern lock'd, a fountain seal'd,  
 To none but her own Love reveal'd.

The garden's full of pleasant fruits,  
 No foxes browse the budding sprouts;  
 The banking beds ly to the sun,  
 And winding alleys round them run;  
 Sweet flow'ring shrubs thro' all the year,  
 And blowing flow'rs blow ev'ry where;  
 The walls and planted cedar rows  
 Defend from ev'ry storm that blows.

No direful mildew, wing'd with death,  
 Upon the blossoms moves a breath;  
 The blossoms blow, the blossoms fall,  
 And finest fruits succeed them all;  
 No barren tree is ever found  
 Within the whole environs round;  
 No insects gnaw the juicy pulp,  
 No vermine at the roots do skulk.

Forth from a rock canalling flows  
 A channell'd stream, which winding goes  
 Broad thro' a wilderness of sweets,  
 And falls cascading down in sheets;  
 Then murm'ring winds itself away  
 Within the wilderness, so gay;  
 The blithsome birds of ev'ry wing  
 Thro' all the grove by millions sing.

No bird of prey is heard to scream;  
 For here no place is found for them.  
 Of steep advance there stands a rock,  
 And on the rock a pleasant bow'r,  
 Of which thy Lord reserves the lock,  
 And all within is at his pow'r;  
 In midst there springs a living well,  
 The waters come from Zion-hill;

426 SONG OF SOLOMON.

Of them thy Lord his fill shall take,  
And seal the fountain for thy sake.

My Love, my Sister, what art thou?

A garden full of pleasant plants,

A grove where chiefest spices grow,

A well that water never wants.

Oh me! what high excess of bliss!

My Love is all a paradise.

Awake, O North, a breezy wind,

Come thou, O South, soft-fanning, blow

Upon my garden, both combin'd,

Make all my spices forth to flow.

Into my garden with his friends,

To eat his pleasant fruits at home,

All flying with the winged winds,

Let my Beloved swiftly come.

CHAP. V.

I'M come within my garden mounds, my Spouse;

I'm come, and all my friends along are come;

My sister call'd; O how could I refuse?

I flew like lightning to my garden home.

I've gather'd myrrh, with all my spicy names;

On honey, with my honey-combs, I've fed;

I've fed on juicy grapes with flow'ring creams,

Feasting, rejoicing on my violet-bed.

Feast and rejoice, O friends, rejoice with me;

Drink all my wines, hand round the flowing

Let none restrain; the banquet-table's free; [bowl;

With draughted loves be drunken ev'ry soul.

Who's that I hear so cheerful with his friends?

Or do I dream I hear? for heavy slumbers fall;

I sleep, yet still my waking heart attends.

O was not yon my own Beloved's call?

It was, it was my own Beloved's voice;

I know it well; he knock'd, I know his knock;

He's

SONG OF SOLOMON. 429

He's gone away, he's turn'd, he knocked thrice;  
He speaks! O what has my Beloved spoke?

'Unbolt, unbolt, my Love, my Dove, my Spouse;

'Unbolt to me, my Sister undefil'd;

'My locks hang dropping, dangling wet with  
'dews, [fill'd.]

'My head all o'er with night-fall'n moisture

Ah me! my loosely flowing chamber-vail,

In folds upon my dressing-table lies;

Alas! what shall I do? shall love prevail,

And force your heavy drowsy Spouse to rise?

Oh no! I've bath'd and wash'd my feet so pure,

How can I now defile their tender soles?

But lo, for him my bowels were moved fore;

I list'ning heard him touch the key-lock holes.

He smote my heart; I quickly rose, I flew,

All-trembling at my bold undue delays;

I sought the lock, and lo, sweet myrrhy dew,

All flowing flav'rous, dropped from the keys.

My fingers dropp'd, my eager hands were fill'd,

And ah! my breast was also fill'd—with wo;

For my Beloved spoke, my spirit fail'd;

He glanc'd away, as arrow from the bended bow.

The op'ning leaves I from me furious threw;

O where's my love? where has he left me now?

Wild-roving, ev'ry-where I ran, I rav'd,

I call'd aloud; no answer I receiv'd.

The city-watchmen, going their usual round,

Did find, suspect, and smite me with a grievous

I fled from them, I fled towards the wall; [wound;

The guards were rude, they tore away my vail.

O daughters of Jerusalem, hear my solemn charge;

So may you still in sprightly dances move,

If from this deep my Love shall to your eyes emerge,

Tell him, I'm sick, I burn, I die with fev'ry love.

And what, we pray, is thy Beloved more,

O thou the fairest among women fair?

What



430 SONG OF SOLOMON.

What more than others he whom you adore?

What more is he than other lovers are?

O my Belov'd! concerning whom I charge,  
 All lily-white in innocence he blooms;  
 His rosy-cheeks vermilion'd-high and large,  
 All flush'd with blushing loves, he well becomes.  
 On warlike fields where banner'd hosts convene,  
 The royal standard whirls unfurling in the winds;  
 The high commanders walk with lofty mien;  
 But O, my Prince above them all most glorious  
 shines.

The royal flag, high-waving, flies aloft;  
 The high commanders, O how mighty high!  
 But flag, nor they, nor thousands ten are worth  
 a thought; - [sky.

My Prince is paramount, up-tow'ring to the  
 His head and brows, fine as the finest gold,  
 Were cast and finish'd in a heav'nly mold.  
 His locks are black, and of the bushy kind,  
 Pure raven-black, full curling in the wind.

His eyes, resembling eyes of dove that dwells  
 On banky braes to sip the river-streams,  
 Are fitly set, as sparkling diamond-seals; [gleams.

And, wash'd with milk, the border mildly  
 His cheeks are like a spicy bed in flower;  
 The smoky vapour riseth like a tower;  
 His lips perfumed as two lilies meet, [sweet.  
 Down dropping myrrh, pure essence, smelling

His fingers, finely jointed ev'ry one,  
 As gold rings comely set with beryl true.

His belly shines as the bright iv'ry bone,  
 All overlaid around with sapphires blue.

His legs as marble glossy pillars fine,  
 Long, firm, and large, on golden sockets shine;  
 Upright he walks, the glory of the plains;  
 He over all my spirit glorious reigns.

The glory of his countenance excels;  
 Before his face all other glory flees;

As

SONG OF SOLOMON. 431

As Lebanon o'er-tops surrounding hills,  
 As cedars mount above surrounding trees.  
 His mouth, his mouth's a paradise of sweets!  
 What raptures flow from his distilling tongue!  
 What love, what mildness, when he turns and  
 All music melts, disgraced every song. [greet's!  
 A bundle he of blooming breathing loves,  
 No baleful weed, to blast their beauteous glow;  
 O how he shines! he looks! he acts! he moves!  
 O life! O light! O love! O rapture! O!  
 He is—he is—he—strange! O what is he?  
 There is, I see, no parallel to him;  
 He's my Belov'd, my friend, whate'er he be!  
 Behold him, daughters of Jerusalem.

C H A P. VI.

**A** H! is thy Beloved, sweet Princess, away?  
 He's the glory of men, as the sun's of the day;  
 Thy sweetly Beloved's the Soul of our song;  
 Lo, we, with his Princess, will seek him along.  
 My sweetly Beloved is down by the wall,  
 Among sweet-flowing spices, to ravish them all;  
 He feeds in the gardens, he drinks of the streams,  
 He plays among lilies with sun-playing beams.  
 I am my Beloved's, and dearly belov'd;  
 My Beloved is mine, I shall never be mov'd;  
 He feeds among lilies a light skipping roe;  
 And lo, how he skippeth my bosom into—  
 My Love, thou art beautiful, beautiful all,  
 As fields about Tirzah's blue columned wall;  
 Jerusalem's glorious, more glorious thou;  
 As marshalled armies, more terrible too.  
 Jerusalem kindness to votaries shows,  
 And marshalled armies advance on their foes:  
 Your kindness has slain me; what more can you do?  
 If such be your kindness, your terrors be few:  
 May your terrors be few, and O take off your eyes;  
 For your eyes overthrow me, I cannot arise;  
 Your

Your hair too entangles, and round my heart twirls  
In ringlets, like goats spread on Gilead hills.

Thy teeth are like flocks well arranged in rows;  
The shepherd, he whistles; before them he goes:  
New-fleeced, new-washed, they graze on the  
                blooms;                                 [comes.

And, yean'd of a thousand, two thousand there  
As pomegranates swelled and polished fine,  
Within thy fair locks, how thy temples do shine!  
All nobly descended, are threescore of queens;  
Less nobly attended, fourscore concubines:

The virgins unnumber'd do sparkle as stars ;  
But, compar'd with thy beauty, they're nothing but  
At best, they appear but as scattered rays ; [scars :  
But thou art of light all a glorious blaze.

My Dove, my Beloved, no spot there defiles;  
Her mother upon her, her only one, smiles,  
The child of her vows, and the child of her heart;  
Ev'n so my Beloved, my Darling thou art.

The daughters, they saw her, and praised her  
much;

The queens and the concubines cry'd, *A none such!*  
Who is she that mildly comes on like the dawn?  
See, at her appearance the shadows withdrawn.  
The moon looks asham'd, when my Love does ap-  
pear!

Yea, the sun thou eclipsest, thou shinest so clear!  
Thou shinest so clear, in such dreadful array,  
As a bannered host, that my heart giveth way!

I went to my garden, and down to the nuts,  
To see in the vale my delicious fruits;  
To see if the vineyards were flourishing well,  
And how my pomegranates were off'ring to swell;  
Before I well knew what my purpose design'd,  
My soul was all moved, and flew like the wind;  
Thus flew Prince Aminadab, leaving them all,  
With charioted horses, when glory did call.

SONG OF SOLOMON. 433

O turn thee, my Shulamite, turn and advance,  
And cause thy steeds royal before us to prance.—  
O what will you see in your Shulamite now?  
Her steeds, and her chariots, behold in a row!—  
Two armies, advancing with shadowing wing,  
Have caught me your captive, have chained your  
His body and spirit, behold, at your beck; [King;  
For love is my chain, which no living can break.

C H A P. VII.

**H**OW beautiful, skimming, and gay,  
Are thy feet, filling fitly thy shoes!  
My heart they have ravish'd away,  
My Princess, my Sister, my Spouse.  
The joints of thy thighs are by far  
More polished, pleasant, and fine,  
Than jewels, which workmen prepare  
With curious device and design.  
Thy navel's a goblet of milk,  
With creams overflowing around.  
Thy belly's an heap of fine wheat,  
With lilies all bordering round.  
How pleasant to me are the fields,  
The fields whose kind nourishing womb  
My bountiful treasure me yields!  
My blessings, behold, how they bloom!  
Thy breasts are two young playing roes,  
Mine eyes they have captivated:  
Thou'rt the centre of all my repose,  
O thou my dear innocent maid.  
Thy neck's like an ivory tow'r,  
So glossy, so lofty, so sheen:  
Thine eyes like to diamonds are pure,  
All pleasant, all sparkling, and keen;



434 SONG OF SOLOMON.

Like fish-pools of Heshbon, they rowl;  
 All glitt'ring, reflecting the beams;  
 The fish-pools of Heshbon are full;  
 From thine eyes flooding glory there streams.  
 Thy nose like a citadel stands,  
 A citadel plac'd on a hill,  
 The hill which Damascus commands;  
 Thy nostrils like Lebanon smell.

Like paramount Carmel thy head,  
 Bright shining and dazzling with jewels;  
 On Carmel the roes go to bed;  
 Thy beauty encaptivates souls.  
 Thy hair is like purple display'd  
 In places pavilion'd for kings;  
 Thy King's in the galleries stay'd  
 And, arrested by love, to thee clings.

How fair, and how pleasant to me,  
 Art thou the delight of thy Lord!  
 Thy stature is like the palm-tree,  
 Thy breasts like vine-clusters accord;  
 I said, To my palm I'll ascend;  
 My hand shall take hold of thy boughs;  
 Thy verdure above I'll defend,  
 And water thy branches with dew.

And lo, now, like clusters thy breasts,  
 The clusters that grow on the vine;  
 Thy mouth all a pine-apple tastes;  
 The apples and clusters are mine:  
 The breath of thy mouth, my Belov'd,  
 More fragrant and sweeter than wine;  
 Makes the lips of the ancient be mov'd,  
 And those who're asleep to divine.

I am my Beloved's desire,  
 And, lo, my Beloved is mine:  
 We burn with reciprocal fire,  
 But I by his glory do shine.

Come,

SONG OF SOLOMON 435

Come, come, my Beloved, let's go,  
Let's go to the fields all alone;  
We'll lodge on some hill's funny brow,  
Where villages thinly are strown.

From thence we'll come scouting with joy,  
And see how the pomegranates spring,  
If the vineyards no evil annoy;  
And there will I bless thee, my King:  
I'll bless thee, and give thee my loves,  
Where our mandrakes do give a sweet smell:  
All hail to my King, he approves,  
Approves with me ever to dwell.

Amen to his purpose so good;  
Nor shall my King ever repent;  
Our sweet flow'ry loves aye in bud,  
The robes of our gladness unrent.  
By our gates, by all manner of stores,  
All fulness of fruits new and old,  
For thee, whom my spirit adores:  
To embrace thee my Spirit is bold.

C H A P. VIII.

O Wert thou as my brother,  
Who suck'd with me the breast,  
Soft-dandled by our mother,  
O how would I be blest!  
If any time I'd miss thee,  
I should not long be crost;  
I'd find thee out, and kiss thee:  
No love between us lost.

The eye that might espy us,  
All in our blameless play,  
It should not ev'n envy us,  
But pleased turn away.

436 SONG OF SOLOMON.

Soft by the hand I'd lead thee,  
 Into my mother's house;  
 With finest things I'd feed thee,  
 We'd sip the finest juice.

My mother would instruct me,  
 O we would use thee well!  
 My hand should gently stroak thee;  
 My heart should on thee dwell.  
 His right hand doth embrace me,  
 His left below my head;  
 His glories all do grace me;  
 Behold, I am his Bride.

Ye daughters fair of Zion,  
 O take a charge from me,  
 And stir not up my High One,  
 But let his rest be free.—  
 Who's this that comes and shineth,  
 Up from the wilderness?  
 On her Belov'd she leaneth,  
 Love gleaming on her face.—

From th' apple tree I brought her;  
 My Love, I know her well;  
 For there I went and sought her,  
 That she with me might dwell.—  
 My Prince, to me espoused,  
 Behold, his love I know;  
 Me for his love he chused,  
 Before the air did blow.

Thy love's all now revealed;  
 O fet me as a seal,  
 Upon thine arm well sealed,  
 Thy soul shall on me dwell.  
 For love as strong as death is,  
 Cruel jealousy's the grave,  
 In whom the living breath is,  
 No rival it will save.

The

SONG OF SOLOMON. 437

The coals of love are veh'ment,  
 And have a veh'ment flame;  
 They burn up house and pavement,  
 No stone escapes the same.  
 On love tho' you pour oceans,  
 Love never burns the less;  
 No mountains stop love's motions,  
 Tho' mountains should oppress.

No man alive is bribed,  
 When injur'd love complains;  
 His rage uncircumscribed,  
 All lawless fury reigns.  
 My Love saw whelming oceans  
 Of jealousies arise,  
 To quench his warm devotions;  
 Flash'd terrors from his eyes!

Dreadful on my Beloved,  
 The bounding billows dash'd;  
 He stood, a rock unmoved,  
 And all their boundings quash'd.  
 Lo, now my Love is fixed,  
 No jealousies arise;  
 He death and hell transfix'd,  
 And tost below the skies.

Down deep within the dungeon,  
 With sin they howl and pine;  
 The brimstone lake they're plung'd in;  
 But my Beloved's mine.—

We have a little sister,  
 But yet she hath no breast;  
 O how shall we assist her!  
 Wherein shall she be blest?

Her days of love are coming;  
 Her beauty buds to bloom;  
 The house she dwells at home in  
 Begins to grudge her room.



438 SONG OF SOLOMON.

We greatly will enlarge her;  
If she shall be a wall;  
With silver tow'rs we'll charge her,  
And make her glorious all.

If she shall be a palace,  
We'll make her cedar ports,  
To guard her well from malice;  
The cedar never rots.—

I am a wall high tow'ring,  
My breasts mount to the sky;  
His loves on me are show'ring,  
My peace is in his eye.

King Solomon, a garden,  
He had at Hamon-baal,  
Commanded to keep guard on,  
Around the garden-wall;  
Of silverlings a thousand  
He had from ev'ry one;  
But my Belov'd bestows, and  
Yet he receives of none.

My vineyard is before me,  
My vineyard which is mine;  
O who will keep it for me?  
My Love, the vineyard's thine;  
Thou wilt not see it plunder'd,  
I'll thee a thousand give;  
The guards shall have two hundred;  
But thou in it shalt live.

O thou in gardens dwelling,  
Thy voice companions hear;  
Thy voice all voice excelling,  
Still let it charm my ear!  
Make haste, my Well-beloved,  
And be thou like a roe;  
For thee my bowels are moved,  
For thee my spirits glow.

Behold

SONG OF SOLOMON. 439

Behold thy spicy mountains,

Behold thy flow'ry vales,

Behold thy crystal fountains,

Behold, my spirit fails——

Come leaping o'er the mountains,

Come skipping o'er the hills;

Come drink the crystal fountains,

Come bathe thee in the rills.

AN

A. N.

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